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RECOLLECTIONS

1832 to 1886

VOL. I.

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RECOLLECTIONS

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SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1899

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PREFACE

I HAVE written the following pages partly as an occupation for myself, partly for the interest they may possess for my children and those of my contemporaries who still remain. My recollections do not profess to be accurate chronologically or historically, and my stories are only old friends that I would not willingly see die.

Mr. KNOWLES, the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century,' has kindly allowed me to reproduce some parts of articles that have already appeared in his Review.

ALGERNON WEST.

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I HAVE often regretted that I did not know more of my father's early life, and wondered whether

it might ever interest my children to read about mine.

My father, Martin John West, was the great-grandson of the Ven. Archdeacon West, Prebendary of Durham, who married Marion Temple, eldest sister of Lord Cobham and great-aunt of William Pitt. His son was Vice-Admiral Temple West, whose beautiful monument is in Westminster Abbey—one of whose sons was Balchen, Receiver-General of the county of Herts, who married a daughter of Sir Martin ffolkes, from which marriage my father was born. He used to speak of his terrible sufferings at a private school at Hammersmith, where the boys were literally starved and dared not tell their parents, who always called their master that 'good and pious man.' From there he went to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Palmerston and Byron, who was in those days called 'Birron.' He then went to Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow of Merton with Robert Marsham, who became Warden of that college, and stood against Mr. Gladstone in 1852. When elected, Marsham and my father were said to be the two handsomest men in Oxford.

He was subsequently called to the Bar, went the Norfolk Circuit, became Recorder of Lynn, a Commissioner of Lunacy and then of Bankruptcy.

My mother, when a child, staying with her cousins, Misses Walpole, made acquaintance with my father, who was a fair-haired boy, at Chiswick church. He died on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage; she six months later, and both were buried in Chiswick Churchyard, the scene of their earliest meeting.

My mother was a daughter of Lord Orford, through whom we trace our descent from the great Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, who was my great-great-grandfather; his daughter, Lady Mary, married Colonel Churchill, a son of General Churchill and the fascinating actress, Anne Oldfield; their daughter became the wife of Lord Orford, my grandfather. This makes a curious double relationship, legitimate and illegitimate, and endows my veins with some theatrical blood.

It is curious, but human, that we should be so fond of tracing our descents from great men, but I hope the weakness is pardonable. I think

it is Macaulay who says that those who are not proud of their ancestors will never care to make their posterity proud of them.

I was born at my father's house, No. 5 New Street, Spring Gardens, on April 4, 1832, and can claim an exact contemporary in the great Reform Bill of that year; indeed, I came into the world at what may fairly be called the commencement of a new era, for in that year the terrible criminal code which had so long disgraced our country was repealed.

Shortly before the Queen's accession a little boy was sentenced to death for breaking a confectioner's window and stealing some sweetmeats.

The kindlier laws were producing kindlier manners, and in 1835 only was an Act passed to render illegal the baiting of animals; but I recollect in my boyhood hearing of cockfighting still existing at Elmore's Farm, near Harrow, for the amusement of those who were wrongly called sportsmen.

But the purer manners and nobler laws were still only beginning, for in 1836 there were 52,000 convicts living in foreign lands in a state

of bestial immorality. Now, notwithstanding the increase of population, there are only 4,000 undergoing penal servitude, all in this country. In 1837, 4,000 debtors were lying in common cells with damp brick walls, with no bedding, and herded with murderers and common malefactors. I well recollect when I was a boy seeing poor debtors looking through the bars of Dover Castle and ringing a bell to attract the attention of the passers-by, from whom they solicited alms.

Lunatics, who are now treated with careful kindness, were chained together on beds of straw, naked, handcuffed, and shown at twopence a head for each visitor.

Spencer Walpole, in his admirable History, well describes the England of 1815 and 1832:

'In 1815 legislation had been directed to secure the advantage of a class; in 1832 it was directed to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. . . .

'Roman Catholics were admitted to Parliament, the Test and Corporation Bill had been repealed, and Dissenters were eligible for every office; but while the rest of the country was

wealthier and happier, Ireland alone was the constant scene of misery and disturbance, and the English labourers, agricultural as well as manufacturing, were still in a state of abject and miserable neglect and poverty.'

One of my godfathers was my uncle Gilbert West, whose namesake, Gilbert West, was Clerk of the Privy Council, and wrote a famous book on the Resurrection, and was editor of 'Pindar,' but was better known for his friendship with the classical Lord Lyttelton, whose verses, written in 1740, are perhaps not sufficiently known to prevent my quoting them. Those in Latin are by Gilbert West, and those in English by Lord Lyttelton. They were inscribed in the summer-house at Wickham:

Hic mihi nec procul urbe situs, nec prorsus ad urbem
Ne patiar turbis utque bonis potiar;
Et quoties mutare locum fastidia cogunt
Transeo et alternis rure vel urbe fruor.

Fair Nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refined
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

There is a picture of Gilbert West at Hagley, and my father always maintained that it should have been his. At Lord Lyttelton's death, I was shocked to find that for purposes of probate it was valued at 10*s.*!

The Rev. Algernon Peyton was my other godfather, from whom I got my name and nothing else; he held the largest living ever known, said to be worth 14,000*l.* a year, and was certainly the very prince of dandies. He rode a smart hack in Rotten Row, wore very tight nankeen trousers, a blue cut-away coat, with a clove always in his buttonhole, and was satirically nicknamed 'The Sloven' by his contemporaries.

My godmothers were Miss Fanny Lambert Walpole, who died in 1887, at the age of ninety-six, her father having been killed in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and Lady Charlotte Walpole, a blind sister of my mother's.

At the time of my birth I had two brothers—Henry, afterwards M.P. for Ipswich, Q.C., Recorder of Manchester, and Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster; and Richard, the well-known founder and first Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, whose Life has recently

been written by Canon Carter of Clewer—and two sisters; the eldest married Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, and my second sister never married. Two of my parents' daughters had died before I came into the world, one from illness, and one from a very sad accident. Playing one evening in her nursery at Brighton, she had suddenly pulled down a sliding shutter, which was a common thing in those days, and the window being open she fell on the pavement below and received injuries from which she died.

After my mother's death we found among her papers a letter written by some woman to her on this daughter's birth, saying she had cast her horoscope, and that the child born to her would die an early and a violent death. To this letter was pinned, with no remark, the account of the accident.

My earliest recollection takes me to a large old-fashioned garden at Sheen, where I know there were raspberries; and in the following summer to a pretty house, called Riverdale Cottage, on the banks of the Thames at Richmond, which my father had hired for the summer

months. The garden sloped down to the towing-path, and our great delight was to get into a summer-house, close to it, and be prevented by the rising tide from returning to our lessons.

Our garden was next and ran parallel to that belonging to the Misses Fanshawe, one of whom was celebrated for her famous epigram on the letter H, which was generally, but erroneously, attributed to Byron and sometimes published among his poems:

'Twas whispered in Heaven,
'Twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly
The sound as it fell.
On the confines of earth
'Twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean
Its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere
When 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning
And heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man
With his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth
And attends him in death.
Presides o'er his happiness,
Honour, and health;
Is the prop of his house
And the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser
Is hoarded with care,

But is sure to be lost
In his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope,
Every wish it must bound;
It prays with the hermit,
With monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier,
The sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch
Who expels it from home!
In the whisper of conscience
'Tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool
Of passion is drowned.
'Twill soften the heart;
Tho' deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely
And instantly hear.
But in short let it rest
Like a delicate flower.
Oh! breathe on it softly,
It dies in an hour.

The lines were written at Deepdene for Mrs. Thomas Hope, and are now the property of Mr. Philip Beresford Hope of Bedgebury.

The poetess had died in 1834, but her sisters were living at Richmond, and belonged to a small literary set of people of such an old-world society that neither the Misses Berry nor Mrs. Somerville could pierce their formality.

The Misses Fanshawe's garden was also celebrated as containing on the lawn a beautiful

Catalpa tree, under the shade of which Lady Scott laid the scene of her charming novel 'Trevelyan,' now out of fashion, in which she describes a summer evening as 'the close of one of those days when mere existence was enjoyment.'

In our town house, in New Street, we were surrounded by a perfect galaxy of legal luminaries. At No. 4 lived Lord Abinger, as I recollect him, a fat, kindly old gentleman, who had started life as a Whig, but had rapidly become a Tory; as Sir James Scarlett he had been Solicitor-General, and made the largest income ever then known at the Bar, and was subsequently Lord Chief Baron. When he announced his title, Jekyll said: 'Where on earth did you get such a name? I've heard of Porringer and I've heard of Scavenger, but never of Abinger.'

At No. 6, now pulled down, lived another friend of my father's, Baron Rolfe, who in 1839 became Solicitor-General in Lord Melbourne's Government, and afterwards, as Lord Cranworth, was Chancellor in Lord Aberdeen's and Lord Palmerston's and Lord Russell's Cabinets. When a judge, he tried and condemned to death a very notorious murderer named Rush, and it

was said that on his elevation to the Peerage his title should have been Lord Kilrush. This trial was remarkable as being the first instance of the publication in a London newspaper of a detailed report of a trial which took place as far off as Norwich. I have been told that the reporter, who came up by a special engine every night, was 'Billy Russell.' Rush was a Norfolk man and kept the village shop, where many a time he had pressed peppermints on my not unwilling cousins, Lady Pollington and Lady Dorothy Nevill.

At No. 17 lived Sir Francis Baring, afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer and the first Lord Northbrook.

Opposite lived Mr. Pemberton Leigh, who was a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and became Lord Kingsdown.

At No. 9 lived, as he was fond of calling himself, 'Plain Jock Campbell.' When Lord Melbourne refused to create him Master of the Rolls, he had consoled him by making his pretty wife, who was a daughter of Sir James Scarlett, a baroness in her own right—Lady Stratheden.

Some ribald rhymester wrote, as Lord Abinger told my mother :

> They've given Jock Campbell a slap in the face,
> And a bit of court plaister to heal it.

In 1841, just before Lord Melbourne resigned office, Sir John Campbell was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, an office he held for six weeks, when he was made Lord Campbell, the pension of which office he generously forewent. In 1846 he entered Lord John Russell's Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and in 1859, on the formation of Lord Palmerston's Government, he became Lord Chancellor at the ripe age of eighty.

In the same street was Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who, in 1858, was Attorney-General, and afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; he died in 1880 at a great age. In 1874 I was serving on a Royal Commission on the Administrative Departments of the Law. Lord Bramwell was one of our commissioners, and he came in one day saying he could not stay long, as he had left Kelly on the Bench in an important case, and 'as he is blind, deaf, and when I came away was fast asleep, I tremble for

the judgment.' When I was a boy at Eton he defended a man named Tawell for the murder of a woman by arsenic, and Kelly argued that the arsenic found at the medical examination came from the pips of apples, of which she was very fond. He was called in consequence, 'Apple-pip Kelly.' Tawell was the first criminal arrested by means of the telegraph, then new, which ran from Slough to London.

My father was at this time a barrister going the Norfolk Circuit, and was Recorder of Lynn.

New Street was, at the period I speak of, the Western Thule of lawyers, and I well recollect the astonishment produced in our minds by Lord Campbell's emigration to what we then thought a country house, opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks, still called Stratheden House, where he died in 1861. At dinner, on the evening of his death, he had said to his old friend Sir David Dundas, 'There should be a clause added to the Litany: "From a lingering illness, good Lord, deliver us."' His prayer was heard, and the old man, full of honours and well stricken in years, with no faculty impaired, passed quietly away.

Lord Cottenham, who had been Solicitor-General in Lord Grey's Administration, and Lord Chancellor in Lord Melbourne's and Lord John Russell's Governments, was a friend of my father's, and we often stayed with him at a villa called Copse Hill, at Wimbledon.

His health broke down, and to Lord Brougham, who called on him, he complained of the noise of Park Lane, and the perpetual annoyance of the organs—'particularly,' said Lord Brougham, 'when they will go on playing "The Campbells are coming."' He was made an earl, and a witty pamphlet was issued with the title 'The Offence was Rank.'

Just round the corner, in Spring Gardens, was a greater attraction, for there lived Lord Seymour, whose beautiful wife, a daughter of Sheridan's, was the chosen Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament in 1839. I saw her then, and knew her well in later years when her beauty, but not her charm or wit, had died away.

I used constantly to go to my father's chambers in 4 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to do my lessons, and on my return one day through Covent Garden I heard Sir de Lacy Evans,

who had commanded a force in the army of Isabella II., Queen of Spain, and Sir John Shelley, speaking on the merits of Free Trade from the hustings which stood under the clock of the church opposite the market. Speeches on the hustings then played a prominent part in elections. Admiral Rous said that more votes were won by clever repartee than people knew.

'If I vote for you, what taxes will you repeal?' said a dirty fellow in the crowd.

'Why,' said Rous, 'on soap, for your sake.'

George Craven was standing for Berkshire, and, knowing more about fox-hunting than politics, used to carry his speeches, which were prepared for him by Edward Bouverie, in his hat for ready reference.

'What 'ave you got in your 'at?' cried a man.

'Why, a d——d sight more than you 'ave in your 'ead!' said Craven.

The recollection of those early days of lessons, and the experience of the spasmodic way of doing them with my father—my stupidity, his annoyance, and my dear mother's unhappiness

over them—made me determine never to try to teach my own children. But my father taught us other things than lessons; he had been a great athlete at school, and attributed all his activity and health in later years to that, so was constantly helping us at cricket, in fencing and riding.

My favourite walk as a child was down to the river, where afterwards the suspension bridge which now connects Clifton with the other bank of the Avon was erected, and before, of course, the railway was begun which annihilated the old Hungerford Market, from the steps of which I recollect my brother Henry sculling me in a wherry up as far as Putney to a breakfast at Lady Shelley's, who had a cottage where she entertained society with strawberries and cream. In the mornings we used to go down the steps which then led from New Street to St. James's Park, and watch the Life Guards, who then wore bearskins, changing guard. The Foot Guards in the summer months wore white duck trousers, swallow-tailed red coats faced with white, cross belts, and large white cotton epaulets, and were armed, of course, with the old Brown Bess.

No hideous new Admiralty buildings then defaced the park, nor did the new public offices, built in a Palladian style by a Gothic architect —and naturally the dismallest of failures—overhang the Horse Guards and the house of the First Lord of the Treasury.

London is singularly cursed in its race of architects, whose vanity has prevented them from copying the finest building in England, if not the world—Somerset House. In those days, my father, who was a great admirer of Sir William Chambers, always used to tell me that I should live to see the horrid mud banks of the north side of the Thames changed into an embankment which Sir William Chambers had designed.

We often went into the Green Park, which was, in my childhood, surrounded by a high brick wall, inside of which was a house belonging to Lady William Gordon. A bit of water was by the house. The mound, on which a great sycamore now flourishes, was Lady William Gordon's ice house, and the stags which were at the entrance were removed to Albert Gate, where they now remain. At the north-east corner was

a large reservoir, which existed till 1856; and I can see now in my mind's eye the marks of women's pattens in the muddy tracks which did duty for paths in those days. A contemporary of mine, now a distinguished man, recollects as a child playing at lions and tigers on Constitution Hill, the oval marks being considered lions' and the squarer marks tigers' tracks. It is only twenty-eight years ago since one of the gatekeepers at the top of Portland Place used to recount his experiences as a gamekeeper in the fields and coverts which are now the beautiful gardens of Regent's Park. I do not recollect a turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, but it was 1865 before the tolls were abolished in Kensington and Bayswater, and tolls were exacted at the metropolitan bridges up to 1879. Tattersall's stood till 1865 at the top of Grosvenor Place, all of which has been rebuilt. Belgravia was in process of building when the Queen came to the throne; Belgravia, where, as Lady Morley said: 'All the women were brave, and all the men modest,' alluding to the new habit which sprang up in the fifties, of women being allowed to walk alone in that district. Formerly no lady ever

went out unaccompanied by a servant; young married ladies scarcely ever received men visitors, or danced except on rare occasions. Late in the forties and in the fifties five o'clock teas were just coming into vogue, the old Duchess of Bedford's being, as I considered, very dreary festivities.

Bavarian peasant girls with little brooms of wood shavings attracted the children in the streets with their song of 'Who'll buy a broom?' These have been replaced by shrill-voiced urchins, yelling 'Winner! Winner!' and by the obnoxious whistle summoning a cab. Up till the forties the old hackney coaches with straw in the bottom for the passengers' feet, with their drivers clad in seven-caped coats, and with their miserable jades, still crawled about the London streets. The cabs were painted yellow, and the drivers were perched on little boxes at the side instead of, as now, at the back. These were not of long duration, and were soon superseded by the four-wheeler and the hansom cab. Mail coaches, of course, were still running to all places to which the railroads had not yet penetrated. In 1837, a year of great severity,

the mails were carried from Canterbury to Dover in sleighs. Omnibuses were few, with straw in the bottom. The lowest fare was sixpence, and in them never was a lady seen. Ladies of fashion went for a solemn drive round the Park on Sundays, but no lady went in a single-horse carriage till Lord Brougham invented the carriage which still bears his name. The victoria, the barouche, and landau appeared later on.

No lady would willingly have driven down St. James's Street, or have dreamt of stopping at a club door. No lady of fashion went out to dinner except in a chariot, which was pronounced 'charrot,' with a coachman in a wig and with one or two menservants in silk stockings. Indeed, the yellow chariot and the tall footmen with long staves behind the old Duchess of Cleveland's chariot are fresh in the memory of even young people, and must still have been seen by the present generation who can recollect Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's pony carriage with two outriders.

My father was very fond of taking me to see a small property he had, called Horsington Hill,

between Harrow and Greenford, at the foot of which there still lies a small church, and I believe the smallest parish in England, with the romantic name of Perivale. I well recollect going to Ealing, the first time I had ever been in a train; for in those days very few railways existed in England.

My uncle, Colonel Walpole, was Minister to Chili, and in those days everybody occupying a diplomatic post abroad employed as his agent one of the Foreign Office clerks, who forwarded his letters and transacted his business in this country. To this agent, Mr. Bidwell, I used, as a little boy, to carry my mother's letters to my uncle, and so was early introduced into the innermost *arcana* of the 'Nursery,' which obtained its name from the fact that Spencer Ponsonby and Richard Wellesley, two boys of about sixteen, were located there to perform clerical duties—of course, I am talking of the old Foreign Office, which has long since disappeared.

Now this 'Nursery' was next door to the printers, overlooking Downing Street, and here was formed a sort of club of congenial spirits—

Blackburn, Huskisson, Augustus Paget, Backhouse, Brydges Taylor, and Charles Spring-Rice. All but the most genial of them, Spencer Ponsonby—now Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, K.C.B.—have passed from the 'Nursery,' and from the schoolroom of life, into the Far Country. They used to box, play singlestick, fives, and cricket, and the noise was put down to the printing press next door.

Smoking, a terrible crime in those days, took place there; and a pianoforte and glee-singing served to beguile the idle moments between work, for these spirits could work as well as play. One of their amusements was to dazzle with a piece of looking-glass some young ladies in the opposite houses; a complaint was made, and Lord Palmerston desired to know who the ungallant young gentlemen were who cast 'reflections' on the young ladies in the vicinity.

John Bidwell, the head of the Consular Department, used to get into a paroxysm of rage at the audacity of organ-grinders who invaded the privacy of Downing Street; but when they approached, a shower of halfpence from the

attics encouraged them to brave the wrath of the infuriated old gentleman below. Pea-shooting through a broken pane of glass was a constant source of amusement to the shooters, and of annoyance to the tall footmen whose calves were bombarded while standing outside the door of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's.

In 1846 Spencer Ponsonby was sent as an attaché to Washington, and on his return in the following year he was made private secretary to Lord Palmerston; but even this position did not keep him from the 'Nursery,' which he found reinforced by Greville, Morier, Maurice Drummond from the Home Office, Frank Courtenay, the 'singing mouse' as he was called, from the Board of Control, and young John Bidwell, who was the most riotous and mischievous of all the lot. On one occasion he was left for a few hours in charge of the French Department, in the absence of his chief, and employed the vacant hour by dressing himself up as a Choctaw Indian, with a hearthrug as his only covering, a circle of quill pens round his head, and his face dotted with red wafers, when the French Ambassador was suddenly

announced! He was a great actor and dancer, and played the part of a harlequin at one of the pantomimes during the annual cricket meeting at Canterbury; so great was his fame that he was bidden to dance in an amateur performance at Drury Lane before the Queen. He said that when that event took place he should ask 'for the head of Conyngham in a charger.' Now, Conyngham was an unpopular chief clerk in the Foreign Office. Mr. Oom was another, who was very popular. During the Cricket Week there was a Parliamentary election, and the town was placarded with posters, on which was written: 'For *Oom* shall we vote?'

These are only the tales of idle moments and harmless freaks of the boys who really worked hard, and in the battle of life highly distinguished themselves as men.

To revert to family matters, my uncle, Lord Orford, was a constant guest of my father's. He was very short, and I am accused of running into the drawing-room saying, 'Here is Uncle Orford, and he hasn't growed a bit.' He always dressed in the evening in light nankeen pantaloons, took a great deal of snuff and a great deal

of wine, always ending up with a glass half port and half sherry. He was the author of several curious letters. When Lord Hastings told him he was going to keep a pack of foxhounds in Norfolk, he wrote back saying he would bet him ten to one he would kill more foxes in a year than Lord Hastings; and so he did, killing thirty-five foxes to Lord Hastings's thirty-three.

In 1824 Lord Orford was invited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society; his reply was as follows:

'Sir,—I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter. *Surprised*, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and *annoyed* because it compels me to have even this communication with you.

'I have long been addicted to the gaming table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and to your society. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your President. God forgive your hypocrisy.

'I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints.'

He had been appointed by the then Conservative Government Lord High Steward of Yarmouth, but the next Liberal Government dismissed him from this honourable office.

His letter acknowledging this last communication is characteristic :

'Gentlemen,—My appointment of Lord High Steward of Yarmouth by the late Government was received with pride and pleasure. My dismissal by the present Government confers almost equal honour upon

'Your obedient servant,

'Orford.'

Being a small man, he set great store on his physical prowess. He told us that the famous dentist Cartwright having once got hold of the wrong tooth, he lifted up his fist and knocked him down, but Cartwright stuck to the tooth and pulled it out. On one occasion he came away from a dinner party just sufficiently sober to walk from one lamp-post to another; but,

unfortunately, at the end of the street, instead of a lamp there was only a post, over which he hung like a golden fleece till he was taken off in the morning by the watch.

His daughter, who afterwards married Lord Pollington, startled society in those days by ways and things which now are considered very commonplace; while Lady Dorothy, her younger sister, who married Mr. Nevill, still lives to charm and delight with perennial youth and overflowing humour another generation.

One of my chief pleasures in New Street days was going with my mother up the river in a steamboat to Richmond to see her sister, Lady Charlotte Walpole; but my greatest happiness was to go for a real country holiday to another sister of hers, Lady Catherine Long, at Hampton Lodge. This was my youthful idea of Paradise. My uncle, Henry Long, was ever to me as a child as he was to me as a man, the most delightful of companions—politician, man of the world, man of letters—full of information concerning natural history and geology; he fascinated me, and it was from him that I very early imbibed liberal ideas. Once, walking over a

cornfield full of thistles and weeds, he said: 'That is the result of Protection;' and this made me think for myself and become a Free Trader.

I used to go down by the Portsmouth coach, and also, alas! up by it. One evening as it swung along by the lodge gate the guard sang out 'Full!' but then saying, 'Oh! we can make room for a little 'un,' crushed the hopes he had raised, and carried me off, with my feet hanging in the air from the seat on the top, to White Horse Cellar. Oh, the misery and cold of such journeys, unknown to the golden youth of to-day! And then the arrival in the darkened streets, our rooms gloomy with the rushlights of my childhood, which, stuck in a tin cylinder perforated with holes, gave a feeble and flickering flame, and shed ghostlike shadows on the ceiling, which haunted me in the watches of the night; the tinder-box and the flint which hung fire so long; succeeded by the brimstone match and the Congreve lucifer, which lit our schoolday tallow candles, with ever-increasing cotton wicks —all have happily passed away in this dazzling age of electric light; and I hope, with them, the

dark passages and cupboards which were the real terrors of childhood.

Soon after my birth my father had completed a small house on the seashore at Walmer. The Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, lived at the Castle, always spent his autumns there, and used to hunt with the West Street Harriers. I find an account of a conversation he had with my father in September 1839:

'*September* 21, 1839.—Rode with the Duke of Wellington—said he thought they were right in not opposing the Reform Bill in the House of Lords; that the King told him that Lord Grey had got a promise from him to make forty peers; that he had asked the King to make sixty; and that if they had voted against the Reform Bill, he had no doubt that from forty to sixty peers would have been made; by which a revolution would have been sudden. Now, if a revolution takes place, it will be more gradual, and give breathing time.'

As Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Duke always wore a blue coat and red collar, and was, I suppose, fond of children, as he was so

kind to us. He used to go every Sunday to the church at Old Walmer, with a great Prayer Book or Bible under his arm; and I cannot help thinking that Thackeray must have had the old Duke in his mind when he makes Major Pendennis say:

'No man went more regularly to church when in the country; the Duke of St. David's, whom I have the honour to know, always sings in the country, and let me tell you it has a doosed fine effect from the family pew.'

On one occasion he ran a race with me down the grass hill leading to the Castle. I threw a stone very near him once, and he asked me who taught me to throw stones. I said, 'My brother Richard, sir.' 'I hope,' said he, 'he will soon teach you something better than that.'

In 1838 the Duke gave a breakfast at Walmer Castle to some royalties, and all we children were invited to it. He had just returned from Windsor, where at whist he had won a few shillings, the first that had been coined in the Queen's reign. My sister says: 'We were all playing on the ramparts, and he came up to us, and said to me, "Would you

like to have a picture of the Queen?" and putting his hand into his pocket he brought out three or four of these bright new shillings, and gave me one; seeing my sister looking on very wistfully, he added, "and would you like one too?" I think he also gave one to Miss de Ros and Miss Hardinge. I was very proud of my shilling, and had a hole bored through it, and wore it round my neck. In later years it was put into a locket, with an inscription inside telling its history.'

Staying at a country house, the Duke came down for morning prayers with his Prayer Book in his hand; 'but,' he said, 'they used fancy prayers.' Once when my parents were dining with him the conversation turned on what creatures of habit we were; and the Duke said that a Frenchman was talking on that subject, and ended by saying, 'Par exemple, nous nous lavons les mains, mais jamais les pieds!' We were always supplied by the Duke with pears and figs from great trees growing in the moat of the Castle, which have continued to flourish under the wardenships of Lord Granville, Mr. Smith, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Salisbury.

In 1837 my father and my mother left me on going to London, and the return chaise brought me back a parcel of barley-sugar and the news of the King's (William IV.) death. I had once seen him at Richmond, when I stood on a gate and shrieked out, 'Who'llray' (Hurrah) 'for the King and the Duke of Wellington, for I always say that.'

1837 was also the year of a great frost, and our journey was delayed until the road was cleared; and I recollect that the snow on each side was higher than the windows of the coach in which we drove to London.

Among the more remarkable people who lived, during some of our autumn holidays, at Walmer were Lord Mahon, the historian, afterwards Lord Stanhope, who had the big house on the beach toward Walmer Castle; Sir John Campbell[1] was there one summer; and Sir Henry Hardinge,[2] whom I well recollect leaving for India, where he was appointed Governor-General in 1844. His son went with

[1] Afterwards Lord Campbell and Lord Chancellor.

[2] Afterwards Governor-General of India and Commander-in-Chief.

him, and was at his side through the first Sikh war, where Hardinge served under Sir Hugh Gough, nobly waiving his position as Governor-General. He was in India only four years, and later was Master-General of the Ordnance, and Commander-in-Chief on the Duke of Wellington's death.

Arthur[1] was a peppery-tempered boy, and I recollect his mother, Lady Emily, calling for him and his answering, 'Oh yes, I hear you; but the more you call the more I won't come.' Lord Delawarr was there one summer also; and my contemporary, Lionel West,[2] who subsequently became our Ambassador to the United States. G. P. R. James, the most prolific author of his day, also lived at Walmer, and when as a boy I was at luncheon with him, he addressed me for the first time in my life as 'Mr. West,' and made me very proud. Lord and Lady Salisbury and their children, who were always running on the beach without shoes and stockings, spent some autumns there. I

[1] Afterwards Sir Arthur Hardinge, Governor of Gibraltar, and Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.

[2] Now Lord Sackville.

also remember the Queen and Prince Albert coming to Walmer, and the old Duke of Cambridge taking me for a long walk, and asking me all sorts of questions, about what I had for dinner, and other uninteresting details.

The Captains of Deal Castle, Lord Carrington and Lord Maryborough, afterwards Lord Mornington, were always dressed in uniform. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan (I was the first person in England who heard of his death as Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, when I was in Sir Charles Wood's private office at the Admiralty), stayed there one or more summers; and Lord Strangford, who had been Ambassador in Russia, spent some time there.

There was a very irascible but very pleasant Admiral Vincent, the king of the place; and an Admiral Lee, who always averred that he heard at Walmer the guns of Waterloo on June 18. He and his wife, Dame Lee, were buried in Walmer Church.

In 1838 I was taken to Lord Carrington's house in Whitehall Place, and had a splendid view of the Queen's coronation procession. Oddly enough, above the gold coaches and

liveries and soldiers and bands and kings and princes, there remains in my mind a vivid impression of a row between a drunken sailor and the police.

In 1839 the twopenny postman, who used to go his rounds with a bell and a bag to collect letters, was dressed in something very like the blue coat and red facings of the Windsor uniform, which exists to the present day as it was then. The system of franking prevailed up to the institution of the penny post in this year. I think that out of the small number of 83,000,000 letters then delivered in the United Kingdom, over 6,000,000 franks passed through the Post Office; they were much sought after, for the cost of postage was considerable: a letter to Scotland or Ireland, of one page, cost about 1*s.* 3*d.*, and those who could best afford to pay were those who were exempted.

At this period of my life my father was appointed a Judge in Bankruptcy at Leeds, and our days at Walmer were numbered. We went to live at Preston Hall, about eight miles from Leeds, near Swillington, which belonged to Sir John Lowther, and two miles from Temple

Newsam, the beautiful Elizabethan home of the Meynell-Ingrams. It was in the centre of coal pits, and while we were there a dreadful fire-damp explosion took place, and I saw one of the poor men who was rescued, but terribly lacerated. The whole life among these people was new to us; their language and expressions, and their roughness, were constant sources of interest to us all.

We paid visits to Mr. Waterton, the great naturalist, at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, where he gave for many years a hospitable asylum to all birds and beasts who chose to avail themselves of it, and never allowed a trap to be set or a gun to be fired on his property.

As a boy at school, Waterton was asked by one of the masters, who saw his roving disposition would carry him to distant countries, not to touch wine or spirits. Waterton promised, and abstained till his death. Sydney Smith said of him that he appeared in early life to have been seized with an unconquerable aversion from Piccadilly and that train of meteorological questions and answers which form the great staple of polite conversation; and this

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aversion led him to strange adventures—which to the present generation are little known, notwithstanding that many of them must remain unsurpassed even in these days of 'records.' Who else but he has ridden on the back of an alligator, using the forelegs twisted on its back as a bridle?

'Should it be asked,' he said, 'how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.'

He caught a poisonous snake many feet long by the neck, and pressed the fang with a bit of stick to see the poison, 'which was thick and yellow and looked like camomile tea;' he caught another venomous big snake in the same way, and made it bite itself to see what would happen; he dined off monkey (boiled in cayenne pepper), tortoise, and ant beer, and once tried wasp grubs, by way of dessert after dinner; but his stomach 'was offended at the intrusion.' He held his foot under the Niagara Falls, instead of under a pump, to cure a sprain, but this he admits was perhaps prompted by vanity, wishing 'to have it in his power to tell the

world that he had held his sprained foot under a fall of water which discharges 670,255 tons per minute.'

To his bitter disappointment, he could never induce a vampire-bat to suck his blood; in vain did he hold his great toe out of the hammock, it was never tapped by the nocturnal surgeon; other people's great toes had all the attractions.

To the end of his days he climbed trees; and shortly before his death, at eighty-three, he ascended one of the tallest in Walton.

On one occasion we paid a visit to an Eton friend of my brother's, the son of Mr. Busfield Ferrand, at Harden Grange, Bingley. He was member for Knaresborough, and spoke of himself as the advocate of the working classes of the North of England, and denounced the manufacturers as Whig Radical 'millocrats,' whose tyranny, oppression, and plundering, and not the Corn Laws, were causing the existing distress. He emulated the dagger scene of Burke, and produced in the House of Commons a sample of shoddy, or what he called 'Devil's Dust,' and tore it into shreds, and made a

sensation by his paraphrase of St. Paul's denunciation of Christ's enemies, 'whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, whose glory is their shame'—applying it to the 'millocrats.' He was a rough man, and my brother and I were rather startled on going to bed to hear him say to his servant, 'As the Wests are here, we won't breakfast until half-past seven to-morrow!'

When living in Yorkshire we hunted in a small way with the Bramham Moor Hounds, of which that prince of sportsmen, George Lane-Fox, was the Master. I suppose that a more splendid type, both in character and in appearance, never existed, even in Yorkshire. It was said of him that he ruled a somewhat unruly field by his quiet sarcasm, never by bad language. In London his well-turned-out coach was familiar to everyone in Hyde Park; and he was proud of it and his team, and regretted the disappearance of fine 'turn-outs.' In a letter to a dear friend he says:

'I do not think anybody in Yorkshire can pull out a decent pair of horses. In these degenerate days all the ladies drive what they

call "a trap." The depressed farmer allows his daughter to drive a trap. The broken-down landowner drives a trap. It makes me ill. My idea of a trap is a horrid thing holding a poor fox or rabbit fast; a terrible implement that no real sportsman or good neighbour ought to allow to be used.'

In 1840 I was taken to Buckingham Palace, which then had no quadrangle, to see the Queen's marriage procession. Two things remain in my memory: one, that the pianoforte was dusty, and someone remarked what bad housemaids the Queen had; the other, the forest of umbrellas in the Park when a shower came on.

I well recollect the excitement produced by the murder of Lord William Russell, in Norfolk Street, by his valet, a Swiss, who deposited the plate he had stolen in the Hôtel Sablonnière, in Leicester Square; and I have not forgotten the horror of lying awake and hearing the boys holloaing out in the streets, 'Last dying speech and confession of Couvos*sier*,' as they pronounced it. Years afterwards the Solicitor-General told me a curious story in connection with this trial.

It appears that opposite Lord William's house a gentleman looked out from the window of a bedroom in which he ought not to have been, and saw the shadow of a naked man pass before the opposite window-blind. An attempt was made to throw suspicion off the valet on a housebreaker, and this gentleman went to the counsel, and asked him what he ought to do, as to come forward as a witness would, of course, ruin the character of the lady in whose room he was that night. The counsel recommended his saying nothing about it, as long as no innocent person was involved in the murder; but, if the worst came to the worst, he should advise him to give the lady's maid 10*l.* to admit he was with her when he saw the shadow! Mr. Monckton Milnes went to see Courvoisier executed, and often afterwards asserted that his description of the horrors of a public execution caused it to be abolished. This may have been so, but it was really quite twenty years later before executions took place in private.

Greenacre's murder of a woman was horrid. He cut her up, and took away her head in a

bag. When he stepped into the 'bus, the conductor replied as he asked the fare: 'Sixpence a head, sir.'

This and Goode's murder of his wife at Roehampton, near a villa of Lord Henley's, where we had been staying, greatly impressed my childish imagination. My contemporaries will no doubt remember the rather gruesome riddle: 'Why did Goode cut up his wife? Because he did not like her altogether.'

Years later came the dreadful Manning tragedy, both husband and wife, who had been a maid to the Duchess of Sutherland, taking part in the murder of the wife's lover. After she had attacked him, he said on his trial: 'I then knocked his brains out with a ripping chisel because I never much liked him!'

In 1841 the excitement of the trial of Lord Cardigan, by the Peers, for wounding Captain Tuckett in a duel, was very great. He was acquitted on grounds which were purely technical, each Peer standing up and saying: 'Not guilty, upon my honour.'

Sir Frederick Rogers, in 1842, tried hard in the columns of the 'Times' to kill duelling

by ridicule, and it was forbidden in the Army in 1844, but still lingered. In 1852 George Smythe, the representative of the Young England party, and Colonel Romilly were going to fight in consequence of an electioneering quarrel. When they got to the Weybridge Station there was only one fly to be had, so both combatants, thirsting for one another's blood, and their seconds, John Fortescue and Johnny Vivian, had to drive over in it to the chosen spot, George Smythe sitting on the box, and Colonel Romilly, with both the seconds, inside. At the fateful moment a pheasant rose out of a copse, as in Leech's famous caricature, and a pistol went off. After an exchange of shots the foes returned as they came. The incident was dealt with in a witty article in the 'Times,' and so ridicule at last did more than morality to kill duelling: *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*

It was not long after this that there died at Boulogne a Frenchman who had been a brutal duellist, such as is so well described in 'Harry Lorrequer' at the time of the occupation of Paris. A quarrel having arisen between

him and a young English officer, a duel *à la barrière* was arranged. Now, this form of duel consisted of a rope being drawn between the two parties, who were stationed at equal distances from it. At a given signal, the two combatants started to walk to the rope, with the liberty of firing whenever it so suited them. The young officer, with the impetuosity of youth, at once fired his pistol, and, having missed his man, continued his walk up to the barrier, when he became face to face with his opponent, who had reserved his fire. The Frenchman put his hand on the young man's heart, and said, with a sickening familiarity: 'Brave jeune homme, ton cœur ne palpite pas;' and, stepping back, he continued: 'Pauvre jeune homme, je plains ta mère,' and shot him through the heart.

It was in 1839, shortly after the People's Charter had been first proclaimed, that there were riots at Newport in Monmouthshire; and a magistrate named Frost was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for riot. His sentence was commuted to

transportation for life to Van Diemen's Land. He was pardoned in 1856, and did not die till 1877.

The Charter which created such alarm and consternation contained six points: Universal suffrage, ballot, annual parliaments, payment of members, abolition of property qualification, and equal electoral districts. How, before his death, Frost must have smiled at the fears and alarms the Charter evoked, and ridiculed the passions that condemned its advocates to such terrible punishments!

In November 1841 Sir Robert Peel, having gained his large majority, was about to make, at the Lord Mayor's dinner on the 9th, his great manifesto. The Queen, who was sore at her loss of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs, invited him to dine on that night with her. Sir Robert came into Sir James Graham's room at the Home Office and said: 'You must now make the Ministerial speech.'

Sir James tried to get off, but in vain, and after Sir Robert Peel had left the room he said: 'The only thing I can pray for is that the Queen may be brought to bed on that day.'

And his prayer was heard, the Prince of Wales being born that evening; and Peel made his speech at the Guildhall.

This was told me when at Netherby in 1881, by Major Graham, the brother and secretary of Sir James, who afterwards held the almost sinecure office of Registrar-General. When pressed by ladies or others as to when he went to his office, he used to say, 'As soon after ten as I find it convenient'—a very good answer for a sinecurist.

This was not the only occasion on which Peel meant to put Graham in his place, for there was another Guildhall dinner, when Peel would naturally have had to propose the health of the Lord Mayor. Now the Lord Mayor had been unpleasantly mixed up in some questionable transactions connected with parochial accounts, so Sir James Graham was made spokesman, and got out of his difficulty very cleverly. In his toast proposing the health of the Lord Mayor he slightly alluded to the rumour; 'but,' he added, 'the man that the City thinks worthy cannot be unworthy.'

In Peel's Administration Goulburn was

Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Peel himself had occupied that position in his former Government; yet they both fell into this extraordinary financial blunder: they had reimposed the income tax for 1842, and had reckoned on a produce of 3,700,000*l.*, which anticipation resulted in a heavy deficit of 1,243,712*l.* Peel, being of a cautious and suspicious nature, had not thought fit to consult his Inland Revenue authorities, and had reckoned on the whole of the estimated produce of the year being collected in the financial year, thus verifying a constant saying of Mr. Gladstone's, that suspicion was the crying fault of all politicians.

Peel was by nature cold and reserved, but he was a Parliamentary tactician and master of the House of Commons, endowed with high principles but little imagination. Joseph Hume was an excellent and persevering economist, who was always worrying him on this question, and, coming one evening into the library of the House of Commons, he said: 'I shall make a speaker of that fellow Peel yet.'

In 1834, when the Duke of Wellington held all the great offices of the State till Peel's return,

Mr. Hudson [1] was entrusted with the task of finding his whereabouts. Anxious to distinguish himself, he rested neither day nor night till he found him in Rome and delivered the King's letter. Weary and travel-stained, after many days of posting, he presented himself to Peel, who took the letter, and, without a word of thanks, said: 'You might have done the journey in a day less!'

Disraeli said: 'The hurried Mr. Hudson rushed into the chambers of the Vatican,' from which he was afterwards nicknamed Hurry Hudson.

In 1841 'Punch' came into existence—I think it was commonly spoken of at that time as the 'Charivari'—and published in 1843 Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' which caused many tears to flow, and called attention to the horrors endured by the poor seamstresses.

In 1843 I went to Eton, to the same house and the same room that my two elder brothers had occupied before me. I see it now, at the top of the house, with a sanded floor and a

[1] Afterwards Sir James Hudson, G.C.B., our Ambassador in Italy.

shut-up bedstead, and no tub, for washing in the winter was then unknown; in the summer we bathed in the river. My brother Richard won all the prizes for 'headers.' My Dame was Mrs. Angelo, an old painted lady with a reputation somewhat tarnished, but tarnished so long ago that she was forgiven, and she was in charge of a house of from fifteen to twenty boys! My tutor was Edward Pickering, of cricketing renown, who took more interest in the game, I think, than in Latin verse. The great public school matches at Lord's, where the Winchester men, as they always called themselves, wore tall white hats, were attended by the masters and old boys and only those who were really interested in the game. But I am not going to recall my schoolboy experiences, which have been already told by my old friend and messmate, Arthur Blackwood,[1] in his Life, and certainly do not need repetition. In those days there was an almost entire neglect of any kind of education beyond a very superficial smattering of

[1] Afterwards in the Treasury; served in the Commissariat through the Crimean campaign, and was Financial Secretary to the Post Office till 1894, when he died as Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B.

Latin and Greek. I was placed, at eleven years old, in the lower division of the fourth form, took part in the last 'Montem,' and progressed by gravitation to the upper division of the fifth form in 1849, when I was captain of my house, and rowed eight in the 'Monarch,' and had a real good time till election, when I left. I believe I was the first occupant of the new sanatorium, where I spent some dreary weeks with scarlet fever, my dear mother coming down to nurse me.

Among the boys of my time, four have since obtained Cabinet offices. Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon, Mr. Warde Hunt and Mr. George Lefevre. Arthur Peel, who then stood in the Eton List as *undecimus*, was subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons and the first Commoner of England. Chitty, who was captain of the eleven at Eton and Oxford, where he was also captain of the eight, became the well-known Lord Justice.

Bent, the respected Vicar of Woolwich, was a contemporary of mine. On leaving college he became a poorly paid curate. Somebody

coming up to him in the street, said: 'I believe you are the incumbent.' 'No,' he replied; 'I am Bent without the income.'

Our great scholar, Lord Lothian, died early. Lord Roberts was with us a short time, and George Wombwell, one of the Balaclava heroes, still flourishes. Poor Admiral Sir George Tryon, who was lost in the 'Victoria,' was at my Dame's house, where we had a short and brilliant fight; and in my later life I always congratulated myself on being his friend and not his enemy. Bill Thompson, who was captain of the boats, was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; Sir Alfred Lyall has distinguished himself highly as an administrator, a councillor, and a poet. Sir John Lubbock was our man of science; Algernon Swinburne our poet; and Henry Labouchere our journalist.

My contemporaries and I captured the Civil Service by storm; for, at the time when I was Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, Sir R. Welby[1] was Secretary to the Treasury; Robert Herbert,[2] Under-Secretary for the Colo-

[1] Now Lord Welby, G.C.B.
[2] Now Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B.

nies; Rivers Wilson,[1] Comptroller of the National Debt; Charles Fremantle,[2] Deputy-Master of the Mint; Arthur Blackwood,[3] Secretary to the Post Office; Charles Ryan,[4] Auditor-General of the Exchequer; Whymper[5] was Head Inspector of Factories; Bertie Mitford,[6] Secretary to the Board of Works; and Philip Currie,[7] Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As Lowe said, it was a case of Eton *v.* Education, and Eton always won.

In 1846, as an Eton boy, I went with my friend Robert Henley[8] to the coming of age of his brother at Watford in Northamptonshire. The party consisted of Ogilvy (afterwards Lord Airlie), Wodehouse (afterwards Lord Kimberley), Dodson (afterwards Lord Monk-Bretton), my elder brother Henry, Sir David Dundas (who became Solicitor-General), and a man well known in London as 'Johnnie Rochford,' who proved himself a great actor. One day it was announced

[1] Now Sir Rivers Wilson, C.B., K.C.M.G.
[2] Now Hon. Sir Charles Fremantle, K.C.B.
[3] Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., since dead.
[4] Now Sir Charles Ryan, K.C.B.
[5] Since dead. [6] Late M.P.
[7] Now Lord Currie, K.C.B., P.C., Ambassador at Rome.
[8] Now Vicar of Putney.

that he had been suddenly summoned to London; and it must be remembered that those were not the days of telegrams which now so conveniently call away guests who have had all the shooting they can get. It was said that a Monsieur —— was expected for dinner, at which he appeared, and with only a change in the way he arranged his clothes and his hair, played his part without discovery through the entire evening.

Sir David Dundas, who doubtless knew Voltaire's axiom, 'Le café doit être noir comme le diable, pur comme une vierge, chaud comme l'enfer,' said to his hostess, Lady Henley: 'Good-bye, madam; your coffee was excellent'— and she was doubtful as to whether it was a compliment or the reverse. There were others of the party that I forget; but among them was Mr. Eden, the Rector of Battersea, who subsequently became Lord Auckland and Bishop of Sodor and Man. Five of the party became members of the House of Commons. Lord Kimberley, as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, Secretary of State for the Colonies, India, and Foreign Office, attained great distinction. Dodson, who was always called 'Fogg' in allu-

sion to Pickwick's solicitors, Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, became Secretary to the Treasury, President of the Local Government Board, Chairman of Ways and Means, and Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons. He was a man whose abilities, after leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself, did not appear on the surface, and many people were puzzled at the success he attained. Indeed, through life I have often wondered at the success of some men whose qualifications did not seem to justify it; but that must arise from my own stupidity, for notwithstanding Sir George Cornewall Lewis's cynical saying that every man was able adequately to perform the duties of an office which he was clever enough to get, it is impossible that anyone really can be successful without some ability. There are statesmen in my mind who never appeared to me to have any peculiar or extraordinary cleverness, neither were they the representatives of any interest; they were no speakers, and were poor, and yet they held in my time every high office in the State: Secretaries for War, First Lords of the Admiralty, Chancellors of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretaries of State for

the Home Department, and Chancellors of the Exchequer—all Cabinet offices. Imagine somebody fifty years hence wandering into a country churchyard, and seeing such a record on a gravestone, and his astonishment at never having heard of a man who filled more high offices than a Walpole, a Pitt, or a Gladstone!—but these are the mysteries of the British Constitution and Parliamentary life.

I shall never forget the Confirmation at Eton, held by Wilberforce, nor the solemnity with which he invested it. It was the first time, I think, that I had ever been impressed in the chapel, for our fate was to hear the dreariest utterances—of superannuated Fellows, who only supplied food for our boyish merriment.

Mr. Gladstone once told me that he only remembered two sermons that made any impression on him when he was a boy at Eton: one of them was when the Vice-Chancellor, in 1826, delivered a strong denunciation of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and the other I have forgotten.

I remember, in 1848, the news coming to Eton of the French Revolution and the flight

of Louis Philippe, and his arrival here as Mr. Smith. On the journey the poor ex-Queen was constantly praying; the King, fearing it would be noticed, said, 'Mrs. Smith, en France on ne prie pas tant en voyage.' Our holidays were delayed a day to avoid the abortive Chartist meeting on April 10 in that year. I travelled down with Robert Henley to my father's place, Preston Hall, near Leeds, the next day, and took home the news of what had happened. It seems to me so odd, writing in these days (1897) of telegraphs, that they should not have known all about it sooner; but I recollect my mother telling me that, living at her father's home at Wolterton, in Norfolk, the first news of the battle of Waterloo was brought by her brother, Colonel Walpole, who had been wounded at Quatre Bras!

CHAPTER II

1848—1851

Visit to Belgium and Paris—The President and the Garter—Sir Robert Peel's Accident and Death—I migrate from King's College, London, to Christ Church, Oxford—Osborne Gordon and his Pupils—I accept Alfred Montgomery's offer of a Clerkship in the Income Tax Office in April 1851—Disraeli and Monckton Milnes—Duties in the Inland Revenue Office—Transfer to the Admiralty—Sir James Graham—Bernal Osborne's Examination—Sir William Hayter's 'Idiots'—Frederick Locker and the Chief Clerk—The Reign of the Dandies—Harry and William Keppel—Henry Calcraft—Society in the Early Fifties—Almack's and the Cocoa Tree Club—Fashions and Feeding—Breakfasts and Smoking—The Decline of Drinking—The Misses Berry's Salon—Lansdowne House—Lady Ashburton's Humour—Sir James and Lady Graham—Mrs. Norton—Lady Palmerston's Parties—Abraham Hayward and the Wits—Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Maurice Drummond—The Exhibition of 1851—A Trip to Paris—Thackeray's Lectures—The Italian Opera in its Prime—Serjeant Murphy's Stories—Lord Broughton, Albert Smith, Mr. Brookfield, and Thackeray.

Nothing definite having been settled about my future career, I went abroad in the autumn with my father and mother, my brother Richard and

my two sisters, to Spa, in Belgium. On our return through Paris we were invited to the Elysée by the President, who had known my mother and sisters when staying at Wynyard; he asked me whether I was going into the Army 'or to Church.' He pressed my sisters to stay for a ball, and on their declining, he said, 'In this land of Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty, I can send soldiers to keep you.' My eldest sister's farewell must be reckoned as one of those things one would rather not have said—'I hope we shall soon see you in England again;' but he did come in glory to receive the Garter from the Queen, after his marriage in 1853 with Mlle. Montijo, Comtesse de Téba. It was said that he wrote to her Majesty, 'J'ai *tes bas*, donne-moi ta jarretière.' My wife saw him received at Windsor by the Queen, and 'never,' she said, 'shall I forget the triumphant expression of his usually imperturbable face when the Queen invested him with the Garter.' She also saw, at a great party at Windsor, Edgar Ney, who was one of the Emperor's brilliant suite, deliberately turn his back on the Duke of Wellington, recollecting the old Duke's conduct to his father, the

Marshal. At one of the Investitures of many she saw, she was struck by seeing in St. George's Hall the Duke of Wellington and Lord Anglesey writing at the same table.

As I had taken a fancy to go 'to Church,' it was now decided that I must take a degree; so I stayed with my brother Richard in lodgings in Down Street, to attend some lectures at King's College, where I learnt nothing, but made some very third-rate acquaintances.

In 1850 London was full of anticipation of the World's Exhibition, which was to be held the following year in Hyde Park. It was the fine idea of Prince Albert, and he had appointed a committee to assist him in its management.

It was as Sir Robert Peel was riding in St. James's Park to a meeting of this committee that he fell from his horse and was seriously hurt. It was at a ball at Lady Carrington's that I heard how dangerously ill he was. I was rather shocked at a ball going on so near where Peel lay dying in Whitehall Gardens; but notwithstanding I stayed till five o'clock, and left just as the strains of the cotillon began. On

July 2, in the evening, he died. On his death Mr. Gladstone quoted those fine lines :

> Now is the stately column broke,
> The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
> The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill.

It was commonly reported that his horse stumbled, and he, being a bad horseman, fell. This is the story I heard from my old friend Sir William Stephenson, who is an undoubted authority :

Mr. Beckett Denison (Lord Grimthorpe's father), who was a fine rider, saw the horse at Tattersall's, bought it, rode it for three weeks, and finding that it was quite quiet, and knowing that Sir Robert was looking for a horse, advised him to buy it. Sir Robert's coachman very soon found out that it was not quiet, and advised Sir Robert not to ride it ; but he considered Mr. Denison must know best. Mr. Townley, who was riding behind Sir Robert when he was thrown, told Sir William that hardly anyone could have sat the fearfully sudden buck the animal made on being passed by another horse. It was found out afterwards that Sir Henry Peyton, one of the finest riders of the day, had sold the

horse as he couldn't ride it, and it was bought by a friend of Sir William's subsequently, who found the same.

Sir Robert might possibly have been saved had he allowed the doctors to examine him, but he could not bear to be touched. He had told Sir William, who had been his Secretary when he was Prime Minister, that if any accident ever happened to him, he knew that he would not be able to bear to be touched, his nerves were so acute.

The public had not realised the danger he was in. Sir James Graham and Lord Hardinge were the only friends he had seen on his death-bed. The world mourned for him, and associated, and will always associate, his name with Free Trade, though he himself gave Richard Cobden the credit. He would accept no honours and refused the Garter. He left five sons, four of whom were subsequently the bearers of titles. Sir Robert, the eldest, was a G.C.B.; Sir William, the sailor, was a K.C.B.; Sir Frederick was a K.C.M.G.; and the youngest, Arthur, the Speaker of the House of Commons, became Viscount Peel.

It was of a relative of Sir Robert Peel's, a Mr. Peel who once stood for Accrington, that the following anecdote is told. He was not much of a speaker, but his friends persuaded him to say a few words, which he did in this fashion: 'Men of Accrington, if you are so backward in coming forward, you'll be left behind as you were before.'

After my short dip into London life I went to Oxford. On the night of my arrival at Christ Church for my matriculation, which Dr. Thompson of Trinity said was an impious attempt to fathom the depth of human ignorance, I played a rubber of whist in some room in Peckwater with Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury) and Mr. Warde Hunt (afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Beaconsfield's Government), who was always called 'Mother Hunt.' I cannot remember who was our fourth partner; but I know that it was remarked that we averaged six feet three inches.

I soon renewed my old Eton friendships and messed with my boating friends, a little regretting that I had not adopted cricket instead of rowing, as affording many more opportunities of

amusement in after-life. At Eton our aquatic eleven had been very good and we had defeated the second eleven; and I shall never forget the day when I was sent for to the upper club to be tried for the school eleven, but was not taken.

Osborne Gordon was my tutor, a great scholar, a double First Class man, but with an overpowering love for a lord. Oddly enough, I met him years after, in 1881, when Vicar of East Hampstead; he still was true to his first love, and had never learned to put an 'H' in the right place. Kirkman Hodgson used to tell of a lecture by Roebuck to his constituents at Sheffield, where his colleague, Mr. Hadfield, was present. Roebuck said: 'If a man drops an H, from that moment he loses his position in English society.' 'Ear, 'ear, 'ear,' said Mr. Hadfield.

Our lecture consisted of Lords Lothian and Dalkeith, tufts, Lucy of Charlecote, a gentleman commoner, myself, a Westminster student, and two servitors. Osborne Gordon's manner of greeting us was in exact mathematical proportion to our relative positions:

'Appy to see you, Lord Dalkeith. 'Av'nt 'ad

the pleasure of seeing your lordship lately—been 'unting, I suppose.'

'Won't you sit 'ere, Lord Lothian?'

'Good morning, Mr. Lucy. Where will you sit?'

'Good morning (*grumpily*), West.' And not even a grunt to the scholar or the two poor servitors.

Lothian was very clever and industrious and singularly modest, offering to bet me that he would not pass his Little-go. Poor fellow! he took a double first, but died soon after. Carnarvon, of Home Rule fame, was there also, and Sandon, afterwards Lord Harrowby. At the time of the Egyptian revolt of Arabi, a traveller in Staffordshire told his driver that Arabi was taken prisoner. 'Poor old gentleman,' he said; 'and him having lived so respectable-like all his life,' thinking it was Lord Harrowby.

Besides all my old Eton friends, who were many, I saw much of Herbert Murray, of Raglan, Somerset; and on Sundays I was very fond of dining late at New College with an old Eton friend, Tom Talfourd, a son of the judge and author of 'Ion,' to hear the music afterwards in

the chapel. I only remained at Christ Church for two terms, when I gave up all intention of taking Orders, and went for a short time to York, where my father then had a house, and where I witnessed the great race between The Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, and gained my first bitter experience of the honesty of the ring, for I won 10*l.* which was never paid to me. I recollect a curious bet I had at Eton with my fagging master; he offered me ten to one against Pyrrhus Ist. To get over my scruples, he said he would do me a copy of verses and excuse me fagging for a week; to these inducements I yielded, and Pyrrhus Ist. won.

About the end of April 1851 Alfred Montgomery, a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, offered me a small appointment in the Income Tax Office at Somerset House, which I gladly accepted. I had first made his acquaintance in 1840, when he was a great friend of my sister's. I lived to be his colleague on the Board of Inland Revenue, thirty years afterwards, where I found him as kind, as genial and witty as he had been from the first. My boyish imagination was filled with the glories of this charming dandy,

whether at late breakfast at Kingston House (where Lord Wellesley was then living) when he was arrayed in brocaded silk dressing-gown and faultless linen, or in his cab with his high-stepping horse and little tiger, or at the theatre, where he often took me in my boyhood.

In those days there was a 'public' called the 'Half-Way House,' just opposite Kingston House, where all the market carts on their way from Covent Garden used to be drawn up to bait. A curious story attaches to it. As the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Ellenborough, was riding in Rotten Row, news was brought to him of the death of his chief clerk, who held a great sinecure office of several thousands a year. He immediately dismounted, and cautiously walking to the 'Half-Way House,' borrowed a sheet of paper and made out the appointment of his son, who held this great salary for many years.

I can only just recollect a vision of the famous Count d'Orsay and Napoleon when still in London; and, oddly enough, looking back at Eton—where I was a member of the debating society called 'Pop.'—I cannot recollect ever having heard the name of Disraeli, and yet in 1846

he had written most of his famous novels; he had already passed through ten sessions of Parliament, and his dress was an ostentatious affectation, enough alone to have made him notorious. He wore a slate-coloured velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down over his shoulders; and when he rose in the House he wore a bottle-green frock coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and a needless display of gold chains. I never heard at the time of the shouts of ridicule with which his first speech had been received, or his self-confident prophecy, copied from O'Connell, that the day would come when they *should* hear him. It is not well known by this generation that within a few days he was followed by Monckton Milnes in a brilliant speech, which was praised on all sides. The successful speaker became a poet and a pleasant member of society, but received no higher offer than that of Junior Lord of the Treasury, when Lord Palmerston in his cleverest

vein asked him to join him on the Board, while the man who failed became the idol of the people, and twice Prime Minister of England.

In 1851 I entered the Inland Revenue Department as a temporary clerk, at 6*s.* a day, and I know of no prouder hour than that in which I received my first cash payment at the end of the quarter. My duties were strictly clerical and drearily monotonous—so many forms to fill up each day, and that was all; it was therefore with great pleasure that, after about a year of this probationary work, I was summoned to the alarming and splendid presence of Sir James Graham, who was the First Lord of the Admiralty, and was offered a clerkship on that establishment.

I was much troubled, for when my interview took place I was wearing a coat which I thought must be, or might be, considered a little loud, and I regretted that time was not given to me to change it. My friend and contemporary, Lord Welby, was told, when he entered the Treasury, by Mr. Dwight, a colleague of his, that he remembered the day that Mr. Alcock, his chief, a high officer in the Treasury, was sent for by the great Mr. Pitt, but dared not obey the

summons because he had not got on his breeches and buckles. However, Sir James Graham overlooked my coat, and I was appointed as the last clerk that ever entered the public service without any examination whatever. Bernal Osborne was then the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and congratulated me on this. Soon afterwards there was a vacancy in the office, and the son of a friend of his was nominated, who had not had the advantage, as we all knew, of a too liberal education. We juniors trembled for the result; but Bernal Osborne said the first examination was so important that he should conduct it himself, which he did to the utmost satisfaction of the candidate, who was reported to have passed with flying colours, especially in Theology! It is only just to say that a better official than Augustus Spalding never existed. This state of things was too good to last, and examinations were formally held before Civil Service Commissioners. Three candidates were nominated to compete for one vacancy. Sir William Hayter, then the astute and clever Secretary to the Treasury, was not to be so easily 'done'; so he kept in reserve

Mayall ph to

Walker & Boutall ph sc

The Right Hon. Sir James Graham Bart. M.P.

two very dull boys, whom he felt sure would never succeed, to run in competition with his friend whom he wished to be appointed; and this ruse went on, till at last, after constant defeats, one of his 'idiots' was finally successful.

I cannot even now look back to my early days at the Admiralty without conjuring up to myself the figure of a little chief clerk, always dressed in a black and snuffy suit; who occasionally came to the office in the morning dressed in a great frilled shirt front, and evening clothes, and announced that, as he was going to dine out that evening, he should not be at the office the next day. Frederick Locker, who always wore kid gloves in the office for fear he should dirty his hands with ink, and who afterwards delighted the world with his brilliant verses and his cheery 'Confidences,' was evidently not impressed with the dignity of the man or the office, for on my asking him what his duties were, he said, 'All I know is, that whenever I want a clean towel or a piece of fresh soap I always ring the bell and send for the chief clerk.' My admiration, however, of the worldly

wisdom of the next great chief clerk hangs about me still—how splendidly he threw dignity and importance into the little routine forms of daily official life! I see him now, with his silver locks, placing before me, to copy, the most ordinary of departmental documents, and telling me to be expeditious and careful, because the First Lord was waiting to take it with him to the Cabinet; if he wanted a boatswain's warrant made out, he would tell me that it must be scrupulously accurate, as it was to be signed by her Majesty herself, who would be sure to notice any fault.

My position was that of a junior clerk, under the guidance of John Heneage Jesse, the kindest of friends, the historian of the Georges, whose tales carried me back to the roaring times when he passed a *jeunesse orageuse* in company with Lord Waterford and Frank and Charles Sheridan, and shared in all their scrapes, some of which he was very fond of telling. On one occasion a niece of his had been hurt at Vauxhall by a rocket-stick falling on her, and was taken by Jesse to a well-known Doctor Macan (who was afterwards doctor to

our Militia regiment) in Parliament Street. Macan was sceptical as to the alleged relationship, and made very light of the whole affair, and annoyed Jesse so much that he was determined to pay him out; so as he and his friends were returning from Greenwich on a bright summer morning in an omnibus, they drew up at the Doctor's door, and, knocking violently, implored him not to waste a moment, as one of their friends was lying in a fit on the floor of the carriage. Down came the Doctor in his dressing-gown and slippers; they opened the door, shoved him in, drove on, and turned him out at the top of the Haymarket, amid the jeers of the drunken revellers, to run home as best he could.

When I was at the Admiralty I made acquaintance with many distinguished sailors; among them always stood out Harry Keppel,[1] who had then established his reputation as the pluckiest and the bravest officer in the Royal Navy—a reputation still green, which adds to his bravery and pluck a popularity which is undying, and who was as popular with all us

[1] Afterwards a G.C.B. and Admiral of the Fleet.

officials as he was afloat; Captain Milne;[1] Captain Beauchamp Seymour,[2] who was always called the 'Swell of the Ocean,' and many others.

Thanks to my brothers, I was soon fairly launched into the small circle then constituting Society—how different a Society from what I have lived to see! in dress, in manners, customs, and even language. Those were the days in which the dandies reigned, with their triple waistcoats, their many-folded neckcloths, their wristbands turned back over their tight coat-sleeves, their brocaded evening waistcoats and embroidered shirt-fronts; St. James's Street belonged to them—White's and Brooks's were honoured by their presence. The recollections of Count d'Orsay, Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, Admiral Rous, Cecil Forrester, Sir George Wombwell, and Alfred Montgomery pass before me as I write, and I still from mere force of habit, as I walk, peer with awe into the bay window of White's, expecting to see the well-known faces there.

[1] Afterwards a G.C.B. and Admiral of the Fleet.
[2] Afterwards Lord Alcester, G.C.B.

I had as friends Gerald Ponsonby, George and Odo and Arthur Russell, Jervoise Smith, Frank Stonor, William Blackburn, Stewart Hobhouse; Howard, a smart officer in the 2nd Life Guards, who afterwards became a priest and a cardinal; Augustus Lumley, and many others; and I used constantly to attend what were then called Electro-Biology Séances, at the Knightsbridge Barracks, where Captain Bertie used to perform prodigies of will over stalwart Lifeguardsmen. I also renewed my Eton friendship with William Keppel,[1] afterwards Lord Bury—one such as Wordsworth speaks of as 'a man of joyous yesterdays and confident to-morrows'—and we were inseparable for many years. He was the most gay and captivating of friends and companions, who possessed that glorious electricity that communicated itself to all those in his company. We were captains in the Middlesex Rifles together. In these happy days he used to keep the mess table in a roar of laughter, not only by his wit and stories, but by the humour of his telling; the glory fades in their repetition, and, though fifty stories spring

[1] Subsequently Lord Albemarle.

to my mind, I could not tell one without losing the salt and the sparkle with which he ornamented them all so well. Alas that it should be so! but political differences, though they never destroyed our friendship, drew us asunder into different camps. His conversion from Liberalism was very sudden, and he became a Tory Under-Secretary, a Tory peer, and member of the Carlton; whereas I, though taking no part in politics, remained at Brooks's, where we had spent so many happy hours together.

Amongst my early friends was Henry Calcraft, who, as a young boy, had just entered the Board of Trade. He was very amusing and witty, and had shoals of friends, by whom he was commonly called the 'Hangman.' One day Lord Cowley said to him: 'Whenever I come back to London you are always the first person I am sure to see.' 'Yes,' said Calcraft; 'and you may be quite sure I shall be the last!' Like all of us, he had his fits of bad spirits. I never pass the corner of Lansdowne House Gardens, which the present Lord Lansdowne has so much improved by letting us see through his gates, without thinking of an

evening when, returning from a ball, where I suppose things had gone awry, Henry said: 'I hate the past, I loathe the present, and I am apprehensive of the future.' But this was only a passing grumble, and he lived many years and enjoyed his life, and I am sure, at the end, was not 'apprehensive of the future.'

He was Mr. Bright's secretary, and was, though not naturally industrious, a conscientious and able official, succeeding Lord Farrer as Secretary to the Board of Trade. Standing one day with me in front of the telegraphic despatches at Brooks's, and seeing the death of some young man from typhoid fever, he said: 'There is one compensation in getting old—one is secure against that.' Shortly afterwards he was attacked by it, and died from its effects in 1896.

Almack's then flourished, to which it was said that fashion, not rank or money, gave the *entrée*. Society was so small that Lady Palmerston used to write, in her own hand, invitations to her parties. Lord Anglesey used to have in his house in Burlington Gardens a slate where anybody who wished to dine might write down

his name; and so circumscribed was the fashionable world that there was always in each season one lady who was recognised by society as *par excellence* the beauty of the year. The polka had just been introduced, about 1852, and Augustus Lumley and William Blackburn arranged the days of all the fashionable parties and balls in London, and provided lists of all the eligible young men in that small and exclusive ring. Lady Blessington's *salon* at Gore House, where D'Orsay—the 'Cupidon déchaîné,' as he was called by Byron—Disraeli, Bulwer, Charles Dickens, and Napoleon III. all met, came to an abrupt close in 1848 by her leaving the country.

Lord Gardner, who was one of the coterie, dined with Napoleon on the night before the ridiculous expedition to Boulogne, and was invited to accompany him. Upon his learning, however, that an eagle had been bought for the occasion from Fisher the poulterer, he wisely decided to stay at home.

The glory of Crockford's had departed before I came to London in 1851, and a restaurant doomed to failure had taken its place. But St.

James's was full of fashionable 'hells'—the Cocoa Tree Club being the best known. It was here that, one Sunday morning, the witty Lord Alvanley saw two mutes standing at the door. 'Is it true,' he said to them, 'that the devil is dead? because, if so, I need not go to church this morning.' For in those and later days pageantry pursued even the dead. Mutes stood at the door for a week, mourners wore black plumes, black cloaks and gloves, and long hat-streamers of silk or crape, according to their relationship to the deceased, and hatchments—properly spelled achievements—hung over the door for a year.

Mr. Banderet, the old proprietor of Brooks's Club, recollected when the packs of cards used there were reckoned by scores a night. Now, cards are not called for at all, except sometimes on the occasion of a rubber at the meetings of the Fox Club, which are held there. In the early forties, long whist with ten points to a game was still played; and now I am told that even short whist is supplanted at the Portland and Turf Clubs by bridge, écarté, and bézique.

When I was young, people at large country

house parties used to go in to breakfast arm-in-arm, and no lady ever walked with her husband except *bras sous bras*. Friends always walked arm-in-arm, and the country neighbour always made his entry into a party arm-in-arm with his wife and daughter. Now the fashion has disappeared, except at dinner, and there has sprung up an odious habit of indiscriminate hand-shaking, morning and evening, in season and out of season; as well as another fashion, worthy of a *table d'hôte*, of assigning to each guest the place where he is to sit at dinner. I wonder why the bolder spirits of the younger and impecunious generation have not risen in revolt against this interference with individual liberty of choice which used to be theirs!

Lady Granville once remarked that in her younger days nobody in polite society ever mentioned their poverty or their digestion; whereas now they have become the principal topics of conversation, and if society was then vigilant in ignoring all allusion to money and commerce, we have now gone far in the contrary direction. Everybody quotes the prices of stocks and shares, and I have lived to see the day when a youthful

scion of a noble and distinguished house produce from his pocket at dinner a sample bundle of silks to show how cheaply they could be bought at his establishment! Wine circulars with peers' coronets pursue me weekly; and I can buy my coal at 20*s.* a ton from waggons ornamented with the coronet of a marquis.

Now the good old habit of the master of the house asking his guests to drink wine with him has passed away; yet in my youth it was so much the fashion that when the change began, on a host asking a lady if she drank no wine, she replied, 'Do you expect me to drink it with the butler?'

It was at Lady Sydney's hospitable table in Cleveland Square that I gained my first experience of what was then called '*dîner à la Russe*,' when the joints were carved off the table, and the fruit and flowers were on the cloth, which was not removed after dinner—tea always following coffee.

In country houses luncheons consisted of cold meat or the children's dinner; and the men who were going to shoot made themselves sandwiches from the cold meat which, with perhaps

an egg, constituted the ordinary breakfast. Battues and hot luncheons were an innovation introduced by the Prince Consort.

Breakfasts used to be given by Rogers the banker and poet, who, in addition to the literary charm of his company, would delight the guests with the musical notes of an artificial nightingale which sat in a cage outside his window. His poems of Italy were beautifully illustrated by Stothard, Turner, and Calcott—a novelty in those days. Luttrell said that his poems would have been dished but for their plates. Visitors to Holland House still may see on a seat in the garden that charming tribute to his 'Pleasures of Memory:'

> Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
> With me those pleasures which he sang so well.

He died at the age of ninety-three in 1858, having seen in his youth the heads of rebels on Temple Bar, and cartloads of young girls who had taken part in the Gordon riots, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn.

Notwithstanding Disraeli's assertion that to breakfast out was a plebeian amusement, Mr.

Gladstone continued his breakfasts on Thursdays in Downing Street until 1884.

Mr. Motley, the historian, afterwards the American Minister to this country, was constantly at breakfasts of this description, and I was delighted at reading in his Life astonishment, which I always shared, at the digestive powers of those he met. 'When I reflected,' he said, 'that all these people would lunch at two and dine at eight, I bowed my head in humiliation, and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp.'

Eliot Warburton, the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' had breakfasts where my mother and sisters would meet, among others, Prince Louis Napoleon and Kinglake. Lady Dorothy Nevill told Warburton that our family was in some way or another related to Amy Robsart. 'Oh, what pretty blood!' he exclaimed.

Smoking had existed from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh down to my youth, but only on sufferance, and many was the evening in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloppy yard to smoke in the harness-room; when there were less bigoted hosts we were allowed

to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets till after the Crimean peace; and ladies never sullied their lips with tobacco, or even allowed men to smoke in their presence. It was not till the year 1845 that a smoking-room was first established in the holy of holies of Dandydom—White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics in Brooks's.

Thanks to the introduction, by the Prince of Wales, of smoking after dinner, wine-drinking is now over. What it was in old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa near Putney. The dinner was extraordinarily late for those days—at eight o'clock. When they at last rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window and saw the haymakers coming into the field. 'I wonder,' he thought, 'what hour they begin work,' and on consulting his watch he found it was half-past eight—the haymakers were returning to work from their breakfasts! Mr. Gladstone recollects that on one occasion, when a host put to a bishop who

was dining with him the ordinary formula, 'Will your lordship have any more wine?' the bishop replied in an unctuous voice, 'Thank you, not till we have consumed what we have before us.'

My first and greatest honour, though alas! I did not value it at the time, was to receive an invitation to the famous *salon* of the Misses Berry in Curzon Street, who were friends of my eldest brother; and it still seems strange to me that I should have known a lady who Thackeray says 'had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who himself had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the reign of Queen Anne.' I was taken to Lansdowne House and introduced to the man who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Lord Henry Petty, at the age of twenty-three, in the Cabinet of All the Talents. It was at his house that my brother was dining on December 2, 1852, the anniversary

of the great *coup d'état*, to meet M. Thiers, who had been banished from France, Lord John Russell, Lords Aberdeen and Macaulay, when the servant brought the 'Globe' in to Lord Lansdowne after dinner, who handed it over to M. Thiers, saying, 'Look and see what your President is doing'—and in it was the proclamation of Napoleon as Emperor.

I was also introduced to Lord and Lady John Russell: him I thought very alarming and cold; and to Lady Ashburton, whose *salon* at Bath House was frequented by Hallam, Carlyle, and Thackeray. I used to tremble as I passed its portals, for she was a lady who inspired awe amongst the greatest—how much more among such as I! Those who lived at that time will well remember a kindly little man, the Secretary to the Poor Law Board, by name of Fleming, commonly known as the 'Flea,' whom Sir Henry Taylor described as a 'purling brook.' He was well known in society, a friend of Charles Buller's, and an *habitué* of Lady Palmerston's house. He was much made up; and when Lady Ashburton was told of his house being entered by burglars, 'It was hard on him,' she

said; 'for he could not move, having unfortunately left his backbone on the dressing-table.' I became intimate with Sir James and Lady Graham. He was then one of that very distinguished body of men called 'Peelites'—Lord Aberdeen, Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Elgin, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell. Sir James was a great personality, with a fine and commanding presence, a weighty speaker, an able administrator, but, as a statesman, supposed to err on the side of caution. Lord Houghton once found him sitting at his table surrounded with Hansard's 'Parliamentary Debates;' he turned to him saying: 'I have been examining my career, and I must admit it has been a little devious.' His wife was a lovely woman. She was a Miss Callander, and a cousin of the Sheridans. In her old-fashioned way she always called him 'Graham.' She died in 1857.

It was from my friendship with her that I became acquainted with her cousins, Lady Dufferin, the Duchess of Somerset, and Mrs. Norton, whose appearance Mr. Motley so accurately describes;

'Her face is extremely beautiful; the hair is raven-violet-black; the eyes very large, with dark lashes as black as death; the nose straight; the mouth flexible and changing, with teeth that would themselves make the fortune of an ordinary face; and when you add to this extraordinary poetic genius, descent from that famous Sheridan who has made talent hereditary in her family, a low sweet voice—you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and their hearts out.'

I was taken also to Lady Granville's *salon* in Bruton Street. In the upper floor of the house lived Charles Greville—'The Lodger,' as she called him. This, though alarming, was made much less so by the kindness of Lord Granville and the fascinating and gentle charm of his wife. I sometimes was at Madame de Flahault's, in the house which was the Coventry Club, and is now the St. James's, where she held *salons* to the end of the eighties. I know that I should differ from all the memoirs I have read, if I were to say that Lady Palmerston's parties owed their especial charm to the fact that they formed the certain rendezvous of all the people who made her world, more than to

her position and her charms, or Lord Palmerston's real *bonhomie*. It was told of him that he used to greet all those whom he did not know with a 'How d'ye do, and how is the old complaint?' which fitted all sorts and conditions of men. Lady Molesworth in Eaton Place, and Lady Waldegrave in Carlton Gardens and Strawberry Hill, were introducing more cosmopolitan gatherings, with Abraham Hayward and Bernal Osborne as standing dishes—the first a studied *raconteur* who was said to read up his anecdotes before dinner, and even arrange with a friend what was to be said. He was attacked in the 'Quarterly Review' as a Tame Cat of Society, and on a friend condoling with him he illustrated his position by telling of a boy of whose riding his parents were very proud. Before a crowd of admiring friends he mounted his donkey, which immediately threw him off and kicked him in the mouth. The boy spluttered out through his bleeding lips: ''Tisn't the fall and 'tisn't the valley of the teeth what annoys me; but 'tis the nashty, gashly, wishous disposition of the jackass.' Society was now becoming democratised, and the days of the Grands

Seigneurs and the Grandes Dames were rapidly disappearing.

Notorious wits, like Sydney Smith, Jekyll, Luttrell, Bernal Osborne, have long disappeared from the scene, the last survivor having been Dr. Quin, the advocate of homœopathy. I met him one night at Lady Craven's, where he and I were constant guests; I had a bad headache, and Lady Craven, much against my will, asked him what I should take. 'Advice,' he answered promptly.

I was often at Kent House, where lived Sir George Cornewall Lewis. He was a stern, heavy-looking man, whom Charles Greville described as being cold-blooded as a fish; a prudent statesman of the old Whig school, but more interested in literature than politics. Some of his cynical sayings have become household words, such as 'Life would be tolerable but for its amusements.' His wife, Lady Theresa, was a sister of Lord Clarendon's. I was very indignant as a young man at her saying that Sir George always told her that there were more good places in the Civil Service than there were good men to fill them; but later in life I found it too true. Maurice Drummond was his private

secretary when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, a strange man, who married Miss Lister, a stepdaughter of Lord John Russell's.

'How do you manage to get people away so soon when they come to see you?' asked Sir George Lewis.

'Oh,' said Maurice, 'it is very easy; when they have talked for about five minutes, I say, "Would you not like to go out by the First Lord's garden entrance?" and they always jump at it, even if they were going the other way.' This was the little gate through which the Duke of Wellington, when First Lord, escaped when being hooted by a crowd for his opposition to Reform in 1830, as he rode to his office in Downing Street.

I was sometimes at Lady William Russell's house in South Audley Square. She had broken her leg and was on her sofa, but this did not dull her wit.

Hastings, her eldest son, with whom I was great friends in our Militia days, inherited much of her humour. At one of her parties he opened the street door and announced her guests, saying the butler was drunk in the pantry.

In later years he was asked why he had deserted Mr. Gladstone, and his cynical answer was: 'Why should not I? He offered me the Garter; he made my wife Mistress of the Robes; he made my brother a peer. What more could I get from him?'

On May 1, 1851, the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was opened. It had been devised by Mr. Paxton, head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Lord Granville told me that he was warned that the huge construction of glass would not stand against a gale of wind. He at once consulted Sir George Airey, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, who assured him there was no danger, as it would be amply protected by the mass of dead air which always surrounds a great building, and by which the wind would be lifted.

I went with Charlie Lane-Fox to see the crowd and the royalties who attended the opening; and soon after that I had a short holiday, and with Edwyn Burnaby joined a party of friends at Paris—Ben Stephenson,[1] Seymour

[1] Now General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B.

Damer,[1] Bury,[2] Robert Lindsay,[3] and others. Paris was *en fête*. We saw a review of 60,000 troops in the Champ de Mars; each regiment, as it marched past, shouted out: 'Vive l'Empereur!'

One evening, after a good dinner, we all sallied out in the Champs Elysées, which was crowded with shows, booths, people, and soldiers. Some of us began to shoot at a mark, and Bury won a live rabbit, which was as difficult a thing to dispose of as a white elephant. A dispute arose, and Bury's coat was torn; he struck a Frenchman, and a general scrimmage followed, Bob Lindsay knocking the little bloused Frenchmen down right and left; but we luckily escaped without arrest.

On the day after, I left Paris for England. On the way our train broke down, and I was delayed for the night in a very impecunious state at Havre. I was engaged to dine at Mrs. Mills' at Camelford House, and to go to the Duke of Wellington's ball that night, which I

[1] Died as Lord Portarlington.
[2] Afterwards Earl of Albemarle.
[3] Now Lord Wantage, K.C.B., V.C.

missed; but—though this was the last of the great Duke's balls—my misfortunes did not end here, for I was awoke in the morning by two big gendarmes standing over my bed and telling me to get up and accompany them to the police magistrate. My guilty conscience told me I was arrested for our row in Paris, and I was dreadfully frightened as I was ushered in before the commissary. It soon appeared that there was some mistake, and that I was supposed to be a runaway schoolboy; and, though my dignity was greatly hurt, I was much delighted at my release.

In May of this year (1851) Thackeray began in Willis's Rooms his delightful lectures on the Four Georges; and we have all since read the account of his nerves on that occasion. He took Society, which always likes to be thought to have literary tastes, by storm, diverting them for a time from the interest in and disgust at Mrs. Bloomer and her followers, who vainly endeavoured to propagate the cult of that hideous costume.

A great hippodrome was in full swing in South Kensington. I was present with a party

of people when Mr. and Mrs. Graham made their disastrous ascent in a balloon, which hardly rose above the roofs of the buildings, and was finally dashed on Colonel North's house in Arlington Street, now the property of Lord Granby.

In consequence of the influx of foreigners into London to see the Exhibition, the opera season was prolonged over August. In those days, and until the sixties, the Italian Opera House (which at the Queen's accession was called 'Her Majesty's') was in its glory. The pit, which occupied the floor of the house, gave access to the boxes, and was appropriately called the 'Fops' Alley.' Rubini, Mario and Grisi, Lablache, and later on Cruvelli, Sontag, Alboni, and Jenny Lind, delighted audiences as fashionable as those which now again fill the grand tier of Covent Garden; and the ballet, with Cerito, Taglioni, Lucille Grahn, and Rosati, adorned an art which alas! has now degenerated into a taste for vulgar breakdowns and tarara-boom-de-ays.

I had been given what was known as an 'ivory' for Lord Dudley's double box on the

grand tier, and when the fashionable world left London, I, who was kept there at my office, used to sit in state alone in my glory.

Stewart Hobhouse was a great friend of mine in these early days; he was in the Home Office, and we were continually about together. Fire escapes were then being started in the streets, and one morning three or four of us had gone, after a ball, to Covent Garden. On our return we found an escape at St. James's Church, and climbed up the ladder, and by stretching out our hands and feet, came down the shoot comfortably. Hobhouse neglected this precaution, and came down with a cruel shock, his trousers forced up his legs, and his coat turned inside out over his head.

Hobhouse constantly dined with a celebrated wit of our youth, Serjeant Murphy (for Serjeants-at-Law existed in those days), and told me many of his witty stories; but I regret to say that, witty as they were, there were not many that could be recorded here. Mrs. Norton was talking about the youthfulness of Lord Palmerston, when he said, 'Yes, but even he cannot postpone old age *sine die*.' At the time when at

the beginning of the Indian Mutiny horrible and ghastly stories, which afterwards turned out to be untrue, were very common, one was told of a lady whose nose was said to have been slit open by the mutineers. 'She was always called,' someone remarked, 'one of the beauties of the Ganges.' 'She'll be one of the "Hooghly" ones now,' said the Serjeant.

Lord Broughton, who was an uncle of Stewart's, bore a strong resemblance to one of the doorkeepers at the Opera. A *nouveau riche* told him to call his carriage, which he did, and then turned saying, 'I have called yours, perhaps you will now call mine; I am Lord Broughton.' He had a peppery temper, and one day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said, 'There, my dear old boy, you drink that.' 'I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and d——n your wine,' said Lord Broughton.

Albert Smith was a wit of another kind—clever but vulgar; and Dickens never forgave him for imitating his style of writing. It was then the fashion for young men to go in balloons

with old Green the aëronaut; and Albert Smith ascended one day before an admiring crowd of onlookers, and waving his hand to a young lady, an acquaintance of his, as he was starting, he said: 'If I come down again I will bring you back a *sky-terrier*.' He died young, leaving a widow, who was Keeley's daughter; Montagu Williams married her sister. One day the latter was engaged on a broiling summer afternoon in a law case, which he could not leave; he turned to a young barrister and said: 'I had promised to take my wife and her sister to the Crystal Palace; you know them. I wish you would go down, explain my absence, and I will join you later.'

The young lawyer did as he was told. Mrs. Albert Smith grumbled at the dreadful heat.

'Well,' said the young man, mistaking her for her sister, 'we ought not to complain, when we think how dreadfully hot it must be where your poor husband is!'

As I lived in Mayfair, I often attended the services at John Street Chapel to hear Mr. Brookfield, whose ornate language I never much appreciated. Preaching a sermon on the Christ-

mas message to the shepherds at Bethlehem, he described their flock as the 'woolly sleepers;' but he must have possessed great merits, for he was a close friend of Thackeray's, in my opinion the greatest novelist of any that I have ever read. I have been young, and now am old; but I can think of no books which have given, and still give me such pleasure as 'Esmond,' 'The Virginians,' 'Vanity Fair,' and 'The Newcomes.' No one photographed like him the world I have known and seen, or gave such pictures of noble generosity; of kind acts and petty foibles; of lofty hopes and profound belief, which have lasted since the world began. How often I have put down his books because the sunlight on the pages made my eyes water, and comforted myself by thinking that, as the great author said, 'A man is never so manly as when he is un-manned!' I frequently met him, but never really knew him till I learned to know and love him in his writings.

We were one night discussing the mode of work adopted by various authors, when Mrs. Paul related how Holman Hunt had told her that a party, of which he was one, tried to

persuade Thackeray to join them in a dinner party at the Star and Garter. He pleaded the work he must do, and refused. On their return they called at his house, and found he had written exactly a line and a half!

CHAPTER III

1851–1854

Palmerston's Dismissal and Revenge—Resignation of Lord John Russell—Lord Derby's Administration—Return of Macaulay—Robert Lowe enters Parliament—Jullien's Concerts—Lord Clarendon—Stevenson Blackwood—The Duke of Wellington's Lying-in-State and Funeral—Disraeli's Plagiarism—Defeat of his Budget Proposals—Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Government—A Visit to Netherby and Gretna Green—Wilson the Fisherman and his Familiarities—War Clouds in the East—Sir Charles Napier—Lord Anglesey and his Nonconformist Friend—Departure of the Scots Fusilier Guards—News of the Alma—Balaclava—Lord Ellesmere's Verses—Elected to Brooks's—Sir David Dundas—Cholera in London—The two George Moores—Inkerman as Described by a Combatant.

The close of 1851 was an exciting time in politics; for a quarrel had sprung up between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, which led to the latter's summary dismissal from the Foreign Office, the seals of which were handed over to Lord Granville.

The Cabinet refused to recognise the Prince President, while Lord Palmerston had privately

instructed our Ambassador, Lord Normanby, to do so.

This took place in the month of December, and in 1852, at the beginning of February, Parliament met, and the incident was the subject of discussion and debate, in which it was thought that Lord John Russell had the best of it; indeed, so shrewd a judge of mankind as Mr. Disraeli said to Lord Dalling: 'There *was* a Palmerston.'

Lord John Russell introduced a Militia Bill, and Lord Palmerston's time for his revenge was at hand. He proposed an amendment on some small point, and defeated the Government. Lord John Russell at once resigned.

'I was indignant,' wrote his private secretary and brother-in-law, George Elliot, 'with Lord Palmerston, after he had been dismissed by Lord John, bringing forward a verbal amendment on the Militia Bill, a mere pretext on which the Government was overthrown. Lord John would not hear of it, and said it was all fair.'

Many negotiations took place, and Disraeli offered to serve under Graham. Lord Derby offered office to Gladstone, with a proviso that he was to have the right of proposing a fixed duty

on corn. Some people thought that this proviso was inserted by Disraeli, who knew that it would secure Gladstone's refusal; but ultimately Lord Derby formed a Government, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Derby, no doubt, if he could, would at that time have restored Protection; but Disraeli knew that it was impossible. His old friend, Mr. James Clay, the Radical Member for Hull, talking of Protection, said: 'It is as dead as Lazarus.' 'Yes, and already stinketh,' said Disraeli.

Charles Villiers, the early apostle of the Anti-Corn Law League, was determined to bring things to an issue, and brought forward a resolution in favour of Free Trade, which was carried by the voice of all but fifty-three irreconcilables, headed by Colonel Sibthorp, who were hereafter known as the 'Cannon Balls.'

The new Parliament, which met for the first time in the House built by Barry in November 1852, welcomed back Macaulay, who had been defeated in 1847, and had been drawn from his retirement by the persuasion of the citizens of Edinburgh. He was the popular candidate, and while standing on the hustings side by side with

his opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat; the man who threw it immediately apologised, saying he had meant it for his opponent. 'Well,' said Macaulay good-humouredly, 'I wish you had meant it for me and struck him.'

Robert Lowe, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, also entered Parliament for the first time. One pouring wet night, Lowe missed his umbrella from the cloak-room in the House of Commons, where he had carefully put it away under the letter 'L.' He interrogated the custodian, Mr. Coe, who told him Sir E. Lytton had taken it. 'I told him it was yours,' he said, 'and Sir Edward said that if he found it was when he got home, he would send it back in the morning!'

Many were the joyous evenings we spent listening in the shilling promenade of Jullien's concerts. I see Jullien now with a profusion of curls, a white waistcoat, and a large shirt front, conducting his splendid orchestra, or sinking down exhausted amid a round of applause, after a solo by Koenig. I cannot remember the correct name of the artist who worked her audience up to such a genuine pitch of enthusiasm by singing 'Comin' thro' the Rye,' but no music since

has charmed me more, for alas! I am unworthy through my ignorance of severe music, and feel inclined to sympathise with Baron Dowse, who, on being asked if he liked Bach's music, said: 'I would rather hear Offenbach than Bach—often.'

In the autumn of this year, 1852, my great friend Gerald Ponsonby and I took a little cottage near the gate of Cassiobury Park, Lord Essex's lovely place in Hertfordshire. Our landlady was a deaf old woman who kept one maid-servant. Here we used to come down every day after our work, and go over to the 'Grove,' and sometimes saw Lord Clarendon, whose private secretary Gerald Ponsonby had been when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He was possessed of rare personal beauty, and of even greater personal charms; an *acharné* smoker; a delightful talker, and always clever enough to impress his hearers with the idea that he was taking them into his confidence, while really he was telling them nothing. Close by was 'Hazelwood,' Lord Rokeby's, and 'Moor Park,' a beautiful place which belonged to Lord Robert Grosvenor, who was M.P. for Middlesex, and afterwards Lord Ebury.

Our friends, Lady Augusta Gordon and her daughters, came to tea with us here; and also one night came Stevenson Blackwood, afterwards Secretary to the Post Office. He was an extraordinarily handsome man, and in the evening we heard the servant girl, who had been amazed at his appearance, shouting out to our deaf landlady, 'They do say he's a dook,' which amused us very much, and gave us great opportunities of chaff. The following day news came of the death of the Duke of Wellington at Walmer. When I arrived at the cottage I tried to tell this to the landlady in vain; as a last effort I shouted at the top of my voice, 'The Duke is dead.' 'What, him as was here yesterday?' was all I could get from her.

In November there was the lying in state of the Duke of Wellington at Chelsea, a sight so fine that it attracted many more people than could possibly be squeezed into the building. The fight in the passages was very alarming, and Hussey Vivian and I had to put our arms against each other so as to protect his wife, who was in no small danger. We escaped without any material damage; but in the evening we

heard of two poor women being crushed to death.

I witnessed the funeral from Lord Cadogan's windows in Piccadilly on November 18. It was a moving sight which even the horrible South Kensington catafalque, with all its tawdry vulgarities, could not altogether deprive of its solemnity.

Disraeli proposed the vote of condolence on the Duke of Wellington's death. Mr. O'Dowd and Mr. Blackett, the editor of the 'Globe,' were sitting under the gallery, and were struck by his speech as being something they had read before; they rushed off to the Athenæum and turned over the books they had lately read, and found Disraeli's speech was abstracted from a review of the 'Memoirs of General St. Cyr'[1] by Thiers.

The following epigram appeared next day in the 'Globe:'

> In singing great Wellington's praise,
> Dizzy's truth and his grief both appear,
> For he let fall a great flood of tears (Thiers),
> Which was certainly meant for sincere (St. Cyr).

[1] General St. Cyr had not been one of Napoleon's favourites, but he always considered him and Masséna as the two ablest of his generals.

Thiers, who had at the time of St. Cyr's death been in London, saw and conversed with Abraham Hayward about his Memoirs, and no doubt claimed the review as his own; but many believe it was really written by Armand Carrel.

Soon after came Disraeli's Budget, introduced in a splendid speech. Animated by all the strength of desperation, he assailed the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood, with bitter virulence. 'He should learn,' Disraeli said, 'that petulance is not sarcasm, and insolence is not invective.'

It was suggested that he should withdraw and reconsider his Budget, as Pitt and Wood had done. Alluding to this he said: 'Though I will not aspire to the fame of the one, I will not sink to the degradation of the other.'

It was two in the morning when he sat down, and then 'one greater than he arose' and shattered all his proposals.

The House divided at four in the morning, and Lord Derby's Government was in a minority of nineteen. 'An unpleasant day for crossing to Osborne,' said Disraeli, as the cold morning broke over St. Stephen's.

In December Lord Aberdeen formed a Coalition Government composed of Liberals and Peelites. Lord Aberdeen had begun his life in diplomacy as an attaché to Lord Cornwallis at the time of the Peace of Amiens, in 1802. He was still a young man when he was employed on a mission to induce Austria to treat with Napoleon; he was present at the battle of Leipsic; he was Foreign Secretary in the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet of 1827; was Peel's Colonial Secretary in 1834, and in 1841 was again Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Gladstone always had the highest opinion of him, and maintained that he was absolutely free from suspicion, that common failing to which all politicians were too prone.

In later years I once mentioned this to Mr. Goschen. 'Ah,' he said, 'nobody could accuse me of that; I always err on the side of over-confidence.'

To the surprise of all, Lord John Russell took the seals of the Foreign Office, and Lord Palmerston became Home Secretary; Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Duke of Newcastle became Colonial Secretary, and all

matters relating to war, curiously enough, came under his control. Sir James Graham, who had been always very kind to me, and with whose family I had established a great friendship, became First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Administration was again described as the Government of All the Talents; but on Mr. Gladstone all men's eyes were turned. He was already known as a splendid debater, a scholar, a young man of unblemished character and great Parliamentary talents.

In the autumn of 1852, when paying a visit to Sir James Graham at Netherby, I was taken over the Border to see the historical Gretna Green, where runaway marriages were celebrated by the village blacksmith. We scanned the register with great interest, and we found Richard Brinsley Sheridan's marriage twice registered within a few days, which, I believe, was accounted for by the fact that, after his first marriage with Miss Grant, they had gone on to Edinburgh, where he took up a newspaper and read that a civil contract was not binding on a Sunday, which was legally considered a *dies non* in Scotland; so as they had been married

on a Sunday, they posted back to Gretna Green, and again went through the ceremony before the blacksmith. After this they were married, as Gilbert says, 'Quite reg'lar at St. George's.' Marriages as performed at Gretna Green were rendered for the future illegal in 1857.

At Netherby there was an old fisherman of the name of Wilson. He always called Sir James—a man who inspired awe, if not admiration, in his colleagues—'Jamie.' 'Come out of that, "Jamie," or I'll come and pull you out,' when he thought he was wading too deep. It was told of him that he was giving a lesson to Miss Sheridan, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, in salmon fishing. She had hooked a fish: 'Slacken your line, Georgie,' he shouted; 'damn you, Georgie, why don't you slacken your line?' Lord Galloway was shooting in the Solway Firth, and often tumbled in the bog. 'Help his lordship out,' said Sir James. 'Hech, mon,' was the answer; 'let him bide, he's no worth the pulling out.'

One day, in later visits, I was fishing with old Wilson's son, who had inherited his father's peculiarities. Miss Graham and my wife were

in a boat which stranded on a sand-bank. I called Wilson's attention to them. 'Let them bide,' said he; 'that's their business; fishing is ours.'

Sir Frederick, Sir James's eldest son, had succeeded him, and had married Lady Hermione St. Maur, the lovely daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. She wished to try and catch a salmon, and told Wilson to let her know when the river was in order. Weeks passed, and she asked her brother-in-law, Malise, whether the river was right. 'It's been in lovely order,' he said, 'for ten days,' and asked Wilson why he had not told her—had he forgotten it? 'Nae,' he said; 'but they womenfolk are feckless beings; I take no count of them.'

Lord Malmesbury had a coachman on the same terms of familiarity. Looking over the great Loch of Lochiel one evening at the end of a day's sport, he said, 'Ah, John! I wish I had that loch at Heron Court.' 'Why, if you had,' said John, 'it would drown you and your house, and all your little property.' But though John was a friend and a sportsman in the North, he was a very solemn coachman in the

South. Going one day in state to the Drawing Room, driving up the Mall, Lord Malmesbury, seeing some wild ducks flying from St. James's water to the Serpentine, let down the window and shouted out, to his bewigged coachman's great disgust, 'John, John, ducks over!'

The year had not closed before Lord Palmerston's resignation was announced in the 'Times.' The night before it appeared I had been at a ball at Hatfield; and, coming to the station, I gave the newspaper to Lady Graham, who evidently had been in the secret. In a few days the difficulty about Lord John's Reform Bill had been adjusted, and Lord Palmerston, finding Lord Lansdowne would not accompany him, returned to his duties 'of shutting up graveyards, and compelling factories to consume their own smoke.'

For forty years England had been at peace in Europe, but now (1853) the war clouds were rolling up, and were soon to burst in thunder in the East. Turkey was sick; Russia was aggressive; and England, madly and wickedly determined, as is now generally recognised, to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire.

The diplomatic negotiations about the Holy Places were long, and took place when Palmerston was still (of all places in the world) at the Home Office. Lord John Russell, true to the early love of his youth, was contemplating a Reform Bill, on which, it was said, Lord Palmerston subsequently resigned his office. Then came the destruction of the Turkish fleet by Russia at Sinope, in the Black Sea, and the British lion could not be restrained any longer. No doubt Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone had striven hard for peace, but in vain. Lord Palmerston returned to his office again, a demonstration was determined on, and troops were to be despatched to Malta and a fleet to the Baltic.

In 1854 Lady Graham took me to Spithead to see the review of this fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Napier. Before taking up his appointment he made a very foolish and bragging speech at a dinner given to him at the Reform Club in March—(it was to this speech that Bright drew the attention of the House, and Lord Palmerston addressed him as the 'Honourable and Reverend Gentleman')—

and, indeed, there was much more barking than biting when he got to the Baltic. He had talked of hell or Westminster Abbey, and issued a magniloquent address to the squadron, telling them to sharpen their cutlasses and keep their powder dry, and then passed his time, as was said, in angry correspondence and deep potations.

On April 24 a great Waterloo hero, Lord Anglesey, passed away. He had suffered horribly from tic, but kept his grand seigneur manners to the last, and apologised to his family for being so long dying. He had been Master-General of the Ordnance, and always wore a light blue, or, as it was called, a Paget blue coat. One day, as my father was walking along Pall Mall, an old Jew asked him if that was Lord Anglesey, and added: 'I would not give him half a crown for his coat.'

Lord Anglesey had been a very liberal-minded man for those days. A Nonconformist waited on him at Beaudesert, asking him if he would sell a piece of ground for a chapel on Cannock Chase, for the use of the men employed in the collieries there. Lord Anglesey said he

would not sell, but he would gladly give him a site for the purpose. I do not know the date of this occurrence, but in 1820 a man insisted on seeing him as he was dressing to attend Queen Caroline's trial. When he came in he told Lord Anglesey, who had not recognised him, that he had never forgotten his generosity in the matter of the chapel, that it had come to his knowledge that an attack was to be made on him when returning from Westminster, and that the mob would try to unhorse him. Lord Anglesey did not attach much importance to this communication ; but on his return there was a decided attempt to seize his wooden leg and pull him off. He was riding between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Richmond, who hustled him through the crowd and escaped. Shortly after this, in the same year, the Nonconformist again called on Lord Anglesey, saying that he had not taken the warning he had given him before, but now he had much more serious news to impart. He then proceeded to tell him of Thistlewood's plot to blow up the Ministry at a Cabinet dinner given by Lord Harrowby in Grosvenor Square. The

police were communicated with, and arrests, which led to the execution of Thistlewood and several of his accomplices, were made in Cato Street, by which name the conspiracy is now known.

The gloom of imminent war in the East did not put a stop to London gaieties, and Madame Walewska, the wife of the French Ambassador, who was a son of the first Emperor, gave a magnificent fancy ball in her house at Albert Gate, which formerly belonged to Hudson, the great Railway King. When he was in the height of his prosperity my mother had been induced, somewhat against her will, to go to his balls as others went. Then the great smash came and Hudson was ruined; his wife lived in a poor lodging in Burton Street, near Euston Square, and my mother constantly went to see her, saying she had gone to her house against her will when she was rich, and she would willingly go and see her now she was poor. I think my mother was the only person who did.

On a dark morning in February 1854, I went to see my friends in the Scots Fusilier Guards (as they were then called) parade in the

barracks preparatory to their departure for Malta. I think it was the most impressive moment that I had experienced in my life. War we had read of; now we knew it was near in all its grim reality. My own friends, with whom I had passed so many happy hours, were going away—of these how few were to return! I accompanied them to Waterloo Station, where they were entrained, but even then it was difficult to believe that it was more than the beginning of a military parade. I returned with a sad heart, almost ashamed of not being a soldier. War was declared on February 21, 1854. All the spring and summer were spent in anxiety, and we thought and dreamed of nothing but of our army in the East; for fighting, say what you will, is dear to the hearts of all Englishmen in whatever cause their country may be embarked. In September the successful landing in the Crimea, and the brilliant victory on the Alma, lulled us into false security, and made us at home feel the worst was over. My old friends of the Scots Fusiliers, and particularly Bob Lindsay, distinguished themselves, and he proved how he could maintain on the battle-field the pluck and

the fighting qualities he had shown on the Boulevards of Paris. He was one of the first to gain the Victoria Cross.

The victory was, unfortunately, not followed up. Sir Edmund Lyons himself, in after years, told me that on the night of the battle he met Lord Raglan on the banks of the Katchka, who told him he was anxious, then and there, to push on to Sebastopol, but that Marshal St. Arnaud had demurred on the ground that his troops were tired out and unable to move. Sir Edmund Lyons could only account for this on the supposition that he was hopelessly ill, and shortly after, in the same evening, when Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund visited the French Marshal, they found him a dying man.

On the Sunday morning following the news of the Alma, it was announced in the streets and pulpits of England that our troops had taken Sebastopol; but it was not the case. Our army was commanded by brave but old men, and these effected what was considered a fine bit of strategy, but was in reality the greatest of all the blunders that our commanders made in that unhappy war—the flank march to Balaclava.

This gave what was essential to the Russians—time, and they made good use of their opportunity. A new school of engineers had arisen, and Todleben had fortified Sebastopol with more than the skill of a Vauban.

The supposed object of Lord Raglan's flank march was to secure communication with the sea by means of the little land-locked harbour of Balaclava; here the British, Turkish, and French armies sat down and literally wasted the precious autumn months.

When the Russian fleet was sunk to prevent the ingress of our ships into their harbour, our commander undertook a siege without investing the town he was besieging. On October 25 the Russians, moving up the valley of Balaclava, drove in the Turks from their advanced posts, and, by a mistaken order, rather more than 600 English cavalry were ordered to charge the Russian guns. Out of the 600, only 190 returned. Blundering incapacity and loss of temper had in twenty minutes cost England two-thirds of her light cavalry.

Lord Cardigan returned to dinner on his yacht and sneered at Captain Nolan's deathcry.

Lord Ellesmere's verses on the charge are well worth recording:

BALACLAVA.

They thought we were coxcombs—they said we were born
In the sunshine of peace-time like insects to fly,
The jester and novelist made us his scorn,
And lecturing hypocrites joined in the cry.

They said we were heroes best fitted to shine
In the barrack-and ball-room, the ring and parade;
That the source of what courage we boasted was wine,
And woman the prize of what conquests we made.

That slander is scattered like mists by the sun,
It shrouds not the grave where its objects repose,
On the limber of many a Muscovite gun
They have scored its rebuke in the blood of their foes

Ere their run was exhausted. Alas! for the number,
Too scanty to conquer, too many to fall,
Of those whom no trumpet can wake from their slumber,
No leader can rally, no signal recall.

It was hopeless—but none in that leader's high bearing,
As he rose in his stirrup the mandate to give,
Could mark as they heard it one symptom declaring
That none could accomplish that order and live.

It was hopeless—all knew it, but onward they bounded
In the order and speed of some festival day,
When with kings to behold them, by gazers surrounded,
They mimic the features of battle's array.

Oh! well may the remnant that, shattered and broken,
Returned from that contest accept of the fame,
Which wherever the word Balaclava be spoken
Shall join its sad glories with Cardigan's name.

And in Beaudesert's hall when the Yule log is lighted,
  And the tale of great deeds makes its round by the fire,
It shall tell how a son of that House has requited,
  Though we cease not to mourn it, the loss of his sire.

Oh! would he had lived to have read and have noted,
  When the red tide of slaughter rolled over the plain,
'Twas the plume of a Paget above it that floated,
  It was Anglesey charged in his offspring again.

In 1854 I was elected a member of Brooks's Club. I remember Sir David Dundas, who had been Solicitor-General in Lord John Russell's Government of 1846, announcing my election to me at a party at Lord Goderich's, who was then the Radical member for Huddersfield. He said, with a kind though somewhat pompous manner, that he was not sure that it was a subject of congratulation to so young a man to be unanimously elected to a Club like Brooks's. However, I was pleased though terrified, for it then was the most formidable centre of Whiggism pure and undiluted, and very few young men were members. It has been described as a country house with the Duke lying dead upstairs; and this, perhaps, best conveys the idea of its solemnity, which was then so alarming. Frederick Byng, always called the 'Poodle,'

acted as chief constable, and woe to the young man who ventured to dine unless in evening dress, or even to enter the club in a shooting coat or a pot hat!

Sir David Dundas was Recorder of Scarborough, and in those days there was only one gaol delivery in the year. After the sessions were over, the gaoler said: 'What, your Honour, is to be done with the man that created a disturbance in the Court last year? Your Honour will recollect you committed him for contempt of court.' 'Good heavens!' said Sir David, who of course had only committed him for the day; 'release him at once.' And the Recorder said, 'What did the man say?' 'Well, your Honour, I told him I had known many a man transported for much less—and he was very grateful!'

Lady Parke gave him a salt-cellar with the inscription:

> Ecce tibi vacuum dat Parca benigna salinum;
> Ipsos jam dederat Parca benigna sales.

By the autumn the cholera had broken out in England. Society was startled by the sudden death of Lord Jocelyn at Lord Palmerston's

house in Carlton Gardens, and was indignant at Providence allowing one of themselves to become a victim to this terrible illness. London became very empty, but my duties did not cease, and I remained in town through the autumn. I had few friends left with whom to dine, and I used to go nearly every night to Brooks's with Alfred Buckley, who was one of my colleagues in the Admiralty, and we dined in the little oval room which is now cut up into dressing-rooms. Here we used to meet Sir Benjamin Hall, President of the Board of Health, and John Campbell of Islay, the secretary; and it is easy to imagine that our conversation naturally turned to questions of cholera statistics, which, as we separated to our lodgings, did not tend to raise our spirits. Each day there were fresh victims, and once we heard of a terrible and sudden outbreak which had occurred in Silver Street, at the back of Regent's Quadrant; we were actually told that black flags were hung up and no one allowed to pass into the street. We went to see, and found it was not true; but it was true that the mortality had been fearful: it was supposed to have been caused by water

coming from a pump drawn from an old plague-pit.

In those days of limited sanitary science, water from polluted sources, which presented a sparkling appearance, was much sought after. There was a pump at St. James's Church and one in Arlington Street, to which people sent to procure water as a luxury; and some years later, when I was on the Committee of Management at Brooks's Club, where the water also was famous, we discovered that the well was in close proximity to an old cesspool. These pumps are all closed, and cholera outbreaks are becoming as rare as smallpox. In my childhood there were few families and households that had not a member marked with this terrible affliction.

George Moore, the great philanthropist—who had always proposed Lord John Russell for the City, and had himself been asked to stand for that constituency—was put up for Brooks's by Lord Carlisle and Lord Ebury; the former was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in that country when the ballot came on. Lord Ebury wrote asking me to be present, as he was prevented attending. When I got into the club the ballot had

commenced, and I said to Charles Grenfell and George Byng as I went up to the box: 'Of course you will vote for George Moore,' which they did. As we turned away, Sir John Shelley said: 'I hope you have not been voting for that scoundrel Moore.' I began to explain when the result was made known, and out of twenty-two balls nineteen were black! It appeared that the candidate had been mistaken for a certain man of the same name who had been turned out of the club years before. In my agony I appealed to Lord Granville, who thought, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, the doors might be locked and the ballot taken again; but 'Poodle' Byng said it would be a new departure, and should not be allowed. So eventually I was authorised to write to George Moore, and to point out to him the palpable mistake that had occurred, and ask him to have his name put down again, which he did, and was unanimously elected.

In London, Balaclava filled our thoughts, and all the heroic deeds of that wild charge fired our imaginations. Then followed Inkerman; and it may be of interest to publish a letter written by one who escaped from that bloody conflict, and

who told the story while it was fresh in his mind:—

Before Sebastopol: November 7, 1854.

'My dear West,—Weeks have elapsed since I have written. What a life we are leading!—we sleep with our clothes on, and bearskin for a pillow. Our belts and arms are by our sides, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. Our duties are to furnish the outposts and covering parties, in case the working parties should be attacked in the trenches.

'We are on the extreme right. On November 4 Colonel Lindsay and Sir R. Newman relieved Turner and myself at the outpost we were on. This takes place an hour before daybreak, so that all posts may be doubly strong at that hour, for most attacks occur then. On returning to camp one finds all stirring and busy, though the sun has not yet risen. Many is the day we have no time to wash; in fact, I have been three days without. The shirt on our back is the only one many of us have. Generally we get our salt ration of pork or beef cooked by four o'clock, and every now and then a bit of fresh meat is served out. Three portions of rum we

also get; likewise good rice and hard biscuit. After our dinner Turner and I went to bed, having had but little sleep the night before. At daybreak the usual firing began, the bombardment of the town; but the sun of November 5 had not appeared, for the morning was grey and misty, yet a sound of small arms in the direction of the outposts suddenly came upon us, and the words "Belts on and fall in" were complied with in less than an instant, and we were under arms. The three battalions of Guards were now together in three columns, Grenadiers in front. I commanded the 3rd company, and was the right-hand man of the battalion—as both 1st and 2nd companies had that night been on outpost and had not yet been relieved. We were to march in the direction of the firing, which lay over the hill. We are encamped on a plateau out of sight of the town, which is below us, and you do not see Sebastopol until you reach the hill's edge, which is before one's tents. Up this hill we therefore advanced, General Bentinck pointing out the direction; but the continued fire needed little our being directed to it, for we were getting closer to it at every step. Aides-de-camp

were galloping about, and all was bustle. In came one of our outpost corporals to say not a firelock would go off, from the rain which had damped them in the night, and as we marched along each man was looking at his piece to get the powder up and put a new cap on. Hardly had we advanced when the Russian Artillery, playing from an opposite hill, sent its fire over the ridge we were ascending. Terrible and shocking was the effect of its accurate direction, for over this very hill had every regiment to pass before it could get up to the redoubts that were being attacked and defended by outposts and a few guns. Shells burst in every direction, knocking over men in all attitudes dead on the spot. Others were crawling about with broken legs; horses were falling all about; a cannon-ball knocked two horses down which were picketed side by side close to me, and the next minute a shell burst before my feet, blowing up the mud and stones. Over I fell senseless, but the strong fur collar of my great-coat protected my neck from the stones, and my pistol by my side saved my life, as the shell only cut my cloak, and my hip was only bruised. I got up, then fell

down again, but soon caught up my battalion. Men were dropping in every direction, and we were now on the top of the hill, and most of the shells and cannon-balls were falling behind us, when the outposts, having held the redoubt as long as possible, were retiring. "They are close to you," they replied to our questions, and the next minute we were up to the redoubt. The two guns were then put to horses and flew away as we came up, and the Russians also were in the redoubt, but too late to spike the guns. What a fight! The Russians in great numbers were advancing, yet forward we pushed and fought bayonet with bayonet across the sand-bank apertures. The bits of stone and earth that lay on the top even did we throw at each other, but in the midst of this confusion "Charge, Grenadiers, charge!" was echoed on all sides, and with a unanimous cheer we jumped over the bank of the redoubt, and away we advanced over the wounded; but we soon fell back behind the redoubt again, their numbers were overpowering —*we had no support*, bear in mind. We now loaded and fired away as fast as we could. Higginson, the colonel, and the major had their

horses here shot under them; men were dropping on all sides, bullets whizzed past my ears in hundreds. Colonel Dawson dropped by my side. I stooped to unbutton his coat and pour a drop of wine down his throat, but I discovered him shot through the heart; the ball had hit the centre of his watch and taken it in with it, nothing but the outer rim remaining.

'At this spot afterwards fell Hubert Greville, Elliott, Mackinnon, Neville, Pakenham, Cowell, Hunter Blair, and others. A support now came up composed of a few companies of the 95th. Someone gave the word to advance—we had just come to the end of our ammunition; two boxes had been opened and served out as far as they would go, but all was confusion, and many were those who leaped over the redoubt and rushed forward to meet the enemy with but a few rounds of ammunition remaining. I was among these—away we went, fighting madly and terribly; Russians heaped together lay in all directions. The ground we were on was oak brushwood, and was on the side of a hill, the top of which might have been some sixty yards from us. Well, away we went, firing and

bayoneting hand to hand with the crack regiment of Russian Rifles, come but a few days since in chaises to the Crimea. The massacre was shocking. If I get to England I will tell you all that took place in this advance—how my life was saved, and how I saved those of others. We had gone on a great way, and on looking behind us perceived no support; and as I turned to the ridge of the hill, the side of which we had come along, I noticed it covered with Russian riflemen and the bayonets of another regiment also. "Retire!" "Fall back!" I shouted; but all was mad excitement. We were close to Sebastopol, though we could not see it. Many of the foremost of the men had gone over the bridge below. I had ascended the next hill towards Inkerman. At last they listened to the word and began to retire. Kinloch, an officer of the 95th, and myself were the only officers. We had now not a round of ammunition left. Silently we bent our retiring steps over the high brushwood of young oaks and rough rocky soil; streaming with heat, exhausted to death, we continued our way. The redoubt lay at the top of the hill, about half a mile away here on the side, and, as I said

before, the Russians above us on the ridge. Few men escaped, and they fell like rabbits at every pace they took. A Grenadier was before me—over he fell. I was stepping over him when a Coldstreamer behind me came falling over me. No doubt they picked me out as an officer, for though we wore our cloaks they distinguished us. I had no strength left; my heart was beating in my mouth from fatigue when we heard the Russians were again in possession of the redoubts. Men continued to fall dead and wounded, and we now arrived again where our fire had told so on the Russians. Many of the wounded lay saying their prayers; they nearly all had medals on. At last I got to the redoubt and saw a few bearskins behind it—it had just been retaken. I lay down just on the spot where Dawson fell—his blood was on the ground—and beside me lay a man who had his brains blown out. I was so beat, I thought I never could get up. I put a few drops of port to my lips, but could not swallow. How long I lay there I cannot tell; I should think ten minutes. I then got on my legs and retired with the rest. A French regiment now came up, and again we

found ourselves retracing our steps over the hill, and came in sight of our tents.

'General Adams passed us on a litter, shot in the leg. I gave him some wine. How shocking was the scene we now saw!—mangled bodies in all attitudes and all directions. We now had ammunition served out, and all the French regiments were moving up. I got a cup of tea and some rum brought me by my servant; but nearly everyone had left our tents as the shot and shell came amongst them. The three battalions of Guards were now two companies, the Grenadiers numbering forty-eight files. Presently the remainder, who had assembled in another place, came up, and our numbers were increased, but we were cut to bits.

'We stayed under the hill before our tents; the shells came dropping over us and amongst us. I was on horseback, as I had sprained my ankle. Within a yard a shell burst and killed five men of my company.

'I have no time for more, as to tell you all that occurred would take days.

. . . . . .

'On November 6 we buried the dead—eight

officers of the Coldstreams and Pakenham, and Neville also; Newman's body had been taken away by his brother. The dead are being buried. I returned from the field of battle. How terrible! We shall be a week burying. I saw in the distance a few Greek priests burying Russians, but the battlefield is ours. Heaps upon heaps in all attitudes—the wounded still lying there alive mixed with the dead. I carried water and quenched the poor fellows' thirst. They had all four days' bread, as they intended putting up gabions and forming a position. I spoke to them, for I can speak sufficient Russian to converse on common things—poor fellows! Yet how they murdered our men when they lay wounded! Newman was hit in the leg and unable to walk, and when found he had a bayonet wound in his breast, another in his thigh, and his brains blown out. Young Hubert Greville, hit in the arm and faint from loss of blood, dropped, and was pierced through and through. Neville was carried away on a litter by four drummers, when the enemy advanced, and they set him down to fly: the first Russian poked him in the stomach, the next in his forehead, glancing

down the ear. He died in the night. The officers killed are 38, wounded 95; there are 2,460 killed and wounded of men and non-commissioned officers.

'I hear the French loss is 700. I should say the Russians lost 10,000 at least.

'Thank God in Heaven that He has preserved me to come home to my friends; but we may yet have far more fighting.

. . . . . .

'Blair and Bouverie are just buried; the former died last night, the latter was brought in from the field. The French are close to the town, in trenches.

'E. S. Burnaby.'

CHAPTER IV

CRIMEA

1854—1855

Frederick Cadogan's and Lord Ebury's Offers—I start for the Crimea—Viennese Hospitalities—Pesth and the Danube—Landing at Giurgevo—Journey to Bucharest—Grenville Murray—Miss Kenneth Rustchuk, Cadikeui, Shumlah, Varna—Omar Pasha—Arrival at Cossacks Bay—The French Camp—A Disagreeable Contrast—First View of Balaclava—The Camp of the First Division—The Guards' Quarters—Colonel Hardinge's Despair—Dinner with Blackwood—The Lost Zouave—A Beautiful Road—Sir George Brown and Pennefather—Mismanagement in the Crimea—Homeward Voyage—The Bosphorus and Constantinople—The Hospitals at Scutari—Meeting with Eton Friends—The Isles of Greece—Messina, Marseilles, Paris—Return to London—Retrospect.

I was longing to go out, at least, to see the scene of war. Walking along Piccadilly with these thoughts, I came across Frederick Cadogan, who told me he was being sent out by the Submarine Telegraph Company to establish communication from the seat of war by means of a submarine cable; that he was going over-

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land, and that, if I liked, wherever he had to have carriages, he could take me. I jumped at the proposal, but, curiously enough, the very next day Lord Ebury sent for and asked me if I would go out to the Crimea and administer the fund which was being raised for our soldiers. I felt that after the arrangement I had made with Frederick Cadogan it would not be fair to throw him over, and I therefore, with genuine sorrow and regret, declined an offer which I could not but consider very flattering.

I was determined to keep a diary, and such as it is I leave it, although it is, no doubt, full of things only of interest to myself; the sole claim which can be made for it is that it may convey the impressions which occurred to me at the time.

'On December 12, 1854, I started in advance of Frederick Cadogan, through Hanover to Dresden, where I stayed some hours seeing, as far as a dense fog would let me see anything, the streets and the cathedral, and in the evening again started for Prague, where I began my very disagreeable experiences of Austrian rule.

'At seven o'clock I arrived at the "Archduke Charles," very dirty, very hungry, and very

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tired after my five days' journey. It was Sunday, and, after attending service in the Embassy, I called on Irvine, an old Paris acquaintance, with whom I visited our Ambassador, Lord Westmorland, who was very kind, and asked me to dine with him on the Monday and Tuesday. I then walked on the bastion, where I met Count Buol. The view of the snow-capped hills in the distance, where I was told all the Viennese world dined in the summer, was bright and pretty. At five o'clock I dined at the Embassy and took in Lady Rose Fane, Lord Westmorland's daughter, and renewed our acquaintance begun in old Walmer days. Of course, all the conversation was about the Crimea. Dinner was over at 7.30, and we went to the Opera. The following day Lady Westmorland was ill, and we all dined at Henry Elliot's instead of the Embassy, and at nine o'clock we left, and Morier took me to a party at Madame Tedesco's, a great friend of Odo and Arthur Russell's, of whom I had already often heard. She greeted me most graciously, making me a cigarette and one for herself. She talked in wonderful English of her visits to London and her friends the Russells.

'The rest of our time was occupied in making arrangements for our departure.

'Lady Westmorland wished to see us before we left, and though she was still unwell we had a long talk, and she told us some curious stories of the Austrian police; how an officer in their service had outstayed his leave, and the authorities asked Lord Westmorland to write and ascertain through our police where he was, and to have him arrested and sent back to Vienna!

'In the evening we dined with Irvine at the Casino to meet Mr. Hughes, a dragoman of the Embassy, who was very anxious to accompany us as interpreter, but was devoured by the difficulty of making up his mind; it was "Yes, No; Yes, No," all through dinner. And then we went to a beautiful concert of the younger Strauss, who played a piece called the "Wedding Wreath," which he had composed for the young Emperor's wedding. We sat in an enormous hall where everybody smoked, and yet so clear was the atmosphere that there was hardly any sign of smoke in the room.

'The next morning Mr. Hughes met us with "No;" then, at last and finally, "Yes;" and,

after beautiful drives through the snow, we dined once more at the Casino, and in the morning of Friday, December 22, I started for Pesth, glad to get on, though sorry to leave Vienna, where everybody had been hospitable. I had started before daybreak, and just as I crossed the Danube the sun was lighting up the rushing river and the snowy banks, and gave no sign of the shortest day. We traversed wide plains, with rocky mountains in the distance, which gradually drew nearer and nearer, till we plunged into a tunnel and came out again on the riverside.

'*Friday*, 22*nd*.—The most prominent hilltops were generally chosen for churches, and the white villages sometimes stretched for miles at their feet. These views, a bright sun, and a bright prospect were enough to make a journey pleasant. It was getting dark as we got into Pesth, and I was let through the Custom House unsearched. We got some dinner in a room overlooking the river; the lights of the fortified castle in Buda shone on it, and reminded me of Windsor from Eton.

'*Saturday*, 23*rd*.—When I awoke I found F. Cadogan had already arrived. We break-

fasted and crossed the suspension bridge to Mr. Clarke's office, where we found him and a Hungarian, with whom we went to look for carriages; but seeing the director in Pesth of the Danube company, who told us we could go to Giurgevo on the Danube, we did not require one.

'At three o'clock we dined at the Casino or the Hungarian Club with Mr. Clarke, who gave us a most interesting account of the declaration of the Hungarian Republic in 1848—of the Hungarian attack on Buda, and the Austrian attack on Pesth; he described the heroism of the Hungarians being almost equal to the tyranny of the Austrians.

'*Sunday*, 24*th*.—We walked up over the fortifications on the side bombarded by the Hungarians, and saw the marks made by the Hungarian cannon—a beautiful allegorical statue to Hertzi and 418 Austrians who had died while gallantly defending the castle; from the other side we obtained a magnificent view of the Danube rushing proudly at our feet and the town of Pesth beyond. We were shown the Houses of Parliament, and were told that at the recall of Hungarian money by the Austrians, thousands of

peasants kept, at their peril, all they had left of Hungary. After this walk, most agreeable as it had been, we again went to the club. The manners were striking to a degree—such a dignified sadness and melancholy seemed to be on all.

'*Monday*, 25*th*, *Christmas Day*.—At five o'clock on Christmas Day we went on board the "Carl Joseph" for our Danube voyage; the sun warmed us up later in the day, and we got sentimental over our pipes and drank our friends' health in sour wine. The scenery we passed through to-day was wild brushwood, or bush and wide plains alternately.

'*Tuesday*, 26*th*.—More lovely than ever. We sat on deck nearly all day smoking pipes and drinking coffee, and watching flights of wild ducks and one eagle; we were amused by a M. Renaud, a French Consul on his way to his consulate at Belgrade. At four o'clock we arrived at Peterwardein, the great Austrian fortress, which certainly looked a most formidable place: earthworks, gabions, guns, and soldiers, as if we were going to besiege them there and then. A bright moonlight followed and we stayed on deck, and

Cadogan sings and the French Consul tells French stories, laughs and sings too till nine o'clock, when we expect to arrive at Semlin and change boats. We do arrive at Semlin, but do not change boats, because there is no boat arrived; so we go to bed and wish for morning and the boat. The morning came, but not the boat, so we were fain to put up with our first ill-luck. Regardless of mud, I walked into the town of Semlin, or rather a muddy village, with Hungarians, Servians, Greeks, Turks, and gipsies, all in their various costumes. The Hungarians were wonderfully picturesque, mostly dressed in sheepskins, nearly all with handsome silver buttons down their waistcoats and embroidered trousers; long dark brown hair, hanging to their shoulders. They were rather dirty, I must confess, but that does not take off from the picturesque. The Austrian soldiers' regimentals were a great coat and a huge cartouche box.

'*Thursday*, 28*th*.—We are now approaching the rapids of the Danube, and the enormous river, three miles broad, begins to contract into a narrower stream, rushing through precipitous mountains which rise 2,000 feet from the water's

edge so perpendicularly that a stone dropped from the top would fall straight into the water. The river here still divides the Servian and Hungarian provinces. On the Servian side we see quite distinctly the marks where the viaduct had once been—or rather, I believe, it was a wooden gallery supported by poles fastened into holes in the rock. Of course, nothing but the holes at regular intervals are to be seen, but these are as if they had been made yesterday. On the Hungarian side is a road blasted from the rock under the superintendence of that grand man Stephan Széchényi, who after having accomplished this attempted the blasting of the rocks impeding the bed of the river, established steam communication, built the bridge at Pesth, and after a life devoted to his country's good, in the struggle of 1848 went mad from grief and is now in a madhouse.

'The scenery gets even grander as we steam downwards, from its broken rocks and glimpses into the far wooded country beyond. Eagles in large numbers are hovering over our heads, and grand birds they look in their mountain homes.

'It was strange seeing the telegraph wires, the extreme of science and civilisation, running through this wild country.

'The Valachs dress more like savages than any we have seen as yet—sheepskin coats and caps, and wisps of straw round their legs. We saw a Greek priest with a flowing white beard, a *sine quâ non*, I believe, with these patriarchs of the Church. Had a sumptuous tea, and some eggs and flour and a black loaf to take with us to-morrow.

'*Friday*, 29*th*.—We pass Severin, the furthest point reached by the Russians this year. Having a heavy weight in tow makes the steamboat quiver like a leaf; a headache is the consequence.

'*Saturday*, 30*th*.—At six o'clock we arrived at Giurgevo, and—and I was going to say landed, but if that means put on the land, I cannot with a clear conscience say it; we were, however, mudded and slipped and slithered about a quarter of a mile, of course straight out of our way, till we wallowed in among sentries and gabions and fascines, tumbled over Russian cannon balls, fell into Turkish ditches, sank in Wallachian mud,

and finally found ourselves in a hut with an imperturbable Turk smoking a chibouque, and another in bed, and then turned round to find our way back to the "Steamboat Direction," which at last we started for in the following procession: a Wallachian carrying a small portmanteau and a *white* macintosh of mine, which he deposited every ten yards in a favourably muddy position; Frederick Cadogan on all-fours in the mud; I up to my knees in mud, too weak from laughing to extricate myself, F. Cadogan too weak from laughing to get up, and his servant, who I expected every minute to see fall, but did not, with a pile of things on his head. And so we arrived, muddy, blown, and exhausted, in the steamboat office, where all that was kind was done for us.

'The Turkish commander sallied forth to give directions to the sentries to let us pass the lines to Bucharest.

'The English Vice-Consul from Bucharest arrived; a small man, with a white felt hat, who only talked Wallachian; and Mr. Colquhoun's head Albanian servant. He might have been King Otho from the magnificence of his dress,

and was King Otho and a great deal more in everything else.

'Carriages were sent for, and we were given tea and coffee in glasses, and were shown cannon balls which fell during the siege of Giurgevo by the Turks in the beginning of the year.

'Thousands of Turks daily pass through to the Crimea, and they seize everything they wish for and give receipts for what they have taken, which are liquidated by the Wallachian Government at sight and by them recovered from the Turkish Government—that is to say, if they can get it—but the Wallachians are so rich from the fertility of their land, and the large quantity of grain raised from it, that they can afford to do nothing, and do it most effectually.

'We were told of the astonishment with which the party of fifty sailors, commanded by Count Gleichen and Lieutenant Glyn, R.N., of the "Britannia," were regarded by the inhabitants on their joining Omar Pasha's troops to make a bridge over the Danube.

'At nine o'clock the Albanian, armed to the teeth, with embossed pistols, silver-hilted sword, and numberless knives, came to tell us our

carriages were ready. We went out into the snow, and saw—oh! such a moon! such a moon as I never saw anywhere but on the stage; a bright silver day it was, and so clear that you could see into the very skies. I do not know how to attempt to describe what is indescribable: an open carriage not on springs, but hung on leathers, drawn by eight horses, attached by a complication of small bits of rope—this was ours, Cadogan, myself, and the Albanian on the box; another, the original glass coach in which Whittington first drove to the Mansion House, was to be filled by Cadogan's servant and our luggage. After shoutings and yellings from our semi-savage postillion, we got under way, and began a journey which, as "penny-a-liners" say, "beggars all description."

'Imagine a huge moor fifty miles long, which, during the rainy season just passed, had been cut up and ploughed up by two armies and their stores passing through it; imagine this in a rich and heavy soil, then add a hard frost, three inches of snow, and incipient thaw from the heat of the sun, with occasional morasses, ditches, hillocks, and drains *ad libitum*; mix all up

together with a small oak brushwood, and you have our route, which we poor mortals expected to do in six hours. Oh, *vanitas vanitatum!* after being heaved here and battered up there, and being knocked down and partially upset and always recovered, we arrived at 2.30 at a post-house, which consisted of four mud walls, where we lit our pipes, stretched ourselves on a macintosh before the fire, and slept till six o'clock.

'*Saturday Morning*, 31*st*.—Instead of passing the night quietly as we expected at Bucharest, we started off and bumped and jumped uphill, over bridges of wood, down ditches, over ploughed fields, etc. etc., till three o'clock, when we drew near Bucharest. We had had nothing hardly to eat since three o'clock the day before, and we now thought at least the road into the Wallachian capital must be good, and we should finish our journey of sixteen instead of six hours (as we had thought); but imagine the road into Bucharest being actually much worse than ever.

'*Monday*, *January* 1, 1855.—How little does it strike one where each New Year's Day is to be passed—here at Bucharest—how strange!

'Paddled about in the mud all day trying to find anything worth looking at, in which I signally failed, and in the evening we went to dine at Mr. Colquhoun's, the English Consul. We met Mr. Grenville Murray, who appeared clever, cynical, and affected, the author of "The Roving Englishman" in "Household Words;" Mr. Sarell, a dragoman from Constantinople, who was to be our *compagnon de voyage*; and a Mr. Grant. Our conversation was principally about 1848 and the Wallachians, and the influence exercised over them by the priests of the Greek Church.

'After dinner we had pipes and coffee in the Oriental fashion, and went to the Opera to hear the "Puritani." The *prima donna* was English, a Miss Kenneth, who used to sing at concerts in England some years ago. She told us she had travelled last year from Vienna to Bucharest, through the snow and frost, and was alive to tell it.

'After this we went to a ball at Count Cantacuzene's, who had been the Governor of Wallachia in the absence of the present Prince Stirbey.

'Everything Paris—gowns, manners, dancing, language, and bonbons; great luxury, which contrasted strangely and even painfully with the filthy barbarism out of doors. The place is called semi-barbarous. The *semi* is certainly all in doors, and the barbarism out. We were introduced to Prince A. Ghika, the predecessor of Stirbey, and the Russian Consul, who gave me an interesting account of Bucharest, its customs and manners, and its frightful state of public and private morality.

'*Tuesday*, *2nd.*—Breakfasted with the Consul-General; left Cadogan, and went out shopping with Ἰωάννης, or Yanni, the Albanian, who seemed to know everything, from the depths of political economy to the price of tea or the cleaning of a chibouque. In the evening dined with M. Pougade, who was going to Tunis, a move which was supposed to be due to his anti-Austrian opinions. He told me some stories of the Austrian occupation, and how the poor Valachs prayed for the return of the Russians.

'*Wednesday*, *3rd.*—At the Consul-General's we met Miss Kenneth again, who sang charmingly with Cadogan while we smoked; but

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The Hon.ble Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton

From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

I was not sorry it was our last day at Bucharest.

'*Thursday*, *4th.*—I made a feeble attempt to describe my journey here; but our departure was even worse, for, with a light carriage and eight horses, we had to get out and push for half a mile outside the town.

'My passport was strangely viséd; it set forth: "This Captain Algernon, having paid his debts all at Bucharest, is hereby allowed to depart with eight horses of his own and carriage."

'In our short walk we counted the remnants of twenty-four dead horses. After twelve hours, "with many shocks that come and go, with agonies and energies, with overthrowings and with cries and undulations to and fro," we arrived at an *auberge* at Giurgevo. I made a toasting-fork of a bit of firewood and warmed some cold turkey we had brought from Bucharest, ate it, and so to sleep under our blankets on the floor.

'*Friday*, *5th.*—After seeing a parade of Turkish troops, we—Frederick Cadogan, myself, and Mr. Sarell—started in a large caïque to Rustchuk. The Turks told us we should see many

bodies of Russians still undecayed; I am afraid they told us this with a certain amount of satisfaction, as their creed is, that if a man remains long after death undecayed, he will not go to Allah. We saw no bodies, but only heaps of mud over them. We saw the *tête-de-pont* our sailors had built. The other side we found three gorgeously caparisoned Arabs waiting for us. My stirrups being about a foot long, I rode without them, to the amazement and much to the fear of my attendant cavasses. Here we had our first audience with a pasha. As we rode into his courtyard we were astonished at the numbers of Turks, horses, officers, etc., assembled there. Upon the landing outside the audience chamber were dozens of galley slaves in heavy chains, through whom we passed, and entering we found a rather overgrown and elderly gentleman, Saïd himself, sitting cross-legged. Coffee in gold egg-cups and handsomely jewelled pipes are brought us, each pipe and coffee by a separate man, who takes off his slippers, bows, and retires.

'We ride through our first Turkish bazaar, and as we go we hear the shrill muezzin's cry:

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

'Leaving the town, we ride till dark to Cadikeui, a village, where we see our first Turkish hotel, a low room five feet high, ten feet square, and bread and eggs only for food. We went to bed wretchedly cold, and a cock crew all night, not once or twice, but, regardless of all conventionalities of day or night, perpetually till morning.

'*Saturday*, 6*th*.—After much packing and repacking, arranging and rearranging and disarranging of luggage, armed, cloaked, booted, and iced to the teeth, we start for a long day's journey to Rasgrad, which looked picturesque and bright in the evening sun. On one side was the hill, on the other was a large graveyard, a city for the dead and a city for the living.

'*Sunday*, 7*th*.—Rode all day; for five hours through rather a dull country, but after that we came to a large wood, where they tell us that some days ago Omar Pasha's aide-de-camp was robbed, and we almost wished somebody would attack us, for the sake of the excitement of the thing. In an hour more we are ascending a

high hill covered with snow, and from the top of which we see Shumla in all its grandeur of position.

'I longed to be able to draw, so fine and picturesque was the view before us. For miles stretched a long train of bullock-arabas, with Turks in flowing dresses and many-coloured turbans. At the foot of the mountain, in a horseshoe, lay Shumla, an evening sun lighting up its silvered minarets and showy mosques. We pass through many formidable-looking fortifications, and eventually arrive inside the town. Distance does indeed lend enchantment to the view of a Turkish town—the same filth, impassable roads, dead horses, etc., as usual; such a change from a magnificent view to a miserable reality. Here we were shown by a Greek priest to a worse hole than we had as yet ever seen, which, considering the resources of Shumla, was a little too bad; so for the first time in our journey (to our honour be it said) we took to bullying. We went to the Governor, gave him our firman from Saïd Pasha, swaggered, braggadocio'd—he could not read the firman, so our dragoman read it to him, and we immediately

were sent to an excellent house belonging to a Bulgarian merchant, and after two hours' waiting we sat down with him to a really tolerable dinner. He told us that he had found out repeatedly that the *amour propre* of the Christian was offended by the Turk, the term "giaour" and "dog" always being applied to them, which kept them away; but he said that when the Christians had the same privileges as the Turks, Shumla would fast rise in importance.

'Our plates were the willow pattern of England; our host's dress made of Manchester cottons!

'The luxury of the evening was to follow, viz. mattresses, on which, after having sewn some buttons on my clothes and mended my gloves, I slept soundly.

'*Monday*, 8*th*.—Owing to the above-mentioned mattresses it was nearly nine o'clock before we got under way. We had a new travelling companion to-day — Major Porter, a Bimbashi in the Turkish service; he was on his way to join a new regiment to go to the Crimea. I had a great deal of conversation with him about the Turkish service, which he thought

might be a very good one were it not for the dreadful peculation that existed in all high quarters.

'A very picturesque and rather agreeable day's ride brought us in sight of Pravadi, far below us in the valley; how we ever got down to it with whole limbs is a mystery to me to this day. We went all the way down on ice; the directions given to us by our Tatar were to leave the horses to themselves and to look after ourselves; but as my horse, amongst its other qualifications, was stone-blind and evinced a decided partiality for going over the precipice, I disobeyed, and we slipped and stumbled for half an hour down (what appeared to me) pathless precipices of ice.

'We ended our day in a house much the same as usual; twelve Turkish soldiers had been there the night before. After some pilaff and some strong Bulgarian wine, we go to sleep in a thick smoke, which gives us headaches and sore throats.

'*Tuesday, 9th.*—At daybreak we started our last long ride to Varna, our horses more miserable than ever; our ride lasted all this day through a country which in the spring had been

occupied by our troops, and through the so-called Valley of the Shadow of Death. And no wonder! It looked a place set apart for disease—miles of stagnant water and marsh reached from Devna up to Varna. On our road we met Beiram Pasha (General Cannon) on his way, I believe, to Bucharest. For miles in the distance we saw Varna, where a glimpse of the sea covered with ships or steamers made one feel almost at home again; it seemed like a mirage of the desert, seen but never reached. Five hours we vainly endeavoured and at last succeeded in entering its gates. Through all this country we had as yet not seen a trace of the English camp, save a stray sheet of some regimental order-book, stating that there was to be a ball at the French Embassy, and that the white covers had arrived for the men's shakos!

'We had heard so much of Varna in the spring! We go to the English Consul's house, where, tired to death, we sleep that night; and on Wednesday we went out and got our first impression of the place. An odd one it was too; we found ourselves up to our knees in mud in Belgrave Square, and wallowing as we came to

Cadogan Place. The main street was the "Corso," and there were many cafés—"Café de 4 Nations à la ville de Marseille," and "Here you may eat bread and beer by the portion also patage."

'French, English, Bulgarian, Turkish, and Italian were the prevailing languages.

'At twelve o'clock we saw Omar Pasha, a magnificent-looking man, very like his picture in the "Illustrated News." He gave me his signature, and wrote under it: "A Souvenir from Varna." He received, when with us, a despatch stating that the Russians had recrossed the Danube at Tultcha, a reconnoitring party probably he thought it. We went on the quay, a scene of bustle and activity, quite wonderful; stores and provisions for the Turkish troops were being shipped under the superintendence of some Polish officer, who was activity itself, now pushing a Turk on, now lifting sacks himself, then jumping on his horse to fetch more provisions. They were fine-looking troops, Egyptians, the defenders of Silistria. Ophthalmia appeared to have made great ravages among them, which did not improve their appearance,

but did not make them much the worse soldier, Cyclopes though they were.

'*Thursday.*—After dinner at the English Consul's we went on board the "Simla"—horses were being hoisted on her decks to the popular air "Pop Goes the Weasel!" How strange to hear it in the Black Sea! We started apparently in a calm, but suddenly we began a tremendous rolling. Imagine 1,600 infuriated Ethiopian banjo artists playing just over your head, and you will have a faint conception of the noise the miserable horses made; not a pleasant accompaniment to go to bed with, which I did directly and stayed there nearly uninterruptedly over *Friday* and till Saturday, when to our joy we arrived in Cossacks Bay in time to eat some dinner, after which we walked on deck and watched the firing from Sebastopol, much in the same way as in summer one watches the rockets from Vauxhall in Belgrave Square. It was too bitterly cold, though, to watch them long, so to bed, and on Sunday morning went from our ship the "Simla" in a heavy swell on board H.M.S. "Miranda" (Captain Lyons). Everybody here, as elsewhere, was most good-natured. We

dined in the gun-room at three o'clock. The prettiest imaginable sight was the French harbour; the snow had fallen in the night six inches, and the rigging of all the French transports was a most beautiful network of snow and ice, and icicles hanging from the sides of the vessels. Sat in Captain Lyons's cabin, where we slept most comfortably. In the morning of Monday Sir Edmund Lyons came on board with Dick Pearson, whom I had known at Eton. Went on shore with them, where we found some horses waiting for us from headquarters. We rode through the French camp on a beautiful road. Everything seemed in good order; the sick on their mule-ambulances, one on each side of the mule on a chair, seemed as comfortable as they could be in the circumstances, the mules looking well fed and strong.

'Arrived at General Canrobert's headquarters, where Cadogan wished to and did see St. George Foley and Claremont. We waited five minutes, and on to Lord Raglan's headquarters, where we saw him and Tom Steel and Leicester Curzon. Here I left Cadogan and walked on to Balaclava; it seemed as if I was entering a new country the

moment I left Lord Raglan's. Up to it on the French side all appeared neat, orderly, and well arranged; but on our side I was sorry to see confusion, starved horses, filthy quagmires, and dead animals all the way. I soon met Richard Glyn and Burnaby coming out from a foraging expedition, with candles, bread, frying-pans, cheese, and bottles. I left them, promising to go to camp to-morrow. Met Plunkett Burton, to whom we talked, and arrived at the house where Jervoise Smith and St. Leger Glyn had been, and where I was to live. It had formerly been the house of the Russian Commander of Balaclava, and all his furniture and pictures were taken care of for him. Found there was to be a dinner party, which consisted of Colonel Hardinge (Commandant of Balaclava), Major Hall, and Captain Henley, a new arrival. To describe the place would require at least the pen of Dickens. Higgledy-piggledy, jumbledy-tumbledy, happy-go-lucky, as I heard it described, falls far short of the miserable reality. Three or four of the houses of the town were occupied by sutlers, who sold beer, boots, coats, brandy, wine, etc., at about 400 per cent. profit. Cursing and

swearing to an amount incredible; pushing of mules and half-starved ponies; overladen men, dead Turks, and artillery waggons, stared one in the face at every turn. This was my first view of Balaclava. Jervoise Smith, who had seen a man flogged in the morning, and had seen bodies floating in the harbour without heads, was now rejoiced to see us, as he had given us up. With a report that Liprandi, with strong reinforcements, was going to march upon Balaclava *en échelon*; with the distant booming of guns, with the challenge in the streets, with a sentry periodically telling us "all's well"—with these noises, sights, and thoughts, an ample field for reflection, I fell asleep.

'*Tuesday*.—The snow had fallen fast all night, and was falling faster when Jervoise Smith and myself staggered through the streets, with the snow drifting all over us and freezing on our faces, to try and reach the camp of the First Division. The tracks—I cannot say roads—were quite obliterated in the drifts, and, with our haversacks and a couple of newly-slain chickens, sinking nearly every step to our knees, we were nearly dead-beat before we reached headquarters,

only about four or five miles. Went to Glyn and Chetwode's tent, who formed Lord Raglan's cavalry escort, where we ate biscuits and cheese and drank cherry brandy, and smoked. Fearing that we should be benighted, we start. As ill luck would have it, we lose our way for some time, but eventually we pitch upon a sapper sergeant, with some Turks carrying gabions, whom we follow. The Turkish officer, upon coming in sight of Sebastopol, lifted up his hands and uttered the most solemn curse upon it ; and I must confess, although I did not do it so theatrically, I felt it just as deeply when I thought of all the misery, bloodshed, and pain of which it had been and would be the cause. We found near here a wretched Zouave, who had been drinking, and was frozen in the snow. We got him on his legs between us, and after rubbing his frost-bitten hands in the snow for about ten minutes, the blood began to re-circulate, which gave him such pain that he, poor fellow, burst into tears, and began to bless us and thank us as a Frenchman could only thank an Englishman. General Airey and Jervoise, whom we hailed, who were riding by, went and

fetched Zouaves from the French camp to carry him away, which, after swearing at him and thanking us, they did.

'At last, after many difficulties, and dreadfully tired, we arrived at the camp of the First Division. We found some of the Grenadiers—Bathurst, Prince Edward, Higginson, etc.—inspecting some mules being unpacked. They showed us Burnaby's tent, where we were delighted to hear dinner was just ready. We did ample justice to it when it did come, and afterwards Balgonie, Hamilton, and Clayton came in; but we were nearly done, and glad to lie down at about eight o'clock for the night. We had uncommon little clothing for three, and the fire, of course, went out, all of which circumstances combined to make us tolerably cold; but a hot breakfast and lovely morning cured us, and Burnaby, Jervoise Smith, Hamilton, Balgonie, and I went out to see the field of Inkerman. We passed through the camp of the Second Division, where we saw a regiment on parade, and a band, to which we listened; it played an old polka, but the associations were pleasant, and I regretted that there were not more bands to kill the time, which

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(Soldat turc.)

must hang so heavily on our poor soldiers' hands.

'We first came upon a French battery, which we entered, and from it took a view of Sebastopol and the surrounding country; leaving it, we went to the Sandbag Battery, scene of the gallant struggle of November 5, when

> John, Pat, and Sandy
> Met General Liprandi,
> And a jolly good licking he got.

"Here McKinnon lay," and "there poor Cathcart died;" "Neville and Blair were wounded just down there," gave it a terrible reality. We heard a good description of the whole thing from the first moment to the last; we had three officers of the regiment most hotly engaged on that bloody day.

'The Russians have now got a battery on the ruins of Inkerman, which they perpetually reminded us of by firing, not at us, but parallel to us upon our right, and down the valley of the Tchernaya upon men gathering fuel below. The shot and shell made a tremendous row as they whizzed through the air, and I plead guilty to perpetually bobbing my head for the first half-

hour. We saw some Cossacks riding along the valley, and an infantry regiment marching in the direction of Sebastopol. We found some Russian great-coats, one saturated in blood, all too heavy to take away as trophies; but we cut off some buttons and shoulder-straps, picked up a few cartouche boxes and cross-belts. I must say it struck me, even in my perfect ignorance of war or its art, an odd thing that such ground should be left in so undefended a state, covered with high oak brushwood, a perfect place of concealment, and unfortified, especially after Sir de Lacy Evans's fears. But it is over now. How many gallant fellows suffered from it then! and how many still suffer from it at home, is enough to make one's heart ache to think of!

'We went to see different men in different parts of the camp, amongst others Francis Baring and Robert Lindsay; they were, or rather Francis Baring was, eating his dinner, preparatory to going into the trenches. Went out to see the parties start, and one did not know whether to laugh or cry at their appearance; the former being the more cheerful of the two operations, we did that. The men had sheepskin coats on,

some from Hungary, some from London, some white, some brown, some black, mostly embroidered; quaint to a degree they all looked; they marched off, warm at any rate. The drummers with the stretchers looked cruelly businesslike. I heard that 2,000 men were in the trenches every night and no doctor! "Credo quia possibile" should be everybody's motto here.

'Balgonie, Georgie Gordon, Burnaby, and we dined together. We had soup, hare, champagne, two puddings, etc. etc., to say nothing of dessert. We had plenty of sheepskin coats that day served out; their smell was not pleasant but their warmth was, and we slept soundly, notwithstanding some heavy firing on the French all night.

'On Thursday morning we started from the Guards' camp. How changed from those Guards I had seen leave London ten months ago, in all the pride of power and glory of health! Of the thirty officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards I shook hands with in town, six were there then; 220 out of 880, who left cheering and cheery, and singing and well dressed, to say nothing of

reinforcements. How dirty and dull, unshaven, some in caps, some in bearskins, &c.!

'We heard much praise of my old friend Stevenson Blackwood, and his work and care for his division.

'I walked to headquarters with Jervoise Smith, saw Steel and Curzon, and went to see General Scarlett, whom I found with Willie Scarlett, who looked well and much improved by his beard; they lived in a house, where I settled to dine on the morrow.

'On the next day, after many difficulties, Blackwood, whom I found in Balaclava, succeeded in getting me a pony, on which I rode with Burnaby to Cadikeui, where we saw some Russian prisoners who did his washing for him; they gave us coffee, and we went on to see Robert Hay, who with some others was gabion making; he was out, but I saw Turner of the Guards and Dolly Vane, who told me a story of dynastic revolutions and imperial changes in the Press, of which I did not understand one word. The last time I had seen him, we dined together in the autumn with Jesse: *quantum mutatus!* Rode back through the cavalry camp,

which seemed "getting on" a little, but was a melancholy sight. Found a pony waiting for me to ride to General Scarlett's on; so after dressing, which consisted in having my jack-boots greased, I started. The roads were worse than ever from the thaw, with great ditches right across them, but I succeeded in getting in time for dinner nevertheless. General and Willie Scarlett, Alec Elliot and Conolley, his aides-de-camp, there; an agreeable and not a bad dinner. It seemed a cause of general regret that we had delayed our attack on the town so long after Alma; everyone says it would have been taken even without opposition. They talked of the cavalry charge, and said that the town was getting a harder nut to crack each day.

'I went away; not a nice prospect, I must confess, for the night was pitch dark. I knew I had three ditches, to say nothing of holes and stones, and one bridge between me and the burial-ground. However, it was to be done; so I whistled and went boldly on; the road was lighted up by the flashing of the guns firing on the French trenches. I thought it odd that all was so solitary, when turning the last corner

into Balaclava I came upon a sentry, and I don't know which of us was the more frightened, he or I.

'I found Colonel Hardinge in despair; he had been bustling about all day, had fixed a site for a bazaar, and had ordered all the sutlers to move there, and had just got a letter from Assistant Adjutant-General Gordon to say that it seemed hard, and suggested that a fortnight's more time might be given to the *rich* sutlers to move out—he said he had had no authority left for the future, they would laugh at him. These rich robbers, who confess to making 200*l.* a day, were allowed to stay in the houses, while our Minié rifles, stores, etc. etc., were lying rotting in the mud for want of store. How disgusting! No wonder everybody grumbles. Tremendous firing all night; fully expected an attack on Balaclava, but slept notwithstanding.

'*Saturday.*—After breakfast with Anderson, a lieutenant of the "Sanspareil," we try to get to the front; but I had a mule, and no power, civil or military, could make him move; the consequence was I lost my temper, and set it all down to the mismanagement of the Army in not pro-

DUNDEE FREE

Qui vive !

viding a road. At last I got Ridley's pony and rode over the Woronzow road. We saw the Cossacks and the Russian vedettes not far off; the graves of the Heavies, and the scene of their gallant charge. We came upon some Zouaves making a road, which they told us, laughing as usual, was to go to Sebastopol. Started to see Gordon's battery, picket-house, and trenches; not a very clear day for it, so much the less chance of being shot by the Muscovs from the picket-house. We saw a very good general view of the trenches and the town. From this point we might easily have walked to the town on cannon balls, shot, and shell. We got inside Gordon's battery, which is quite close to the town, from which we could distinctly see into the place, ships and all, people walking about; a Russian battery, with three men in the embrasures, was just opposite to us. As we went away we heard one or two bullets whistle over our heads, and we saw Colonel Montresor, who said a bullet had just struck the ground by his feet. I had never been potted before, but it did not seem a bit odd and was not very alarming. We walked back and watched some burials of the Second

Division men, and went to dine with Stevenson Blackwood, who had a mud house and gave us a sumptuous repast. Whilst we were at dinner there was a great clatter amongst the plates outside, caused by a cheery Zouave, who said he had "found himself lost" on his way to the mill. He came in, and we gave him a glass of wine to drink a toast with. He said, "À la Reine Victoria! Vivent les Anglais!" we said, "et vivent les Zouaves!" he said, "Je ne bois pas donc," and stoutly refused to drink till we settled to drink first to "la Reine et les Anglais," and then "les Zouaves et les Français." He then said he would give us an account of Alma, which he did most amusingly; then got up and went out to find the mill, to which we directed him. It was getting late, and Burnaby and myself had a longish walk through the snow and "found ourselves lost;" but stumbled up against Henry de Bathe, who told us that Cuddie Ellison's and Balgonie's tent had just been burnt down. He amused us by telling how Cuddie Ellison bore it. He was playing whist, and was told a tent was on fire; he took his pipe out of his mouth and said, "I shouldn't be surprised if it were my

tent, I am so d——d unlucky!" They went to see, and he said abstractedly, "Just the direction, it *is* my tent"—and smoked his pipe as cheerily as ever.

'In the morning went to see Robert Hay, who had just returned from detachment; sat with him. He appeared well and tolerably happy; he had lost all his friends at Inkerman, but was more cheerful than I should have expected.

'With Balgonie, Burnaby, and Blackwood to headquarters; on to Balaclava. Got Christie's gig and rowed from ship to ship in the harbour, and returned to church, which I reached very late. Afterwards to dinner with Bingham and Messrs. Beattie and Campbell, two engineers for the railway.

'*Monday.*—After great difficulty got a pony from Kinloch, and rode with Anderson to headquarters; saw Dick Glyn, Chetwode, Nigel Kingscote, Tom Steel, Leicester Curzon. Had luncheon, and heard of poor young Spalding's death; he had his head shot away in the sailor's battery. Went to see Maxse, and on a beautiful road homewards; but our beautiful road came to an end—nothing less than a precipice. Anderson,

sailor-like, said it was nothing, and got off, saying our ponies would slip down all right. Eight horses lay dead at the bottom. We started, and the ponies slipped from top to bottom, tail first most of the way. I dined at five o'clock, passing through the left of the cavalry by the horse artillery, much the best part of the camp I have seen yet—a road and ditch by the side, and the horses protected from the cold. Went on board the "Orient" and dined with Captain Christie, and saw some Russian trophies and Simpson's sketches, which were very good. Among them was one of a burying party of the 83rd Regiment. It had come out 1,180 strong, and only forty available men returned with their colours.

'Home, and found Jervoise and Hardinge, who told us a fine story of Sir George Brown, who, when he had come up to the field at Inkerman, rode ahead of his division, and said to Pennefather, "You have been out here first; I put myself under your orders." A fine thing for a man—a martinet by reputation too!

'Went to sleep for the last time in the Crimea.

'Ben Stephenson came to breakfast, as good-

natured, cheerful, and jolly as ever; walked with me to the "Arabia." Saw Jocelyn, just well, and going up to camp again. We waited for Frederick Cadogan some time, and in my passage and waiting I had at last some time to think of all I had heard and seen in the Crimea.

'When I left England I expected to find hardships, but was not prepared to find such universal discontent, abuse, grumbling from highest to lowest. I was sorry, too, to see with my own eyes so much gross mismanagement, or rather no management at all—no method, no system, no arrangement, no *head*; the Commissariat disorganised; the whole Army nearly so too, I fear. The chief evil seems the road, or rather no road; this must be the cause of want of provision, overworked horses, many losses of temper, dirt, wet, and consequent sickness; and yet there can be no excuse, since for two months they have had lovely weather and a good road, which has gradually, day by day, got worse and worse without any attempt at preventing it. The road, too, being in a stone country removes any difficulties; the excuse "want of men" is childish to a degree, because

it was the one thing needful. The soldiers are the most miserably helpless creatures you ever saw; like babies, they would rather eat their rations raw than trouble themselves to cook them. The painful and humiliating thing is the contrast between the French Army and ours—in fact, to confess an unpleasant truth, we are at present only a brigade, and a very inefficient one, of the French Army. So much abuse must have some foundation—not one person but said that Sebastopol would have fallen almost without resistance had they advanced after the Alma.

'*Wednesday.*—At eight o'clock we had done our distance, but till two o'clock we could not find the Bosphorus for a fog; but we did at three o'clock enter it, and very grand it was. How glad to be in calm water once more! Last night I passed next door to a poor fellow who had dreams or nightmare, or fever, and went on talking to "Bono Johnnie, Bono Bono sick, Inglese officer locked up here, Johnnie Bono Johnnie." Poor fellow, it was very sad.

'I went on deck, and a grand sight it was as we steamed down the Bosphorus. We saw

Mount Olympus and lovely hills, dark cypresses, mosques, minarets, seraglios, and palaces lining the sides, and in ten minutes we were at anchor off Scutari, and about passing by Leander's Tower. We scrambled up to the Hôtel d'Angleterre just in time for dinner. What a curious party to meet at Constantinople!—Ashley Ponsonby, Seymour Damer, Kinloch, Jolliffe, *cum multis aliis*; but it was most agreeable, and we went upstairs, smoked in Seymour's room, and early to bed.

'*Thursday.*—Went to the bazaar with Cadogan and Kinloch—a curious and agreeable place to lounge a few hours away in. It is the fashion to talk of the external beauties of Constantinople and its internal horrors; but after where I have been, it strikes one as Regent Street to Bucharest, as Paradise to Balaclava, and I liked it accordingly. Had a Turkish bath, a curiosity in itself; met Hughy Drummond, Jolliffe, and Seymour Damer there. I could not walk on pattens, which is a necessary process, and fell an awful smash on the pavement and could not get up again; drank lemonade and coffee and smoked chibouques. Dressed and went home to dinner;

after which we all smoked, first in my room, and then in Ashley Ponsonby's, and talked of all they had seen and done.

'*Friday.*—A lovely day. After bargaining with Cadogan and Kinloch, got into a caïque. Oh, what luxury! the first real luxury since I left England—a summer sun and a smooth sea, and a view only too beautiful. Lying on one's back with a hot sun and a cigar is perfect happiness, and I got it for half an hour, till our arrival at Scutari. Went to see Wardrop, and with him to see the hospitals, the brightest part of my sight-seeing. I might have expected to find dirt, confusion, want of comfort, and bad accommodation; but contrariwise I found perfect ventilation, good stoves, beds, luxuries of all kinds, and above all universal contentment. Oh, what a change from the *well* at Crimea to the *ill* here! There was one consolation, I had seen the worst at the one and the best at the other. I spoke to many of the sick, and they told me, one and all, that they were comfortable and well attended to. This is the bright side; the dark one is the number of dead we saw—I believe forty deaths a day is the lowest average. From the hospital we

went to another a little higher up. Passed over the quondam camp of the First Division by our graveyard and the Turks'; the Bosphorus in sight and dark cypress groves behind, made it very picturesque. This hospital as good as the other. Saw Percy here, and coming down we saw Lord Rokeby, General Barnard, and Harry Keppel; Lord Rokeby looking wonderfully well, and of course as pleasant and good-natured as ever; General Barnard very agreeable, I thought. We walked together to the water's edge; saw Miss Nightingale, who was talking about the Crimea, etc. etc., a gloomy subject just now. Met, on the other side, Lady Stratford, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Ives, etc., with whom we recrossed and went to the Seraglio gardens, St. Sophia, where we put on slippers. There were pillars from Ephesus, from Lesbos, and everywhere mosaic; but the Mussulmans picked it from the walls and sold it for backsheesh—they would sell their eyes for it with pleasure, from the Sultan downwards. Talked to Miss Stanley of her arrangements; she was loud in her praises of Lady Stratford and her kindness.

'In the evening, having no clothes of my own,

I borrowed a uniform of Ashley Ponsonby; Lord Rokeby says he would take me as a recruit. We went walking with lanterns to dinner: Lord and Lady Stratford and daughter, Wellesley, Willie Barnard, General Barnard (whom I sat next to), Lord Rokeby, Seymour Damer, Hughy Drummond, Mr. Allison—a very agreeable dinner, a magnificent house and home.

'*Saturday.*—Bazaared with Frederick Cadogan and Jolliffe; took our places, and with Kinloch rode to Pancaldi with Fred Walpole and General Beatson. Dined at Missiri's next to Stanley Graham, a lieutenant in R.N., such a nice boy, and so handsome I thought him. I think we were fifteen of us who knew each other; how odd all meeting here, to separate again so soon! I never saw such a pattern of a good soldier as Hughy Drummond: pluck, all have; but cheeriness, good spirits, and a good soldier all combined in him, no grumbling, all hoping for the best. Seymour, also a great friend of his, very contented, at any rate not showing that he was not so. Said good-bye to Lord Rokeby, who took us into his room and read us the Queen's letter about the Guards.

'*Sunday*, 28*th*.—Rode to breakfast with Frederick Walpole at his house at Pancaldi; we made it a long one by talking and smoking till luncheon time, after which he, his wife, and myself took a long walk by the Sultan's new palace and Reschid Pasha's house, through some fine streets, very fine considering that fifteen years have only elapsed since it was forbidden to build with anything but wood—it was presumptuous, they say, to dictate to the Almighty how long a house was to last. At a fine marble mosque by the water's edge I said good-bye, and getting into a caïque fell asleep till I reached Kuleli, the new hospital. Finding Miss Stanley out, I walked up the hill to Kandilli. The view of the Seven Lanterns was indeed very grand; I could see from it beyond Therapia and almost to the Black Sea, while at my feet was the Bosphorus and Constantinople in all its glory. Met Miss Stanley, and with her back to the hospital, which I went over alone, and found all *getting* comfortable. Had tea with the nurses, and to dinner, where Ashley Ponsonby, Dawson Damer, Jolliffe, Kinloch, and myself, all Eton friends,

dined together, and talked Eton till we laughed at old recollections.

'*Monday*, 29*th*.—Awoke to find it pouring, so during the morning I sat in Seymour Damer's room, very much the same as if we had been in Wilton Crescent; we talked not Crimea, but home, for two or three hours, when I went to see Ashley Ponsonby and to say good-bye to him. Saw George Paget; said good-bye also to Hedworth Jolliffe, and Fred Cadogan, with whom I was sorry not to go home. They say two that start together never come back together; he goes by Trieste, and I hurry back by Marseilles. Said good-bye to Seymour; it was gloomy for him being left alone there for the time being. Kinloch and I went through a torrent of rain to the water's edge, where we got into a caïque, and through very rough water got on board the "Ganges," pouring and blowing; but we dined before we started, and got into bed pretty happily.

'*Tuesday*, 30*th*.—Glorious sunrise! Was it a dream? On awakening at eight o'clock we were at anchor off Gallipoli, and after breakfast—I must say a curious one, consisting principally of pickles, olives, figs, raisins and cheese, sponge cake and

pears, beef, mutton, fish, etc., but a good one—we steamed through Sestos and Abydos and the castle of the Dardanelles. Midday came, and we are on deck smoking in the sun, by Besika Bay; by Lemnos and through the islands of the Egean. My youthful idea that every island was in the Egean Sea is fully confirmed by the scenes we saw to-day. Greece in all its beauty lay before us. We rushed on deck, we drew nearer and nearer to the Acropolis and Parthenon and Temple of Jupiter; a morning sun shone clearly on them, and oh, the blue, really blue waters between us! Five minutes more and we anchored. One's thoughts, notwithstanding it was breakfast time, wandered forth in imagination of a day at Athens, a saunter through the Parthenon, poetic dreams in the temple of the great Zeus; we might have stood where St. Paul stood; we might have been where Gallio was, and cared more for it; but no matter, five minutes has passed. A yellow flag drops lazily from our mast: we are plague-stricken, or supposed to be—we are in quarantine. Some of us swore, some sulked, all ate a good breakfast—the intellectual being denied us, we had recourse to the animal

amusements; we lay in the summer sun and grumbled; we fished for fish we did not catch. A new amusement occurs to us. A bottle was thrown into the water, revolvers are produced; the famous Petit Caporal des Chasseurs de Vincennes, wounded seven times, who shot so many Russes, who had a medal, is on board; he takes the revolver, he fires at the bottle, for the time an imaginary Russe; he misses. My turn soon comes. I grasp the pistol, I shut my eyes, I fire—the bottle is broken to a thousand bits, and sinks. It is twelve o'clock: more grumbling; resigned again to smoke, sun, and oranges. I am happy. At two o'clock we start. We hear English bands and French on shore. "Vivent les Anglais!" "Vivent les Français!" "À bas les Grecques et le Roi Othon!"

'We start; there is a cry, a rush, a tumult—a man overboard! Here then was an opportunity, long sought after, of distinguishing myself without danger! What a time to throw off my coat, raise my arms, shout "Vive la France!" and plunge into the water! But no: the man swims manfully; he gets a life-preserver; he does not want it; crowds of boats

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Lieutenant de la Marine.

pick him up; he is brought fresh and wet aboard. We proceed by Salamis: I see it only through my windows, where I have descended to wash my solitary pocket-handkerchief—not being as dirty as it looked. It is washed; it is carefully hung out to dry on a stick; I watch it with a fatherly care. Something attracts my attention; I turn again; my handkerchief, my only one, is gone!

'We have seen Troy and the tomb of Achilles, Lemnos, Salamis; but dinner is come, our steam is up, and we are off after dinner. Glorious night; and we go on deck to smoke, and I to talk to my French friend, Chavannes de Chartel. He is amusing, as only a Frenchman can be; he does not laugh at my bad French, and we get on capitally.

'*Friday.*—We have a glorious view of Etna slumbering in the solemnity of its height; very snowy and very cold it is up there. The captain says we have a view of one in two hundred. It is grandly magnificent; and Italy, on the other side, looks as if it was not long ago since it was boiled up and suddenly hardened—not a level bit of land of one hundred yards. We lie on

deck and watch the villages in Calabria, the olive-trees, the greenest of all green grass, and flowers resembling cowslips or buttercups. We steam on up the Straits of Messina, where we arrive at three o'clock. Thoughts of a dinner on land, a stroll through the one hundred orange groves, an opera, and all kinds of shore and civilised amusements suggest themselves to our cabined and beshipped imagination. But a quarantine of eight days is here. We are within fifty yards of shore. We are furious as a lazaretto guard, a man with a rusty bayonet, comes to take three passengers to Naples to the lazaretto. Indigènes de Messina watch us; orange-boys come alongside and cheat us; the health officer is gloomy, sour-looking, and ugly.

'*Monday.*—I remain on deck till five o'clock, when we get into Marseilles. Dunne and I ("couriers") go ashore, and at eight o'clock to Valence, where we arrive at five o'clock. I say good-bye to him; and, after a bad dinner, I get in the "banquet" of a diligence, and freeze till I get to Lyons, where I have breakfast at eight o'clock.

'*Tuesday.*—Again to Paris, where we arrive

Indigènes de Messine

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just in time for a train to Calais; catch the boat; an awful passage, but I rather like it.

'*Wednesday*.—I get to England—more, get to London at nine o'clock, in time for breakfast. I shave my beard off, and think of all I have done, or rather *we* have done. We have ridden long stages, foodless, on miserable horses with backbones like razors and mouths like files; we have drunk black, bitter coffee, and smoked tobacco with agas and effendis; we have eaten mutton like leather, and beef like mahogany; we have abjured knives and forks; we have suffered hospitable but uncleanly pashas to kiss us; we have forgotten the existence of razors, soap, and brushes; we have delivered ourselves willing captives to the bow of the bug and the spear of the flea; we have treated linen as a myth; we have worn jack-boots; to say nothing of running additional risks of perishing by fever, ague, or dysentery on the marshes of the Danube, or of being murdered in military Austria, or being blown to pieces decently with a shell or a ball in the Crimea, according to the usages of civilised warfare and the laws of nations.'

We have seen much to instruct us, much to amuse us, much that is grand, more that is sad—our Army's suffering, our Army's chivalry, our Army's trials, and our Army's triumph; sickness and sorrow ministered to by heroic Christianity; men as heroes, women as angels. We have seen some of our country's glories, we have seen many of her humiliations—much to rejoice over, much to lament over, more to hope for. We should be, if we are not, wiser and better men for all we have seen.

CHAPTER V

1855—1856

Interviews with Lord John Russell—Lord Panmure and his Telegram—Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister—Sir Charles Wood at the Admiralty—His Knowledge of Detail—Lord Northbrook's Early Career and Official Experience—Measuring the Cadets—Croker and Peel—Mrs. Lane-Fox's Dinners—Charles Villiers and Mrs. Seymour—Lord Canning's Speech at the East India Company's Dinner in 1855—Visit of the King of Sardinia—My Trip to the Baltic—Dantzic, Nargön, Seskär—Theatricals on the 'Blenheim'—Land Journey through Sweden—Wisby, Calmar, Carlskrona, Malmö—The Sights of Copenhagen—Elsinore and Hamlet's Grave—Home *viâ* Hamburg, Cologne, and Calais—Proclamation of Peace with Russia, March 30, 1856—Burning of Covent Garden Theatre—Death of Colonel Damer—His distinguished Career—Distribution of Crimean Medals by the Queen—City Failures—Palmer the Poisoner—The Daguerreotype Mania.

Immediately on my return in February 1855 I was sent for by Lord John Russell, and gave him my account of what I had seen. Among other things I said that those men who had borne all the hardships of the winter were in magnificent condition; but he represented me

as saying the Army was in magnificent condition, which was not what I wished to convey.

I dined also at Lord Clarendon's, and was asked many questions. Lady Clarendon insisted upon my seeing Lord Panmure, who was then Secretary for War; but, after waiting in his secretary's room some time, I ascertained that he did not want to hear what I had to say, which was that the Turkish burial-ground at Balaclava was in a swamp, where those who died were buried about two feet deep only, while the place was in close proximity to great quantity of limestone, which was never used.

Lord Panmure was not a great War Minister, but will be remembered for his famous telegram to General Simpson, who succeeded Lord Raglan: 'You are appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. Take care of Dowb.' And here the message came to an abrupt conclusion. I was in the House of Commons when Sir de Lacy Evans elucidated its meaning. The real meaning of the message was that Lord Panmure had a relation for whose advancement, being a Scotchman, he was very anxious; so he chose the moment of

announcing General Simpson's appointment to add a little postscript: 'Take care of Dowbeggin.' Now Dowbeggin, as Trollope would say, was a cousin of the Secretary of State for War. Sir de Lacy Evans described very funnily the receipt of the telegram, the perplexity of the Staff, the summoning of all the Engineers to ascertain in what part of the trenches was Dowb, etc. The story did not strengthen the Government, but nothing came of the episode.

During my absence in the Crimea Lord Aberdeen's short Government had come to an end, and Disraeli's prophecy as to the brief life of the triumphs of a coalition had been verified.

Both Lord Derby and Lord John Russell attempted in vain to form Governments, and Lord Palmerston, who had passed his seventieth year, to the great joy of the country became Prime Minister on February 9, 1855. What affected me most was that Sir Charles Wood had replaced Sir James Graham as First Lord of the Admiralty.

It was later that I learned to appreciate Sir Charles's great abilities and wonderful power of

work. He was not a good speaker, and Grant Duff stated that Providence had not endowed him with the gift of articulate pronunciation. He was a master of detail. One day we were discussing the number of States in America, and he made me get a map, and when I checked him he went through them all from east to west and from west to east, as if the map had lain before him.

Early one morning I was deciphering a telegram from Sir Edmund Lyons's secretary to Sir Charles Wood, which said: 'Lyons is bearing up wonderfully after his great loss.' We divined that this must be poor Lord Raglan's death, and we were right.

Curiously enough, I was the first to hear of General Anson's and General Barnard's deaths, and later on of Lord Elgin's and Lady Canning's in India.

There was in those days an office attached to the private secretary of the First Lord, who was T. G. Baring, now Lord Northbrook, who for his age had probably more official knowledge than anyone of his standing. He was the son of Sir Francis Baring, and at Oxford had

belonged to a set, four of whom subsequently attained Cabinet rank—Chichester Fortescue, Lord Kimberley (then Lord Wodehouse), and Dodson; and immediately on his leaving Oxford he had become assistant private secretary to Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland; later on he had become his first private secretary until Lord Bessborough's death, when he went with Lord Taunton to the Board of Trade. He had then become private secretary to Sir George Grey at the Home Office. When Sir Charles Wood became President of the Board of Control in 1852, he was his private secretary, and on his transfer to the Admiralty in 1855 he had accompanied him.

The ordinary official hours were from ten to four, and were becoming rapidly extended to six and seven. The occupant of the private office said this was almost more than he could bear, and I was asked if I would like to go there, on the understanding that there was to be no limitation of hours. Of course I was delighted at the opportunity, and we used to work always till eight o'clock in the evening, and often after

dinner again; but these were stirring times, and the excitement kept us going.

It was soon found that all the promotions of the First Lord were necessarily made on imperfect information, or at any rate without any means by which the services of one officer could be compared with those of others; and Baring soon employed Bedford, who was at the head of the office, and myself to prepare a set of books which showed forth all the services and all the confidential reports on officers of every grade. On Bedford's promotion these records were completed by myself and Alfred Buckley under the superintendence of Baring, and I have no hesitation in saying that these books, which I believe are still accurately kept, have been an enormous gain to the whole Service in enabling the First Lord of the Admiralty to judge fairly of the merits of each candidate for promotion.

One evening I was going to Lord Clarendon's, at The Grove, when a telegram arrived saying that a night attack was going to be made on our ships, and I was told to take it down with me, which I did, and was rather disconcerted at finding that he had been sent for to

dine with the Queen. However, it was only one of many scares that constantly came from somewhere or another. Sir Charles Wood used to get a frequent succession of letters from an English governess in St. Petersburg, which were addressed to Lord Panmure, purporting to give news, but I do not think there was ever any of real value.

Cadetships in the Marines were given away by the First Lord, and it was part of my duty to measure the lads so nominated, to see that they reached the required standard. One poor boy came into my room with heels to his boots three or four inches high, and I had to hand him over to the Inspector-General of Marines, who, I fear, cut him off from his hoped-for career.

Mr. Croker, when he was Secretary to the Admiralty, used to perform this duty, and on one occasion he put his fingers on the hair of the cadet, fastening it to the measuring-rod, and said to the boy : ' Thank you ; that will do.' The boy stepped down, leaving in Mr. Croker's possession the wig which he had put on over his hair to raise his height.

Sir Robert Peel, after his quarrel with Croker,

was going through the picture exhibition with a friend, where there was a portrait of Mr. Croker. 'How wonderfully like!' said the friend; 'you can see the quiver on his lips.' 'Yes,' replied Sir Robert, 'and the arrows coming out of it.' Once, when Sheil began a speech by repeating 'Necessity, necessity, necessity,' Peel said, 'Is not always the mother of Invention.'

And now for the first time I was brought into confidential relations with Sir Charles Wood, a man of the old Whig school, who filled a much larger space in the political world than is dreamed of in this generation of politicians. He had begun his career as private secretary to Lord Grey, had married his daughter, Lady Mary, and had been included in every Liberal Government since that time. He had a quickness of perception and a charm which were irresistible, and his knowledge of all political affairs was probably unique. Added to which he was closely connected with the Whigs, who for so long were the governing families of the country. He was also very popular at Court.

I often dined with Alfred Buckley at his aunt's, Mrs. Lane-Fox, who had before this time

been a woman of fashion in Whig circles—her *salon* had been discontinued, but she still gave little dinners, at which the most delightful guest was Mr. Charles Villiers. He was always, in my recollection, very careless about his dress, and very seldom had any buttons on his shirt-front. Lord Granville, to whom somebody made this remark, said, 'No; he always keeps those to put on the tips of his foils,' which was a very pretty compliment. Here, too, was to be met a Mrs. Seymour, a dwarf and famous chiropodist, from whom Charles Dickens drew his picture of Miss Mowcher in 'David Copperfield.' 'She was a puny dwarf of about fifty or fifty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms that to enable herself to lay a finger archly on her nose she was obliged to meet the finger herself and lay her nose against it. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none worth mentioning.' Mrs. Seymour's qualifications were supposed to be those of Miss Mowcher, who, readers of my age will recollect, was not supposed to err on the side of moral severity.

In August I dined at the East India

Company's dinner in the City, given to Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India elect. As a Peelite he had declined the post of Under-Secretary offered him by Lord Derby in 1851, but in 1853 he joined Lord Aberdeen's Government as Postmaster-General. He continued under Lord Palmerston until 1855, when he was selected by him to succeed Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General. When he rose to speak he hesitated for so long that I feared he was going altogether to break down (if that expression can be used of a speech not yet commenced); but when he once started he made a good and prophetic speech, saying: 'We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene though it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing bigger and bigger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin.'

It was in this year that the King of Sardinia visited England—a fine soldierlike-looking fellow, utterly unaccustomed to English social civilisation. He was supposed not to be leading a life of very strict propriety, and when the Queen asked him with whom he dined at home,

he said, 'Ah, Madame, je dîne seul avec mes chagrins!'

The autumn came, and I was to have a month's holiday, which I thought could not be spent better than in an expedition to the Baltic. I was entrusted with the care of despatches from the Admiralty to Admiral Dundas, and here again I give my diary which was written at the time:

'On Tuesday, September 4, 1855, Jervoise Smith and myself started for our second Russian journey.

'We arrived at Lille at 6 A.M., and then through Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Hanover, reached Berlin, where we missed the night train.

'The next morning, which was cold and bright, we started for Dantzic. We reached Stettin through a flat country and pine forests, and arrived at eleven o'clock at Dantzic, where, with a fluency remarkable, Jervoise Smith told the coachman to drive to the Consul's, which he did, and whom we see; and, supping at the *Englisches Haus*, we went to bed. At eight o'clock the next morning we find Captain Glasse, of H.M.S. "Vulture," at breakfast, who had come

down to fetch the mail for the fleet. We went to the Consul's about some business, and to the Town Hall, where there were models of ships which must have been built before the Flood; old pictures, odd pictures—classical and religious, mythical and sacred—Diana and Actæon, and the Last Judgment; cannon balls still sticking in the roof from the bombardment of 1814. We went to the church, or cathedral, now Lutheran, and saw a picture, which rather haunts me now, of the Last Judgment.

'Jervoise Smith, Captain Glasse, Mr. Raikes, the "Times" correspondent here, and myself drove five miles to the Vistula "fairwater" and embarked in the captain's gig to H.M.S. "Vulture," which we reached in an hour's time, a rattling wind blowing.

'*Sunday*, 9*th*.—Attended the ship's church service; more solemn than a London church. When church was over, we walked on deck and passed the time till dinner in sorting letters addressed in the strangest of handwritings to the men of the fleet.

'*Monday*, 10*th*.—I woke early and was soon on deck looking at Revel, which rapidly disap-

peared behind Nargön, and rounding it, a sight to make an Englishman proud to be an Englishman appeared before us in the shape of an allied fleet in Russian seas off Revel. I went below to get my letters, and heard the paymaster, with whom I walked and talked yesterday, was ill, very ill of cholera; but I was obliged to go to the "Duke of Wellington" with despatches, where I saw the admiral and his captains and had a stately breakfast with them. I was asked to go back to play a cricket match at Nargön. The last I played was at Hawnes. After breakfast we returned to the "Vulture," and the anchor was weighed to the tune of "Cheer, boys, cheer!" to which tune the poor paymaster died downstairs; his screams had been dreadful, but latterly he was unconscious.

'The night was very bad, blowing hard and pitch dark, and it was spent in making a coffin, which is an unpleasant way of spending a blowy night at sea, as I know.

'*Tuesday*, 11*th*.—It was a dull morning with a heavy swell, and while we breakfasted in the gun-room, three or four of the officers were unwell, more from imagination and the poor paymaster's

death than anything else. Coming up to the "Exmouth," we received a signal to proceed with letters to the advanced blockading squadron, which we did; and as we got in the gig to go on board the "James Watt" the sun came brightly up, and we saw Captain Elliot, who took us over his ship, of which he had every right to be proud. She was prepared for action, and a magnificent sight she was—the crack ship of the fleet. After going all over her and seeing all that was to be seen, we went down to his cabin; all his stern galleries were away, ready at a moment's notice for anything. He told us he was going to weigh anchor for Cronstadt at one o'clock, and we were sorry we could not stay to go with him, but if we did we might not get back for a fortnight to Nargön, so we had to be contented with *nearly* seeing it. We heard the "Centaur" was away with cattle, and we feared we should miss her, and, returning to the "Vulture," we read and slept till we reached Seskär.

'At five o'clock we dined on board the "Exmouth" with Admiral Seymour, and heard that we were to go on board his ship to-morrow, which was great news for us. After a large

dinner party Captain Glasse took us back in his gig to the "Vulture."

'*Wednesday*, 12*th*.—We left the "Vulture," and boarded the "Exmouth" in time to see her screw raised—a ponderous mass of eleven tons was lifted up into its place like a feather.

'The "Vulture" paymaster is gone to his burial place in Seskär, where there is a little churchyard, and we waited for the chaplain's return; then started with the "Orion" and "Majestic" in our company. A glorious sight to see a line of battleships handled under sail.

'At five o'clock the Admiral, who had been to Björkö Island, returned, and we dined—four of us, Captain Hall the fourth. An agreeable dinner, and we went down 'tween decks after to smoke a cigar, heard the band play, and saw the officers dance. We had two famous cabins made by flags, mine a Spanish flag in the Admiral's dining-room. I have never slept in a cot, but heard that when you are once in it, nothing is so comfortable. There was a little difficulty in getting in: with my accustomed determination of overcoming difficulties, I made a leap, which certainly took me in and did for me, and,

the cot turning topsy-turvy, I lodged head foremost, my feet still in the cot, between a gun and a plate chest; but in the course of time I got on my feet again, with no more harm done than a damaged elbow, which did not prevent my sleeping till the morning gun.

'*Thursday*, 13*th*.—On going on deck we saw Cronstadt and the lighthouse, the ships, Fort Alexander, steeples, churches, dockyard, etc. What a sight for Russians to see us cruising close to their stronghold!

'It was impossible not to admire the Russians' moral as well as physical courage in playing their game. Defensive war was the plan they had adopted and the plan they abode by.

'We passed on, and having looked at Cronstadt well, and very eagerly, we went to breakfast and turned about *en route* for Seskär. The other ships followed in our wake, and all went through sailing evolutions wonderful to behold—a place for everybody, everybody in his place.

'The wind dropped and we took many tacks to get to our old anchorage, which we reached about five o'clock.

'Captain Clifford came on board from the "Centaur," and Pierce and Lieutenant Roderick Dew came to dinner.

'*Friday*, 14*th*.—The next day, before breakfast, we went on board the "Centaur" to see young Seymour, whom we found very flourishing, and Clifford took us in his gig back to breakfast. Commander Gordon of the "Bulldog" came on board, and at ten o'clock we went with him, having said good-bye to Admiral Seymour and Captain Hall, who had been most good-natured.

'The wind freshened up very quickly, and from a dead calm became a heavy swell; we took an empty collier in tow for Nargön and began our journey, which was as pleasant as it could be under the circumstances of rain and swell and wind.

'*Saturday*, 15*th*.—Again at Nargön. All communication by boats was out of the question, so we resigned ourselves to the cabin and cigars; but rolling at anchor in a gale is not pleasant. All the fleet have two anchors laid, and our captain spends the whole night on deck in case of an anchor dragging.

'On Sunday we went to prayers at ten o'clock, and immediately after Anderson of H.M.S. "Biter," our Balaclava friend, came on board, and as the water was calming fast again, we went on the shore of Nargön. It was drizzling wet, and a large pine forest was all we saw.

'We walked through this immense mass of timber and arrived at the village, where we saw amongst many inhabitants an old Englishman, the skipper of an English collier, who was seventy years old, and had brought coals to Lord Somers's fleet when in the Baltic in the late war. All the inhabitants, female at least, were employed in washing for the officers of the fleet, but the men had gone to Revel for the Sunday.

'At six o'clock Captain Gordon and ourselves went to the "Duke" to dine with the Admiral; Captain Pelham, Caldwell, etc., there too. We had a very good dinner, and heard that the "Cornwallis" was going to-morrow to Farö, which suited us to perfection, and we settled to go with her if Captain Wellesley could take us.

'*Monday*, 17*th*.—We slept on board the "Bulldog" and awoke to a glorious calm and a bright sky. We saw Revel most distinctly, and at eight

o'clock we called to say good-bye to Captain Glasse, of the "Vulture."

'Anderson breakfasted on the "Bulldog," and Captain Hall, of the "Blenheim," came to ask us to go to some theatricals on board his ship. In the meantime the "Driver" came in, signalling "Sebastopol is fallen." Captain Gordon insisted on our drinking champagne in tumblers, and we waited anxiously for further news. I went on board the "Duke" and heard the further news, bad and good. Poor Buckley was killed and Hugh Drummond and Francis Seymour wounded. The French had been successful and we repulsed; but success at last for both. Thank God, Sebastopol *is* taken. Amongst other things I heard was that the "Cornwallis" was going to England, which makes all on board very happy. We went on shore with Anderson, and fell upon a pretty patch "where once a garden grew;" but beyond, nothing but the endless pine forest, burned and cut, and yet millions alive and flourishing. On to the lighthouse, a marvel of solid masonry, whence we could see the Finnish mainland, Barö Sound, etc. We dined on board the "Vulture," and went to the "Blenheim"

afterwards. "Cornwallis" was getting under way; but for five minutes we witnessed the play, of which this was the playbill:

THEATRE ROYAL

Under the distinguished Patronage of
CAPTAIN W. H. HALL, C.B.

The Amateurs of H.M.S. 'BLENHEIM' will perform
the Comedietta entitled

FORTUNE'S FROLIC; or,
THE PLOUGHMAN TURNED LORD.

Robin Roughhead .	MILLS	Frank . .	RUTTER
Snacks . . .	KNOTT	William . .	NORMAN
Rattle . . .	POWER	Clown . .	ALLEN

Villagers, &c.

Nancy . . . SHARPE
Margery . . . FAGG
Dolly . . . FRAIL

After which

COMIC SONG HORNPIPE.

The whole to conclude with the Burlesque, Tragic, Comic, and Operatic Extravaganza, in one Act, entitled

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

King Artaxominos	PRITCHARD	General Bombastes .	MILLS
Fusbos (Minister of State) . .	POWER	Pages . .	FRAIL & SHARPE
		Distafina . . .	FAGG

Band, Army, Drummer, Fifer, &c.

Performance at 8 o'clock.

VIVAT REGINA!

'The stage was erected from the quarter-deck; the audience seemed endless, hundreds of sailors from the main deck right away up—any height.

'The drop scene was a fort and a boat; supposed to be the scene of some of Captain Hall's Chinese exploits.

'Before the play there was a prologue, written for the occasion, more striking for its strong common-sense and pointed hits than for its rhythm or strict grammatical accuracy. It told us how the Russians, "if they wouldn't come out to fight for mortar, shell, or gun, must be laughed at for a bit of fun." But the climax of the prologue approached, and its affecting pathos was shown in the last two lines:

> Sebastopol has fallen, Sebastopol has fell;
> All's well!

and then such cheers rang from the deck as might ring again in echoes from Revel. Peal after peal of cheers died away, and then came "God save the Queen."

'The "Cornwallis" is by this time under way, and we, still shaking with laughter, had

come on board, had tea with the captain, and so to bed.

'*Tuesday*, 18*th*.—After breakfast Captain Wellesley showed us over his ship and engines, which are high pressure and in a very small compass, and work as engines on a railway. Then there were short morning prayers after the quarters; and it began to rain, and at four o'clock we dined. Captain Wellesley had asked young Cadogan to dine with us. After an agreeable dinner we went and smoked in the gun-room, where, after the band had finished, there was an amateur concert. "The Fall of Sebastopol"—a song composed in honour of that event by Hobart—was sung with great applause to the tune of "Villikins and his Dinah."

'*Wednesday*, 19*th*.—After breakfast and prayers, and some reading and writing, we found that the sea was not as calm as it might be; and the wind, which had been for some time *peu favorable*, came right ahead, and on throwing the log we found we were going back instead of forward. The gun-room officers had asked us to dinner, and I was rather glad when they sent to say that so many of them were ill

they must put us off. I was hardly up, I confess, to a large dinner party, so we dined alone and drank champagne, after which I lay down and read Charles Lamb, and could not but agree with him when he says, "I shrink instinctively from a man who says he prefers minced veal, and hold that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings."

'We pitched tremendously, and I was not altogether sorry to go to bed. We were not much nearer than we were in the morning to Farö, but in the night the wind shifted, and the next day we reached Farö; and, after breakfast, Captain Wellesley took us on shore with young Arthur Cadogan, for whom we got some eggs for his mess, and some milk for the captain, who most good-naturedly begged us to go on to Copenhagen. We were very sorry to say good-bye to him and the Baltic fleet in general, which we did here. Everybody had conspired to be good-natured to us; nothing was too much for them to do to help us and make our time pleasant.

'On landing, we soon found a little cart on four wheels and no springs, and two good little ponies, and started merrily, in glorious weather,

on good roads, through a flat but pretty country, with quiet little villages and churches in the distance. At the last stage, in the book in which travellers have to write their names, a clever Frenchman had drawn a picture true to the life of our conveyance. "Attelage utile, mais peu confortable." In the innocence of my heart I cut off the bit of paper, intending it for this diary. Little did I know how soon the thunder-cloud over my head would burst. We got our ponies and started; in two minutes a yell was raised, and, notwithstanding all our endeavours to the contrary, we were stopped. Several men appeared, all frantic, brandishing the book, and talking and gesticulating madly. Neither Jervoise nor myself spoke one word of Swedish, which rendered explanation difficult. I gave back the picture, which did not appease them at all. The scene was so excessively absurd that Jervoise and myself sacrilegiously laughed. Things were looking serious, and the chief speaker proceeded to unharness our horses; but this was beyond a joke, and we remonstrated, not verbally but physically, and in this we succeeded. He then rushed to the horses' heads,

from which I gently removed him, and by judiciously giving tobacco to three of the bystanders we won them over to our side; they laughed at the indignant owner, and finally we drove off, but not in triumph, for I had lost my picture. We got to Wisby, had a bad tea, and to bed.

'*Friday*, 21*st*.—I blush to say I have never heard of Wisby till this year. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, before the Hanseatic League, it was the most flourishing city in the north of Europe; before the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope it was the depôt of all merchandise coming through and from Russia. The first Marine Law for the Baltic was framed there in 1300, and is now, I believe, referred to in our English laws. There are here eighteen ruined churches of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

'At one o'clock, after a stroll on the beach with a gentleman guide from the Consulate, to lionise the town, we walked by the high and yet solid fortifications, and saw the tower called "Maiden's Tower," where they say is still to be seen on the stones the stain of blood of that loving and traitorous maiden who from that

very tower in 1361 made the signal to Valdemar III. of Denmark to assault the ramparts, and who paid for her treachery with her life—she was buried alive in the tower.

'We wandered over vast ruins of splendid churches and cathedrals, rich Gothic architecture, splendid columns, high towers, and carved arches, still standing; one church of the Holy Ghost is most beautiful. There are convents and nunneries where thousands of worshippers must have stood some 800 years ago. The shell remains, but the inside is covered with grass and ivy; and, strangely enough, large trees, oak and others, and thick brushwood, have grown up in the dust collected on the roofs of nearly all. There were two churches, "sister churches," the tale being that two sisters determined to build one church; but unable to agree in their religious views, they each built one; and so from evil good came.

'From all these dead churches we go to see a living one. A strange medley: it is of different styles of architecture; and as I wonder if other Englishmen, more worthy than we, have seen such grandeur, our guide says, "Do you know

Lords Dufferin and Arthur Russell?" It appears that they had paid a visit there from the former's yacht.

'How imagination can people those great ghosts of churches and altars and crypts and galleries, and almost hear the music and the chants!

'In the days of its prosperity the aristocracy of Wisby, exclusive as other aristocracies, forbade any mechanics or artisans to live within their walls. How little they thought a time was coming when their aristocracy would be forgotten!

'Our guide dined with us at our hotel at seven o'clock, and talked much of English manners. A picture of Sir James Graham wheeling a barrow at the opening of the Silloth Railway surprised him, until we explained its meaning. The Norwegian dinner begins with cheese and ends with soup.

'The next day we walked some little way from the town to a pretty wood, and returned at three o'clock to dine with Mr. Enequest, the English Consul, at his country house, a little place about a mile from the town. He had a

pretty wife, and two young ladies were staying with them. They all talked English, and we had an agreeable and very good dinner, and walked in the garden to see the sunset, for the beauty of which the Baltic islands are famous. On the following day—Sunday—we walked by the seaside in the morning, and at six o'clock embarked in the "Louise." It was very calm, which was lucky, as the boat was like a plaything in size and strength.

'At six o'clock the following morning we reached Calmar and ordered our cart, but returned to the steamer to breakfast, after which the captain and passengers sent for sherry to drink our health. If we had been the only travellers, it would have been very well; but as there were three or four, a bottle of sherry in honour of each, and clashing of glasses, was a little too much for nine o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless, we thanked them for their kindness and warm hearts.

'There was to be a great *fête* at Calmar for the fall of Sebastopol—in fact, all over Sweden there is but one opinion in favour of the Allies; it is, I believe, an old and bitter hatred that

lives with them against the Russians. The captain told us that there was a Swedish gentleman who would go with us and perhaps help us on our way. It was a bright morning when we started. Our vehicle was like the Wallachian carts, the difference in the travelling being that here there were tolerable roads and clean post-houses, instead of trackless bogs and miserable hovels. When once in our cart we went famously, but at each post we had to wait a long time for fresh horses, which was tedious, when travelling against time as we were. It was two o'clock in the morning when we reached Carlskrona; we were tired, bruised, and cold, and on arriving at *the* inn we were told by a man in a nightcap that it was full. Our imperturbable Swede rather seemed to like it than otherwise, but Jervoise and myself began alternately piteous appeals in every language we knew a few words of. At last we got a *salon* to lie down in, on the strict understanding that we got up at five o'clock. A little grace was given us, but at six o'clock we got up, and after breakfast walked about the town and to the dockyard, this being the headquarters of the Swedish Navy, the officers

of which were in uniform and had manners very like English officers.

'At eleven o'clock we started on our road again through a beautiful country, with lakes, mountains, thickly wooded, and glens, and now and then an arm of the sea running into the mainland.

'Carlskrona itself is built on several small islands, which are all connected by bridges one with another. It was another bright day, and the hedges and trees were covered with gossamer webs, which glittered brightly in the sun. The Germans say that the "after-summer" fine weather is caused by a mass of spiders' webs rising through the air and forming a large umbrella between the sky and earth; we saw almost webs enough to justify so strange an idea.

'Everybody in Sweden had a kind look and raised their hats to the passer-by; a kind word, too, I dare say they had, if we understood their language.

'*Wednesday*, 26*th*.—For a while all went most swimmingly, as the postman before us had ordered horses, which we found waiting for us at

each post. We drove through Christianstad, and as all the Swedish female population sat working at their windows, and as they were all pretty and have lovely complexions, it was amusing enough; but at Nöbbelö, where we dined, we found the postman had not arrived, so our old waitings for horses most tediously began again. The Swede, I believe, liked this also, rather than otherwise. We had a most exciting race for a mile on the road with another post-cart. The pace was killing, and if perpetual bumps and bruises did not remind us we were on the ground, we might have fancied we were flying; but we won, and, though bruised, were pleased. On, on, on. Jervoise was getting knocked up; and no wonder, it was indeed hard work. I fell into a semi-sleep, and heard mutterings of "Call this pleasure? It is misery!" "I never hated anything like this before." As the night came on it grew bitter. I had my Crimean comforter, which I believe saved my life; but it was weary work. At last, after thirty hours' bumping and jolting, we reached Malmö, and, not having been in bed for three or four nights, were right glad to have an opportunity of washing, etc.

'We walked through the bright little town, and at one o'clock embarked on the "Halland" for Copenhagen, leaving Sweden and the nicest set of people—kind-hearted, honest, clean, and obliging—I ever met with. We soon reached Copenhagen, which looked beautiful from its harbour, and at once went to the church of Thorwaldsen's Twelve Apostles, which are very grand—St. John and St. James being, I thought, the finest.

'We dined at the Hôtel Phœnix, and went to the theatre, where was some pretty music.

'At nine o'clock the next morning we began our lionising again by going to Thorwaldsen's Museum, which outside is painted with frescoes of his works being brought in a kind of triumphal procession to Copenhagen from Rome. It seemed almost incredible that one man's life could have been long enough for so many studies. It could have been no idle one; and all that he ever did is here in plaster casts, or in the original, down to his smallest beginnings. His Twelve Apostles are feebly represented by casts, but oddly enough the plaster cast of "Christ" shows more to advantage than in its

niche in the church. After spending a long time here we went to see the pictures in the Palace, which should be better than they are, to repay people for mounting such hundreds of steps to see them.

'The Bourse here is very quaint, and their hours of business seem very odd to our English ways—from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., and from 5 P.M. to 10 P.M.

'We dined at a *café*, and went to the Tivoli, the Vauxhall of Copenhagen. Very large the gardens were, and well lit by paper lamps. We heard some good music, and saw crowds of well-conducted people.

'The next day was glorious. Jervoise Smith was unwell, but we hoped our drive to Elsinore would cure him. At 9.30 we started through long avenues of limes and over drawbridges, and through fortified gates. At each guard-house there is a board painted half black and white—meaning between life and death—saying that there are drags within.

'We passed along what, if described by Murray, would be "a road leading to Elsinore, lined on each side with picturesque cottages,

fully justifying the title it claims of being the Fulham Road of the North." A lovely drive through the King's deer-park brought us upon the seashore, which we never left till we reached Elsinore, at three o'clock. Jervoise drank large draughts of sal volatile, and thus fortified he, Mr. Taylor, and his little girl started for a ride.

'We were taken to see Hamlet's grave. Alas! Hamlet's grave is a public tea-garden now—and we utilitarians and materialists, as we are, do not believe in Hamlet.

'Mr. Deacon, the Admiralty agent, joined us, and a pretty canter through woods and glades brought us to Odin's Hoy, or height, whence we got a lovely view of the Narrow Sea and Sweden. Back to dinner. Corbett and his wife, Captain Jenner ("Basilisk"), Captain Murray ("Cuckoo"), and Mr. Gordon make up the party. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's little girl, at my special request, was allowed to join us. It was Michaelmas Day, and we had goose and drank many healths. After dinner, Jervoise was worse and fainted, but getting better went to bed, which, after a long talk with Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Taylor, I did also.

'On Sunday morning we embarked on the "Hamlet," passed the castle where Hamlet's father's ghost walked, and proceeded on a glassy smooth sea to Copenhagen. I packed up everything, even my macintosh; and at one o'clock we started calmly, but after dinner it gradually got rougher and colder. Still the cabin was warm, and, notwithstanding some sick occupants of it, I slept till seven o'clock, when we sighted Lübeck, which we approached by a winding little river which winds itself till one is almost surprised it does not get entangled and tie itself into a knot.

'At three o'clock we reached Hamburg, through whose grand streets we drove; but here we had many miles to go to catch the train, and for two hours we endured mental torture, to be imagined rather than described, our feelings being super-aggravated by two ferries over the Elbe and one Custom-house. But we arrived in time, and had no doubt we should have equally arrived in time had we calmly enjoyed the drive like gentlemen, instead of losing our tempers, swearing at the driver, biting our nails to the quick, tugging at the ferry ropes, etc. etc.

'We reached Cologne at 7.30, where there were very lamentable attempts at a decoration for the King, and many disagreeable English from the Rhine. Ultimately we got to Calais at two o'clock, where we found our friend the "Garland" and a smooth sea, and at nine o'clock were at my father's house in Wilton Crescent rejoicing.'

On March 30, 1856, peace with Russia was finally settled, and formally proclaimed by heralds at Charing Cross and the Mansion House, on the same day as the proclamation of the Peace of Amiens in 1802—a peace that Sheridan said 'everybody rejoiced at, and of which everybody was ashamed.' London was treated to an enormous display of fireworks in the Green Park, which I saw from Lady Sydney's windows in Cleveland Square.

So the war was over; the Treaty of Paris was signed—the war which had cost England 25,000 English lives and added 50,000,000*l.* to our National Debt! What had we gained?

'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

In this year, while the dregs of a fancy-dress

ball were still masquerading at Covent Garden Theatre, it caught fire and was burnt to the ground. I went that afternoon with Lady Augusta Seymour and her daughters, and roamed all over the ruins.

In April, Colonel Damer, the father of my great friends Seymour and Miss Constance Damer, died. He and his wife had filled a great space in London society. She was a Miss Seymour; her mother (Lady Horatia Seymour) having died when she was a child, she was brought up in the care of the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of the Regent, afterwards George IV. On his death, Mrs. Damer recollected the Duke of Clarence, William IV., calling on Mrs. Fitzherbert and begging her to put her servants into royal liveries, and to allow herself to be made a duchess. She declined the offer, saying she had never done anything to tarnish the name she bore, and she preferred it to any other.

Colonel Damer in 1835 had been second to Lord Alvanley when he fought Morgan O'Connell on Wimbledon Common. Morgan took up the quarrel for his father, who had called

Alvanley a 'bloated buffoon.' In 1812, Colonel Damer had been on the staff of Sir R. Wilson, and was present at the retreat of the French cavalry from Moscow; he served in the battles of 1813, and in 1814 entered Rome with the Allied armies; was present on the staff of the Prince of Orange at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, where he was wounded and had two horses shot under him. Curiously enough, Prince Napoleon, afterwards Emperor, proposed to and was refused by his daughter, who became Lady Ebrington. His house was within three or four doors of my father's house in Wilton Crescent, and his death was a real loss to us.

On a lovely May morning, the 18th, I went to the garden of the Admiralty to see the distribution of Crimean medals by the Queen. We were then all rather bitten with the 'Quelle grande chose d'être militaire' idea, and the sentimental side of our nature was moved by this beautiful and touching sight.

Sir Thomas Troubridge, of the 7th Fusiliers, was the hero of the day, as he was wheeled up in his bath chair to receive the Crimean medal. Both his feet had been shot away when in the

advanced trenches; he had desired his legs to be raised on a gun to stay the flow of blood, and continued giving his orders until he was relieved in his command. Another officer, Captain Sayer, also was unable to get out of his chair and was wheeled past her Majesty. All the generals—Lord Lucan, Lord Cardigan, General Scarlett, and others—were there; Lord Cardigan playing the part of the swashbuckler. When the ceremony was over, he went to luncheon, threw himself on the sofa, and said he had at last escaped from the ovations of an enthusiastic crowd!

In this month the City world was scandalised by the failure of Paul, Strahan, & Bates, and the revelations consequent upon it. They had made away with their customers' securities, and were convicted of felony and sentenced by Baron Alderson to fourteen years' penal servitude. 'It only shows,' he said, 'how we all ought to pray to be delivered from temptation.' Sir John Paul had led a very ostentatiously religious life, and it was said of him that he used the words of St. Paul: 'I would that all men were like as I am, excepting these bonds!'

It was in May 1856 also that great excitement

was caused by the discovery that a sporting man named Palmer had poisoned some of his betting friends, to whom he had lost money, by administrating a horrible poison, then heard of for the first time as strychnine. The tortures they must have suffered were terrible. I went to see his trial at the Old Bailey, where he was convicted. He was subsequently hanged at Stafford.

There was also a trial of a man named Dove for the murder of his wife. Among his papers was found a touching letter from a friend saying: 'If you will go to Hell, you shall climb over mountains of prayers and wade through seas of tears.'

These were the days of the new Daguerreotype mania, and one day I met, at a big dinner at Lady Clarendon's, Lady Morley, well known for her wit, who, when someone complained of the dull weather, said: 'How do you expect the sun to shine now, when he is fully occupied every day in taking likenesses in Regent Street?' Objecting to the new fashion of beards, which the Crimea had introduced, she said, nodding across at the Duke of Newcastle, who wore a large one: 'I can always know how many courses he has eaten at dinner by looking at his beard!'

CHAPTER VI

1856–1858

Lord Palmerston and Life Peerages—Visit to Hinchingbrooke—Meeting with Lord Granville—His Career, Manners, and Wit—Charles Gore's Reminiscences of the Court—Anecdotes of Count d'Orsay—Lord Sydney, the Ideal Lord Chamberlain—Henry and Monty Corry—'Jacob Omnium' and the Guards—Lord Somerton and his Wife—Delane of the 'Times': his Meeting with Disraeli—Dicky Doyle—With the Militia at Barnet—Theatrical and Operatic Memories—Visit to Althorp—Lord Spencer and the Dealer—The China War and General Election—The Indian Mutiny—Defeat and Resignation of Lord Palmerston—Lord Derby Prime Minister.

In this year (1856) Lord Palmerston attempted to create life peerages, but his proposal was opposed by Lord Lyndhurst, then eighty-four years of age, and defeated by a large majority. The *corpus vile* on which Lord Palmerston made his experiment was Baron Parke, whom he had created Lord Wensleydale. I was often at his house at Ampthill, near Woburn, and enjoyed his kindness and

hospitality. There were many bad jokes made on this occasion, such as allusions to the Barren fig-tree, etc.

A great deal of this year was spent by me at Hinchingbrooke, Lord Sandwich's lovely Elizabethan house in Huntingdonshire. Lady Sandwich, who had been Lady Mary Paget, a daughter of Lord Anglesey's, was a great friend of mine; indeed, I lived almost entirely amongst her family, dividing my time between her sisters' houses at Moor Park and Frognal and Lady Adelaide Cadogan's and Lord George Paget's in London. It was at Hinchingbrooke that I first made acquaintance with Lord Granville, who was then always called 'Pussy,' and was *ami de la maison.* He told me that some years ago, when he had been offered the mastership of the Buckhounds by Lord John Russell, he had hesitated, but before refusing the office he sought the advice of Lord Lansdowne, who said that he never knew a man who was less likely to get what he wanted from having something to give up; and on this he accepted the office, which he only held for a short time, for at the end of the year he became Vice-President of the Board of

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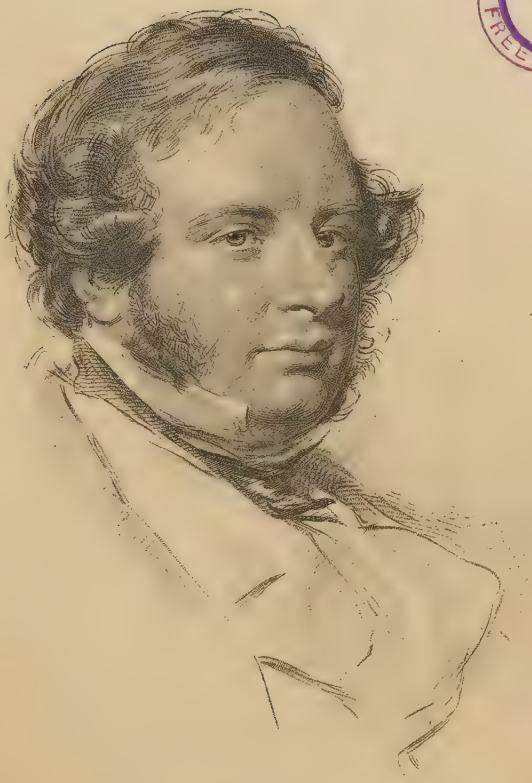

Walker & Boutall ph. sc

Earl Granville, K.G.

after a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.

London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

Trade, and in 1851 he entered the Cabinet, succeeding Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office, the seals of which he held until the resignation of Lord John Russell's Government in 1852. In Lord Aberdeen's Government he became Lord President of the Council, and in 1855 he became the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, a position he held in spite of fearful odds with dignity and honour until the time of his death. He twice had the Prime Ministership within his grasp. In Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868 he became Colonial Minister until he succeeded to the Foreign Office on the death of Lord Clarendon in 1870, when he was told on the highest authority that not a cloud obscured the prospect of peace on the Continent. Within a fortnight war was declared between France and Germany, and within a month their forces had met face to face on the battlefields of Saarbrück and Weissenburg. In all the anxious and perilous times that followed, Lord Granville successfully maintained a strict neutrality. If he will not rank in history as a great constructive statesman, to him at least should be accorded some of the

gratitude which fell to the lot of Sir Robert Walpole, who kept England at peace. During the painful cleavage caused by the introduction of Home Rule in 1886, when official and social ties were snapped asunder like smoking flax, Lord Granville never made an enemy or lost a friend. His manners were so gentle and fascinating that many people were led into doubting his sincerity. Never was there so great a delusion.

> For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

True, that underneath his velvet glove the iron hand was sometimes to be found. I well recollect how severely he rebuked a peer who had ratted and was attacking his old friends. 'The noble lord who has just spoken,' he said, 'has an advantage over most of us; he has had the privilege of viewing the question from both sides of the shield.'

To say that Lord Granville was a polished and refined gentleman, a joyous and hospitable host, an inimitable conversationalist, and an accomplished linguist with cosmopolitan knowledge, would be the tritest of trite platitudes.

Of what he was to me I can hardly venture to speak. He gave me for many years his confidence, which I tried to deserve. He gave me on many occasions kind and wise advice, which perhaps vainly, but at any rate earnestly, I endeavoured to follow; and he gave me his friendship, the honour and memory of which I shall never cease to cherish.

He was an excellent after-dinner speaker, and took the chair so often that he said he had earned the title of 'Père la Chaise.' At an Academy dinner, where, in Mr. Gladstone's absence, he had to make a speech, he told the President that he suspected that he had been reading a newspaper which was often lying on his wife's table, called the 'Exchange and Mart,' and had answered an advertisement offering to exchange 'a singing bird for an old muff.' He always declared that a public audience preferred an old joke to a new one. 'Have you not often seen,' he said, 'at a dull opera the prima donna come forward and sing "The Last Rose of Summer," or some old familiar song? The whole house wakens up, beats time, nods to friends in the boxes, and enjoys it more than any

new music.' Lord Plunket, the orator, told him that he had it down as an axiom, always to make a pause before bringing out any phrase which he had particularly prepared, to give his hearers the idea that it was impromptu. He told this anecdote to Mr. Disraeli, who replied, 'Don't we always do it?'

I noticed in subsequent speeches of his that it was true.

Charles Gore was also constantly with the Sandwiches. He was much about the Court in the early days of the reign, and used to tell us of Prince Albert's visit to Windsor, and how he was kept waiting in the corridor with the household before starting for the ride with the Queen in the park which settled their future so happily. The Queen, as we have all seen in engravings, wore a habit almost touching the ground, with a schoolboy's cap with a tassel on her head. On that day the Ministers accompanying her fell back, and the Prince was allowed to ride by her Majesty's side, and on their return he was no longer made to wait with the household in the corridor, but had been accepted as the Queen's husband. Charles Gore used also to tell us

another interesting little story of one night when the Queen, after dinner, put her finger up and said 'Hush!' and the guests, looking round, saw Lord Melbourne, whom she was anxious not to disturb, fast asleep in his chair.

Lord Granville told us of D'Orsay's being at a dinner at Disraeli's which was not of a kind to suit the fashionable *gourmet*, and where everything had been cold. At the end of the dinner there was brought in some half-melted ice in a dish. 'Thank Heaven!' said D'Orsay; 'at last we have got something hot.'

When Lady Blessington sent D'Orsay to complain of some delay on the part of her publishers, he used very strong language. A dignified man in a high white neckcloth, who was listening to him, said: 'Count D'Orsay, I would sooner lose Lady Blessington's patronage than submit to such personal abuse.'

'There was nothing personal,' said the Count. 'If you are Otley, then damn Saunders; if you are Saunders, then damn Otley.'

At Holland House the table was often uncomfortably crowded, and on one occasion,

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some unexpected guests arriving, Lady Holland said to Luttrell, 'Will you please make room?'

'Yes,' he said, 'we must make it, for it does not exist.'

We have, most of us, I am sure, in our cynical moments criticised the irony of fate which has so often in our experience put round pegs into square, and square pegs into round holes; but never was the eternal fitness of things so exemplified as in the arrangement that Lord Sydney, who with his wife was a frequent visitor at Hinchingbrooke, should be an almost perpetual Lord Chamberlain. An aristocrat himself, and connected by marriage with the bluest of blue blood in England, with a certain pompous glorification of his office, an early friend at Court, popular with everybody, and in all societies, foreign as well as English; courteous, hospitable, and rich, he was an ideal occupant of the post. Those who knew him would have been amused at what he told me had happened at a Mansion House dinner in the mayoralty of Mr. Sidney, who came up to him in a truly affable spirit, and said: 'Oddly enough, my lord, there are three

of us 'ere to-night; there's me and you and Sidney 'Erbert.'

Lord Sydney was very much opposed to the High Church movement; but at his funeral at Chislehurst I never witnessed so ornate a ceremonial. Over the open vault stood the poor ex-Empress Eugénie like a beautiful statue. They had been great friends; indeed, there were few who had not shared in his kindness and hospitality, and his place as Lord Chamberlain will never be filled so well again.

At Hinchingbrooke I met Jem Macdonald, who had served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cambridge in the Crimea, and who, when at the Alma he had his horse shot under him, said: 'Just the kind of thing that is sure to happen to a poor man.' Here, also, I met Lord and Lady Bradford; the witty Miss Mary Boyle, who delighted us with her acting. Lady Chesterfield was to me very alarming; but her daughter, Lady Evelyn Stanhope, who had hardly emerged from girlhood to womanhood, fascinated with her almost mature beauty and charmed with her talents the men and women of an older generation. I look back with infinite delight to happy

hours passed listening to her low-voiced and musically attuned recitations, which so impressed me that even now, in my old age, I can repeat pages of poems that I learned only from her. She married Lord Carnarvon and died young, leaving daughters with an almost equal charm, and perhaps with even a rarer beauty.

Henry Corry was a constant guest who entertained us with humorous stories and witty verses, but whose chief claim to my gratitude was that he was the father of Monty Corry, the cheeriest and best of friends. It is not so very long ago since the latter told me of his first meeting with his great master, Mr. Disraeli. They met at a party of the Duchess of Cleveland's, at Raby; after dinner Mr. Disraeli was playing whist, and Monty, overflowing with youthful spirits, was entertaining the rest of the company with songs and dancing, when he saw Mr. Disraeli approaching and scrutinising him through his eyeglass. He felt somewhat shy, but Mr. Disraeli put his hand on his shoulder, saying how amused he was, and that he should apply to him when he wanted an *impresario*. When the Tory Government succeeded to office Monty wrote to Mr. Disraeli,

reminding him of their meeting, and asking him if he could help him to a private secretaryship to any of his subordinates. The next day he received a note from Mr. Earle, who was then with Mr. Disraeli, summoning him to Downing Street, where he was told that he would be appointed private secretary to Mr. Disraeli himself; and from that day began a friendship which only ended in death.

Mr. Higgins was a great character at this time —great in every way—for he was about six feet eight inches high, and big in proportion. It was always said that he was rejected as being too big for the Life Guards, and in consequence always bore them a grudge. He used to write of their duties as consisting only of gentle oscillation between Regent's Park and the Horse Guards. He was best known under the *nom de guerre* of 'Jacob Omnium,' and sometimes 'A Thirsty Soul.' He was a brilliant writer, and was endowed with a considerable power of sarcasm.

After the taking of Lucknow Colonel Inglis was gazetted a military K.C.B. Unfortunately in the same 'Gazette' appeared the appoint-

ment of two Household officials, Colonel Phipps to be a civil K.C.B., while General Charles Grey was given a regiment—two very proper appointments. This was too good an opportunity for 'Jacob Omnium' to let slip, and he wrote a furious letter to the 'Times,' heading it: 'Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited: and they of the household divided the spoil.'

He was a great friend of Lord Somerton's, and was much opposed to the western emigration that had set in in the direction of South Kensington. The latter had taken a house in Ennismore Gardens, and had invited the former to dinner:

'I suppose I had better bring my gun with me,' said 'Jacob Omnium;' 'for I hear you have taken a cottage in a lane on the way to Hounslow.'

I cannot mention the name of Lord Somerton without recording his many charms. He was cursed with a bad temper; but in spite of that it was impossible not to be attracted by his kindness and hospitality.

He had married Lord Barrington's beautiful daughter, who was more of a sister than a first

cousin of my wife's. Besides their 'cottage in a lane on the way to Hounslow,' they possessed Somerley, in Hampshire, a place which united every charm it was possible to meet with in combination. Though not outwardly pretty, it contained, amongst other treasures, the finest collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures in England. There was trout, grayling, and salmon fishing; hunting in the Down country with Lord Portman, or with the more 'pewy' difficulties of the Blackmoor Vale, to say nothing of the fox and stag hunting of the New Forest, shooting and lovely scenery of all kinds; and all within two hours of London. These, with a delightful hostess, realised all the desires of the most fastidious country-house visitor.

One of Lady Somerton's sisters had married Lord Strathmore, and, as a young woman on her first visit to Glamis, she was fired with the ambition of discovering the haunted room, of which popular report had spoken so freely. She could never persuade her husband to speak of these legends; so one day when he was out shooting, she collected all the towels in the house and hung one out of each window, in an endeavour

to find a window from outside without a towel. Unfortunately for her search after knowledge, Lord Strathmore returned, and refused to allow any further experiments to be made, or the subject of the supposed mystery even to be mentioned.

I frequently met in these days John Delane, the editor of the 'Times,' who was one of the most astonishing men of my day. How he ever attained a position so peculiar to himself in political and social society was a wonder; for it was not only being the editor of the 'Times' that gave it him—editors of the 'Times' have existed before and since Delane, but none, I will venture to say, ever filled the place in society that he did. He was in the confidence of everybody of both political parties, and this confidence he never betrayed. No Minister would have thought it odd if he had sent in his card and asked to see him at any hour of the day or night. In society he was sought, of course, for the power he had, more than for any personal charm. He had a genius of some sort, but it did not show itself on the surface.

He became editor at the age of twenty-three,

and held the post for thirty-five years, when the influence of the 'Times' was at its height. At the time of the dispute with the United States on the Oregon question, the announcement of the Free Trade policy of Sir Robert Peel was made in the 'Times.' There was a false and malicious story that the news was extracted from Sidney Herbert and given to the 'Times' by Mrs. Norton; but I have it on the authority of Sir William Stephenson, who was then private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, that it was deliberately given to the 'Times' by Lord Aberdeen, with the object of conciliating the United States.

A lady told me she was present when Disraeli and Delane first met. Disraeli overwhelmed him with flattery.

'Did you like it?' said my friend to Delane afterwards.

'No,' he replied; 'but I like to think that Disraeli thought I was of sufficient importance to make it worth his while.'

Dicky Doyle—I can call him by no other name—was the son of the famous caricaturist 'H. B.,' who delighted our fathers with his facile pencil. He drew the original of the frontispiece

which still adorns the outer sheet of 'Punch,'[1] and was the author of 'Manners and Customs' in that periodical. He was bright and gay in conversation, and singularly gentle and child-like in disposition. He was a Roman Catholic, and proved his sincerity by leaving 'Punch' when that journal, in his opinion, became offensive to his religion. He died in December 1883, very suddenly, leaving the world the poorer.

In the autumn I spent a happy month with my militia at Barnet. Lord Strafford, who lived at Wrotham, was our colonel; Lord Enfield, his son, lieutenant-colonel; and Henry Sotheby, of the 60th Rifles, our major. The fun we had was tremendous, and our mess was riotous with laughter. Dr. Macan was our doctor, who had in old times been so badly treated by Lord Waterford and Jesse; he used to drink too much and sing us Irish songs. Lord Bury, who had left the Scots Fusiliers, was the life and soul of our meeting. St. Leger Glyn, Charlie and Henry Grenfell, also were officers.

[1] The original intention was that in every week a fresh illustration should be produced, but Doyle's design was so admirable that it was permanently adopted, and has been reproduced probably oftener than any illustration in existence.

On looking back to those days, I think we had more fun and laughter than any body of men who ever lived. We nearly all belonged to Brooks's; were in the same society, and had our jokes in common. On one great occasion we drove up to the 'Ship and Turtle,' where poor St. Leger Glyn gave us a dinner on our way to the Olympic to see the new actor Robson, who was then taking the town by storm, in a burlesque in which he sang 'Old Dog Tray.' I fear, however, that our laughter expended itself on a song called the 'White Squall' before Robson came on. He was an actor who could move to laughter and tears equally. Alfred Wigan, a contemporary actor, told me he always felt what he acted, and soon wore himself out and died.

I have seen in my life many distinguished actors, from the time when in my boyhood my brothers and I used constantly to enjoy the transpontine glories of the Surrey Theatre, where we were given a large box by a cousin of my father's—and so I suppose of mine—who in virtue of his being the ground landlord had this privilege. There we witnessed the thrilling melodrama of 'Black-eyed Susan,' when T. P. Cooke

carried away the house by his impersonation of the honest British tar.

I saw, too, the pretty Clara Webster in the 'Revolt of the Harem,' only a very short time before she was burnt to death while acting in the same play at Drury Lane.

My next theatrical experience I gained as a boy at Eton, when with Talfourd I escaped from my Dame's house after lock-up and, disguised as a page, witnessed the 'Wife's Secret.' Here I made the acquaintance of Charles Kean, in whose veins was the blood of the great Marquis of Halifax, who himself had been an Eton boy. Of course I saw him more frequently and more comfortably in later years. I saw, too, Rachel in her wonderful play 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' where she died on the stage—a death she was accused of having studied in the wards of many hospitals.

The theatres were at this time few, and the prices low. Impecunious young men of fashion, after nine o'clock, used to take advantage of half-price and the dress circle—for stalls had not then destroyed the pit—to hear the Keans, the Keeleys, and Buckstone. Vauxhall, with its

thousands of little oil lamps, was near its end, and was soon to be succeeded by Cremorne, and then by various more reputable and dull entertainments at South Kensington.

Later on I admired Madame Ristori (who was afterwards a friend of my wife's), and Salvini; Fechter and Madame Doche in 'La Dame aux Camélias,' in Paris. Fechter I saw again when he acted in 'Ruy Blas' and the 'Duke's Motto,' in London.

In another direction of theatrical art, I saw Madame Céleste in the 'Green Bushes,' and Wright, a comic and vulgar Adelphi actor, with his butt, Paul Bedford.

At the Opera I heard Mario and Grisi at their best. When the Czar saw her children, he said, 'I suppose these are little Grisettes.' 'No, Sire,' Grisi replied; 'they are little Marionettes.'

I heard Jenny Lind, Sontag, Cruvelli, Tamberlik; and in the ballet days admired the graceful dancing of Cerito, Fanny Ellsler, Carlotta Grisi, Rosati, and Taglioni, who only died in 1884, the same year as Fanny Ellsler.

In my salad days I became a member of

Pratt's, where I verified Lord Palmerston's quotation from Moore, that

> The best of all ways to lengthen our days
> Is to steal a few hours from the night.

It had originally been a public billiard-room in Cork Street, patronised by old Lord Tenterden, Lord Dudley, Lord Eglinton, and other famous players, under whose auspices it was removed to Park Place in 1841; but in 1847 an Act of Parliament was passed which would have had the effect of closing it at twelve o'clock. This did not at all suit its *habitués*, who changed it into a club, which exists to the present day, where mutton chops, kidneys, and 'bottom crusts' are served till any hour of the morning to members, after the theatres or even after balls.

Old Pratt, a real character—as much at home serving his guests at supper or sitting at table with them at dinner—died in 1861.

In February 1857 I paid a visit, which had been previously postponed, to Althorp, and saw for the first time the splendid library of which I had always heard so much. It was a very

pleasant party, and I was amused at a story of Lord Spencer's, of a dealer in Bond Street having cheated him. He was a sailor, and knew little of the fine arts, specimens of which he had inherited.

'Here is a very fine bit of pottery, which your lordship ought to have in your collection,' said the dealer; 'and you shall have it very cheap, only two guineas.' So Lord Spencer bought it, and showed it—rather proud of his bargain—to a connoisseur, who asked what he had given for it, and remarked that the marmalade should have been included in the price; for really it was simply nothing more nor less than a shilling marmalade pot, with a green thistle painted on it! Lord Spencer bought no more china on his own responsibility.

In this year the China war broke out, the Government were defeated, and Lord Palmerston decided on a dissolution. Then came a great beating of the British drum and a great waving of the British flag, and Palmerston gained a triumphant majority, Bright, Cobden, and Milner Gibson all losing their seats. Lord Elgin was sent as plenipotentiary, and there

was a question of my going out as his private secretary; but happily nothing came of the idea, and I was a great gainer.

Henry Loch, who subsequently attained to the post of Governor and High Commissioner at the Cape, went out with Lord Elgin.

In the general election that occurred, T. G. Baring left me in charge of the private office of the Admiralty, and stood for Penrhyn. In the middle of his canvass there, he discovered that he could bring in another Liberal, and he telegraphed to me to find him a suitable candidate. I saw George Paget, who declined; then, after being sent to Sir William Hayter by Sir Charles Wood, I went to propose that Lord Ashley should stand. I saw Lady Shaftesbury, saying that one of the necessary qualifications was that he should vote for the abolition of Church rates; but Lady Shaftesbury said Lord Palmerston would not consent to his standing on these terms, which surprised me very much at the time.

We were greatly interested also in Lord Robert Grosvenor's election for Westminster, which he won; and in Frederick Cadogan's standing for

Stafford in vain. I was at Lord Hatherton's at Teddesley and the excitement was very great, Alfred Paget being a strenuous hustings speaker, who delighted the populace. While at Teddesley I drove over and saw Beaudesert for the first time, and was received by Lady Florence Paget, the lovely daughter of Lord Anglesey, only about fourteen years old, but with all the pose and courtesy of a grown woman.

But China and the elections were soon mere trifling episodes in comparison with the appalling news of the Sepoy revolt, which reached England in June. It did not produce in society as much interest and anxiety as the Crimean war, and I attribute it to the fact that in the latter the Guards, who formed a large part of the ball-going world, were not engaged; but, of course, the interest taken in the country at large was very great, and the daily details of the slaughters, massacres, and revenges, and the gradual re-establishment of our empire under Lord Canning, occupied all our thoughts.

While the Indian Mutiny was still unchecked, Lord Palmerston introduced a Bill for the transference of the Government of

India from the East India Company to the Crown; but before it was passed into law an incident occurred which drove him from office.

On January 14, 1858, an attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor of the French on his way to the Opera. In Paris it was believed that the plot was hatched and the bombs made by men in this country. The French colonels talked of reprisals. The French Ambassador wrote letters, and Palmerston introduced a Bill to amend the Law of Conspiracy; this was at the time foolishly supposed to be truckling to France, and Milner Gibson opposed it. It is related that Lord Derby, strolling into the House, saw the opportunity that had arisen of defeating the Government. Sending for Disraeli, who had supported the first reading of the Bill, he desired him to join the peace party, which he did, and the Government was beaten by a majority of nineteen.

Palmerston resigned; but before doing so he announced the taking of Canton.

Lord Derby again became Prime Minister, with Disraeli as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Government was in a minority, and his

skill alone kept them in office till the end of the session. It was during this time that Lord John Russell carried his Bill for the admission of Jews to Parliament. Ten times since 1833 had it been carried in the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords, who now at last gave way, and Baron Rothschild took his seat on July 26, 1858.

There had been disturbances in the Ionian Islands, and Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton sent out Mr. Gladstone as Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to inquire into their grievances; the result of his mission was the cession of these islands to Greece.

In the summer there was the famous trial of Madeleine Smith, at Glasgow, for poisoning. The verdict was 'non proven.' Vernon Smith said to Bernal Osborne, on hearing of it: 'How sad for the girl! She will always be known as a murderess.' 'Oh no,' said Bernal; 'she will change her name to Vernon, and will be quite unknown.' This is what Vernon Smith had done himself.

CHAPTER VII

1858–1861

I become Engaged to Miss Mary Barrington—Her Relations with her Grandfather, Lord Grey, and her Uncle, General Grey—Visits to Woolbeding—Lady Grey's *Salon*—The Old Reform Party—Sir George Grey and Edward Ellice—Marriage and Visits in the North—Henry and Charles Greville—Sir John Pakington and the Duke of Somerset—Visits to Ireland, Howick, and Wentworth—Anecdotes of Lord Fitzwilliam and the Silent Cavendishes—Installed at Kensington Palace—Disraeli's Reform Bill—Return of Lord Palmerston—His Love of a Joke—Marochetti—The Volunteer Mania.

In March 1858 I became engaged to Miss Mary Barrington, the only daughter of the Hon. George and Lady Caroline Barrington. She had been brought up and educated in the strictest sect of the Whig oligarchy. She was born in 10 Downing Street, where Lord Grey was living then as Prime Minister; her father was a Lord of the Admiralty, her mother a daughter of Lord Grey's. When four years old she well remembered being christened at Howick

by the famous Sydney Smith. Her father died when she was yet a child, and her home was with Lord Grey, her grandfather, until Lady Caroline's appointment as Woman of the Bedchamber took her away to Windsor, Osborne, or London. But in those earlier days she was the favourite and constant companion of the aged statesman, many of whose letters lie before me now, and one of which I am tempted to copy:

Howick: October 5, 1838.

'My dearest Mary,—Your very nice letter, which I received this morning, gave me the greatest pleasure. You are a dear, good girl, and I love you from the very bottom of my heart. I regret, therefore, more and more not seeing you every day at breakfast and at dinner. But I must look forward with the hope of again enjoying that happiness next summer. But you will then, I think, be too old to be Pilot, or Ranger, or anything but yourself; and you cannot be anything better if you go on, as at present, being kind and good-natured to everybody, and a comfort to your dear mamma. . . .

'Write to me again and tell me how you

like Windsor; whether you have seen the Queen, and what she said to you. And now good-bye, my dearest child. Give a good kiss to your mamma for me, and believe me ever

'Your most affectionate grandfather,

'GREY.'

She had a bad attack of whooping cough when living with Lady Grey in Berkeley Square; during her convalescence she was painted by Sir William Ross in a miniature, which was shown in the Grafton Gallery Exhibition of Children in 1895, a year after her death.

Lord Grey would frequently go and talk to her on his way to the House of Lords, in full dress, with his Garter and ribbon; for in the early days of the Queen's reign peers drove down to the House of Lords in full dress, with their orders and ribbons, and bishops in episcopal wigs. The late Lord Strafford recollects his famous uncle, George Byng, M.P. for Middlesex, going down to the House of Commons dressed in tights and black silk stockings; and Disraeli tells how on one occasion Lord George Bentinck attended in boots and breeches, his

red coat only partially concealed under a surtout. Hessian boots were common; and sportsmen went out shooting in frock coats and tall hats.

When Lady Caroline was in waiting at Windsor or Osborne, my wife had lived in St. James's Palace with General Grey, her uncle, whom she loved, and with whom she read, rode, and corresponded continually when he was absent. He had succeeded Sir Charles Phipps as the Queen's secretary, and won golden opinions from everybody with whom he was brought into contact.

When there had been the usual troubles surrounding our impecunious marriage, he had manfully espoused our cause and ridiculed the idea of delay. He was godfather to my eldest boy, and was a true and loyal friend to us till the sad day of his death.

During our engagement, and very often after we were married, we stayed with Mrs. Ponsonby at a lovely place near Midhurst and Cowdray Park, called Woolbeding. The house was originally built about the middle of the sixteenth century, and though many alterations had deprived it

of any architectural beauty, its situation in a secluded valley, in a garden immensely improved by Lord Lanerton, who had married Mrs. Ponsonby's daughter, more than compensated for any architectural defects. In this garden was the largest tulip tree in England, a lovely little Saxon church, and a fountain which originally came from the court at old Cowdray House, and was designed by Benvenuto Cellini or John of Bologna. But all these charms faded into dimness in comparison with its historical attractions. Charles Fox, who represented Midhurst, spent many careless holidays with his great friend Lord Robert Spencer, and the place is full of recollections of his presence—sketches of him in every attitude by Lady Diana Beauclerk are in portfolios, and in the little church Lord Robert lies, with this epitaph : ' He lived the friend of Fox.' It is rare for one man to have inspired two epitaphs in which his friendship is considered the highest honour. The other is well known on Lord Holland's statue :

Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Be this my meed of fame—
That those who know me best may say
He tarnished neither name.

During the time of our engagement, from March to August 1858, I used generally to dine with Lady Caroline Barrington at Buckingham Palace, and very often after dinner we used to go to the house of her mother, Lady Grey, in Eaton Square.

The world still knows her from the beautiful engravings of Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures; but to be admitted to her *salon* was an entrance to a past history and a past society, with different social manners and different ways from those of to-day. She herself, though nearly eighty years of age, had preserved her beauty and her charm, a perfect type of a *grande dame*, as I see her still with soft laces and grey gloves, a kind smile, and eyes which had exercised such a fascination, still brilliant and bewitching. She had been the happy mother of thirteen children, one of whom, Lady Georgiana, is still alive (1898). Here I used often to meet the remains of the old Reform party. Sir George Grey, a man hardly remembered in this generation, was one of the few who had increased his reputation by long service at the Home Office; quick, gentle, persuasive, and strong, he was beloved by

friends and foes alike. Lord Granville told me in later years that, looking back to his political career in various Cabinets, he came to the conclusion that Sir George Grey had more influence with his colleagues than any man he had ever known. Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Lord Grey's youngest daughter, and old Edward Ellice—who married her sister, and subsequently a daughter of Lord Albemarle's—were constantly at Eaton Square. Ellice was always called the 'Old Bear,' as his friends said, because he was the chairman of the great Fur Trade Company at Hudson's Bay; he was an advanced Whig, had been Lord Grey's secretary at the Treasury, and subsequently in the Cabinet as Secretary at War; a man saturated with politics and the management of men. Sir Henry Taylor described him as shrewd, kind, copious of speech, with a genuine *bonhomie* and a rough courtesy.

Lady Grey, the widow of a distinguished soldier, Sir Henry Grey, who lived to a great age, gave dinners at her house in Seamore Place. She one day wrote to General Fox, saying: 'Will you dine with me on Monday,

D.V.?' He wrote back: 'Dear Lady Grey,—D. evidently doesn't V., for I have a bad cold.'

General Fox was a great numismatist, and one day, after examining a case of coins at the British Museum, he was stopped at the door and told that one of the rarest was missing, and he must not leave without being searched. This he refused; and after a time the coin was found, having slipped between the case and its velvet lining. He then said to the custodian, 'I will now show you why I refused to be searched,' and produced from his pocket a coin identical with the one that had been missed, which he had come to compare with the only other known to exist in the world.

On August 12, 1858, we were married at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, and spent our honeymoon at Ayot, a nice place of Colonel and Lady Emily Cavendish's in Herts, near Brocket. After a short time we went to Howick, where my wife initiated me into the mysteries of fly-fishing. It had been the home of her childhood, and she always cherished for it to the last fond memories. Thence we went to Hickleton (Sir Charles Wood's) and Greystoke (Harry Howard's), and

on to Coupland, a charming shooting-box Lord Durham had rented from Mr. Culley, in Northumberland, where we spent many subsequent holidays. We then spent three weeks at Osborne, where the Queen had kindly lent us a cottage. From here we paid a visit to Ford, a beautiful castle on the Till, which had been adorned by all the art of Lady Waterford.

In our early married days we were much at Lady Sydney's at her house in Cleveland Row, where, as Lord Sydney often told me, pointing to pictures of Lord Townshend and Sir Robert Walpole, a famous passage of arms took place between them in 1730, when the house belonged to Colonel Selwyn. Townshend presuming to differ with Walpole, the latter grew so incensed as to declare that he did not believe what Townshend was saying. Townshend, losing all patience, raised his hand, and these old friends, near relations and brother Ministers, seized one another by the collar and grasped their swords. Mrs. Selwyn shrieked for assistance; the men interposed and dissuaded them from going out, as they wished, to fight an immediate duel.[1]

[1] Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 137.

At Frognal, Lord Sydney's place in Kent, we often met Mr. Charles Greville, and still oftener his brother Henry. They were very different men: the latter kindly, musical, deeply interested in social and domestic details; while Charles, whenever I met him, which was in his old age, was grumpy and querulous from gout. We used to tremble when it was either of our lots to play whist with him, and then Lady Sydney would say, 'Dear old Gruncher, he is going to have a fit of the gout;' but he was high bred, high born, and had achieved for himself an unique position from his connection with the 'Times' and society. He was the arbiter in all social questions, and it is impossible to read his diaries without seeing that he was in the confidence of everybody; whether those confidences should have been given to the world is another question. There were those who sneered at his rather high-flown aspirations on paper. The late Lord de Mauley said that Greville would go and talk to his father about the immoralities and vanity of betting and the turf, but on the way out, if he could get a turn of the odds from the son, he would never miss

his opportunity. Lord Winchilsea and Lord Rosslyn both rushed into verse in describing his character and his foibles. The former wrote:

For fifty years he listened at the door,
He heard some secrets and invented more.
These he wrote down, and women, Statesmen, Kings
Became degraded into common things.
They hide the smart, and say 'tis only Greville,
But wish him and his Journal at the Devil.

Lord Rosslyn's lines ran as follows:

Greville's freaks invite my song,
Greville ever in the wrong.
Ever plodding—ever peddling,
Master of all sorts of meddling;
Has a lady made a slip
In morality or scrip;
Has a difference to be paid up,
Or a quarrel to be made up;
Does a husband, wicked wight,
Stay out sundry times at night;
Is a case to be decided
As Law never yet provided;
Does a fashion come in vogue
'Twixt Lord Noodle and Dick Rogue;
Is the Coalition tumbling;
Are the daily papers grumbling;
Is a hint to be conveyed
Without bustle or parade
To the 'Times,' the Czar, or Devil?—
Ring the bell and send for Greville.

Greville was Clerk to the Council, and held a sinecure office in the West Indies; and when

Lord Clarendon became a Privy Councillor he called with a cheque to pay the fees that he thought were due. 'What a good fellow you are!' said Charles Greville. 'You have no idea of the trouble I have to get them from some people; you know I have no legal right of recovery.' 'Haven't you?' said Lord Clarendon, and threw his cheque into the fire. After this I doubt whether any fees were paid by Privy Councillors on being sworn of that distinguished body.

To me Charles Greville was always snubby, as was the custom of old to young in those days. For example, Poodle Byng, if he met anyone in a shooting coat, would ask whether he was having good sport among the sparrows in St. James's Street; or if he was found smoking he would be asked whether he wished to be taken for an omnibus conductor.

These cases may have been exceptional; but I cherish a hope that, as the ways and manners of young men to old have in my time so greatly improved, so old men are not as brusque and sarcastic towards the young as they were, but are anxious to requite the kindness and

consideration shown to them, for which they are grateful.

It was at Frognal that we also made friends with General Tom Ashburnham, as he was called by his intimates—a genial and charming companion, and an aristocrat *au bout des ongles*. Walking with me down Grosvenor Place, where at the cross-roads had recently been erected a fountain, 'Ah,' he said, 'a dear old friend of mine lies there; we were at school together; and after he had murdered his father and cut his own throat, he was buried at midnight at these cross-roads.' It is strange to think that my mother recollected going to a country house where St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, now stands, and crossing a rustic bridge over a stream into the fields where the cows were being milked and syllabub was being made.

In Lord Derby's short Government of 1858 Sir John Pakington had become First Lord of the Admiralty, and somewhat rudely, as Admiral Eden said, relegated me to the servants' hall from the 'room'—that is to say, from the private office to the ordinary clerical duties of the department; but soon afterwards I was

reinstated by the Duke of Somerset, who came to the Admiralty as First Lord in Lord Palmerston's Government.

The Duke had a great reputation as a man of business; a dry, cold man, whom everybody respected and everybody feared. In the autumn of 1859 his Naval Secretary, Captain John Moore, was ill, and I took his place with the Duke on his tour of inspection, and a dreary tour it was—the stiff official dinners, at which nobody raised his voice above a whisper, were profoundly melancholy. The Duke was devoured by a certain proud shyness, but when I was alone with him he was drily amusing, kind and genial. We paid a visit together to Lord Carlisle, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, at the Viceregal Lodge in Phœnix Park. We were, I think, the first to cross over to Kingstown in one of the then new fleet of steamers, which, much to the annoyance of the Duke, were placed at his disposal. Lord Carlisle was most hospitable and kind, and fully occupied with the play of the Zingari Club, who were then there—his gardens even being laid out in their colours. The Duke from here went on to Cork, but kindly insisted

on my going with Clarence Paget and Sam Whitbread, who was the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, to see Killarney *en route*. This we did, rejoining the Duke at Cork, whence we steamed to Milford Haven, where the Channel Fleet was drawn up for inspection by the Duke, in two lines, through which we passed in the Admiralty yacht.

Here Captain Moore relieved me, and I joined my wife in a holiday trip to our old haunts in the North. At Lord Grey's, at Howick, we heard the following story :

In 1811 his father was residing, for his wife's health, at Devonport. One morning a gentleman calling on him said he had a dream the previous night in which he had seen the Lord Chancellor, whose dress he described, lying on the floor of the lobby of the House, surrounded by a crowd of Members of Parliament. The next day the news arrived of Percival's assassination by Bellingham in the lobby of the House; Percival, it should be added, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not Lord Chancellor.

Lord Grey was always kind to us ; he had the reputation of being a *mauvais coucheur* in

official life, but Sir Charles Wood always told me that he was one of the pleasantest colleagues he had ever had. When Mr. Gladstone succeeded him (then Lord Howick) at the Colonial Office, he asked Sir Henry Taylor, whom he called the 'glory and the shame' of that department, whether Lord Howick did not always take a great grasp of his subject.

'No,' said Sir Henry, 'he always took a great nip of it;' but in his biography I am glad to see that he speaks of him as 'having more generosity of temper than I have met with before in any public man with whom I have been in the habit of transacting public business.'

After Howick we went to Hickleton, and from there we paid a visit to Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth, a splendid old-fashioned house, said to be a quarter of a mile long. There was a Mr. Bland of Kippax Park, who was determined not to be outdone, in the length, at any rate, of his house, so he brought the whole of his available resources to the front, offices and everything, and satisfied his curious ambition by making his house longer than Wentworth.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were fine types

of the old-fashioned country families. The outward magnificence of the house and place was balanced by rigid simplicity in doors.

Lady Fitzwilliam told her husband he ought not to be so entirely in his servants' hands, and should sometimes visit his offices, which the next day he did, and, finding a boy as the solitary occupant of the lower regions, he asked him who he was. 'Why,' said he, 'I am the boy who does all the work in this 'ere 'ouse, and who the devil are you?' Lord Fitzwilliam told his wife that he had done as she asked him, but he could hardly say it was a success. On another occasion, before going to bed, Lord Fitzwilliam rang the bell two or three times without any result; at last a servant came, and he asked for a glass of water, which was not brought to him, so in a resigned way he said, 'I suppose I must go without that glass of water.'

They were a very silent family—almost as silent as the fifth Duke of Devonshire and his brother, Lord George Cavendish, who, when travelling down to Yorkshire, were shown into a three bedded-room. The curtains of one of the four-posters were drawn. Each brother in turn

looked in and went to bed. Towards the close of the next day's posting, one brother said to the other: 'Did you see what was in that bed last night?' 'Yes, brother,' was the only reply —they had both seen a corpse.

At an opening of Parliament Lord Fitzwilliam was going to move the Address in the House of Lords. Lord Granville, who was the leader, asked him, as was usual, if he would come to luncheon and go over the Queen's Speech, to give him, if he could, any hints. 'No, thank you,' said Lord Fitzwilliam, 'I would rather trust to the inspiration of the moment.' The moment came but not the inspiration, and so he contented himself with reading the Address and no more. After this a wit called him 'the mute, inglorious *Milton*.'

Of the dinners on public days, at Wentworth, so much has been said and written that I need add no more; but it is a curious instance of the expenditure of the house, that when Lord Bessborough undertook the agency of the Fitzwilliam estate, he found that for every gig or dogcart that left the stable yard, 4*s*. was paid to the stud-groom or coachman. This was, of course,

the survival of the old practice of giving the post-boys 1*s.* each to bait the four horses that were sent out to bring in visitors for the last stage.

Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam told my sister that her father, as a little boy, was riding with her grandfather, and passed a tenant who touched his hat. Some time after Lord Fitzwilliam said: 'Did you raise your hat to that farmer as you passed?' 'No,' said the boy. 'Then ride back and beg his pardon.'

Charles Gore used to tell as a young man an interesting incident which took place in the house of the Duke of Sussex, at the corner of Edgware Road and Oxford Street, which since then has been divided into two—Surrey House, which Lord Battersea has so beautifully decorated being the larger part, facing Oxford Street, the other portion facing Edgware Road, over the door of which still hangs a royal coronet.

He was dining there when, after dinner, his aunt, Lady Cecilia Buggin, came into the drawing-room, and shortly afterwards they all returned to the dining-room, where she and the Duke of Sussex were married.

Shortly after our return from the North we were staying at Footscray, with the George Glyns, who were great friends of ours both before and after our marriage.

One night there was a dinner of neighbours, and the old clergyman of the place took my wife in to dinner. The next day his daughter called on Mrs. Glyn to say that her father was shocked to find that Mrs. West was a bride; had he known it he would have behaved 'quite differently!' We always wondered how.

When our holidays came to an end, we took up our abode at Kensington Palace, where Lady Caroline Barrington had apartments, of which the Queen had given the reversion to my wife as a wedding present. Our neighbours were Lady Augusta Gordon, a daughter of William IV., and the beautiful Mrs. Jordan, and the Duchess of Inverness, the widow of the Duke of Sussex; it was said that her patent of nobility was so made out that, had she been blessed with a son, on his succession he would have been the Duchess of Inverness. It might almost be said that she made her apartments into a hospitable house of call for all foreigners, who always treated

how?

her as royalty. Her French accent was not Parisian, and she would say: 'I have been to Brighton *pour un couple de jours*.' We were her constant guests. On one occasion Lord John Russell took her in to dinner, and after he had sat down for a minute, he jumped up and went to the opposite side of the table, and sat by the Duchess of St. Albans. Lady John asked him afterwards why he had done it; he said: 'I should have been ill if I had sat with my back to that great fire.' 'I hope,' said Lady John, 'you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness.' 'No,' he said, 'I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans!'

This year (1859) began sadly with the news of poor Mrs. Anson's death from poison, taken accidentally.

I heard all the terrible particulars of the tragedy from my friend Henry Sotheby, who told me that he was dozing over the fire before dinner at a house in Northamptonshire, when the door opened; Mrs. Anson came into the room where he was sitting, in her dressing-gown, with her beautiful hair hanging over her shoulders, and told him what had happened. He had the presence of mind in these horrible circumstances to

do the right thing by going into the dining-room and giving her mustard and water to drink; but the drowsiness could not be overcome, and notwithstanding all their efforts she died that night.

On November 6, 1859, our dear boy Horace was born, and was christened, in the chapel at Kensington, Horace Charles George, General Grey and T. G. Baring being his godfathers, and Lady Durham and Lady Emily Cavendish his godmothers.

In December, Colonel Walpole, my uncle, who was wounded at Quatre Bras, died, and was buried in Kensal Green. He had been a brilliant young man in the Guards; had run through his fortune, and, as was often done in those days, had been appointed Minister to Chili, from which post he had retired, and had come back thoroughly worn out to end his days in London.

My mother was always trying to devise some means to amuse him, and one day she thought he would like to drive down to the old house where they had lived as children at West End. He constantly yawned. 'Tired, John?'

she said. 'Tired? no—bored,' he replied, which was hardly kind.

All the year of 1859 our hearts were full of hope that Italy was about to be rescued from the hateful rule of Austria, and that Cavour's dream was about to be realised; but at home Disraeli was proposing a Reform Bill, full of all kinds of fancy franchises, which are now forgotten. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley would have none of the Bill, and resigned. Mr. Walpole had not that plastic mind which is now so common amongst politicians; he frankly stated that, had such a Bill been proposed by Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell, it would have been resisted by the whole Tory party. Mr. Disraeli's time had not come, and his proposals were defeated by a majority of thirty-nine. A dissolution followed. The different sections of the Liberal party were united and the result was pretty clear. Lord Hartington, being the son of the Duke of Devonshire, was put up to move a vote of Want of Confidence, which was carried in the new Parliament by a majority of thirteen.

Lord Derby resigned and Lord Granville was invited to form a Ministry; Lord John Russell

declined to serve under him, and Lord Palmerston was charged with the task, and immediately formed a strong Government, offering office to Cobden, who declined to accept it.

In 1860 Mr. Gladstone introduced his great Budget, reducing the Customs tariff, ratifying the French treaty, and repealing the paper duties. Lord Lyndhurst, now in his eighty-ninth year, made the Lords throw it out with a majority of eighty-nine. There was a counter-proposal that the tea duties should be repealed.

While the debate was proceeding in the House of Commons, Lord Derby wrote a note to Lord Palmerston, saying, 'Is it to be tea and turn out?' Lord Palmerston wrote back: 'No; paper and stationary.' The Lords' action only delayed the repeal for a year.

Lord Palmerston was always fond of a joke. Thus when a deputation waited on him urging him to provide a proper gallery for the pictures of the Chantrey Bequest, and the principal speaker said that at present they were hidden away in a cellar: 'Ah,' said Lord Palmerston, 'I will do what I can, but you must recollect the old saying, "Ars est celare artem."' And the

deputation left him, I believe, in high good-humour.

In 1860 the Queen paid a visit to my wife at Kensington to see her and our boy Horace, who paid her Majesty a return visit shortly afterwards at Windsor, and in the following year her Majesty had a beautiful miniature painted of him by Miss Dickinson, which she gave to my wife.

In June of that year there was a great review of Volunteers in Hyde Park by the Queen, who remarked as they passed what a stuffy smell there was. '*Esprit de corps*, ma'am,' replied Lord Palmerston, who was standing by her. Poodle Byng, who was a great personage in London Society, marched past as a private Volunteer at a great age; indeed, all the town was Volunteer mad.

In the autumn we were paying a visit to Mr. Charles Grenfell in the new house he had built at Taplow, and met Charles Kingsley. Though he stammered, oddly enough he was fluent in the pulpit. We went out with the Queen's buckhounds, and he apostrophised everything and everybody, and each five-barred gate he

came to he expressed a burning desire to jump, but he never gratified his wish.

Marochetti, whom I often met at John Leslie's house at dinner, was a Piedmontese who married a French lady, heiress to the Château de Vaux, near Paris. As a young man he was devoted to modelling, and made a very fine statue, which is now in Turin, of Prince Eugène of Savoy sheathing his sword. Thiers, who was then Prime Minister, was so struck with his talent that he helped him on greatly with Government commissions. Then came the Revolution of 1848, and Marochetti decided to live in London, where he made hosts of friends, and at the Great Exhibition of 1851 exhibited his 'Richard, Cœur de Lion,' which was afterwards bought by the Government. It now stands in Palace Yard, near the entrance to the House of Lords. In my opinion it is the finest statue we have in London. His model for the Duke of Wellington's tomb was good, but was unfortunately rejected in favour of the one which is now in St. Paul's.

In February 1861 I was, like others, bitten with the Volunteer mania, and Lord Elcho, who

was one of the most spirited leaders of the movement, succeeded in persuading me to become Captain Commandant of the Kensington Volunteers—an endless source of trouble and annoyance from beginning to end.

CHAPTER VIII

1861–1867

Appointed Private Secretary to Sir Charles Wood at the India Office—Wembley Orchard—Sir Charles Wood as an Official—Distinguished Anglo-Indians: Sir John Lawrence and Sir John Montgomery—The Decline of Swearing—Sir James Hogg, and Sir James Outram, the 'Bayard of India'—Deaths of the Prince Consort, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and Lord and Lady Canning—The Story of Sir John Lawrence's Appointment—Marriage of the Princess of Wales—My son Gilbert: his Short but Distinguished Career—Deaths of Lord Lansdowne and Thackeray—The Garibaldi Mania—Visits to Latimer and Rushmore—Move to Hill House, Stanmore—Disraeli on Cobden—Resignation of Lord Westbury: his Wit and Sharp Sayings—Death of Lord Palmerston: Conspicuous Absentees at his Funeral—Troubled Times in 1866—Sir Charles Wood's Hunting Accident and Resignation—Regret at the India Office—Tribute of the 'Times'—I am Appointed Deputy-Director of the Indian Military Funds—Relations with Mr. Seccombe, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Sir John Kaye—My Book on Sir Charles Wood's Administration of India—Charles Lamb at the India Office—Mr. Goschen's Promotion to Cabinet Rank—The Cave of Adullam—Defeat of the Reform Bill—Mr. Lowe in Opposition and Office—Latin Quotations in the House—Close of Lord John Russell's Career—His Attitude to Peel—The Hyde Park Riots—Father Prout—Disraeli's Ten Minutes Bill—The Derby of 1867—Visits to Hazelwood and Westbrook—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—Visit of the Sultan—The Clerkenwell Explosion—Marriage of the Duke of St. Albans.

On June 10, 1861, to our immense delight, I got a letter from Sir Charles Wood, then Secretary

of State for India, offering me his private secretaryship.

Belgrave Square: June 11, 1861.

'Dear A. West,—I did not know that your brother would have mentioned to you what I intended to say myself. I saw him in order that you might not come to any hasty decision on my offer. I fairly say that I have doubts myself as to the prudence of your taking the appointment, as I have no opportunity of doing anything for you, and it seems to me that you may injure your prospects at the Admiralty.

'Your brother says that you have well considered this, and of course you are the best judge of what is best for you to do.

'I must, of course, write to the Duke of Somerset for his sanction to your coming away from the Admiralty.

'Yours truly,

'C. Wood.'

Henry Grenfell, who was leaving him, kindly wrote, strongly dissuading me from accepting it. He argued that Henry Waterfield, the assistant secretary—from working from morning to night,

Viscount Halifax, G.C.B.

and from knowing, through himself and through his father, everything that had gone on for years—could not fail to have the chief business; hence I should not have the same opportunity of making myself necessary to Sir Charles Wood.

I did not take Henry Grenfell's advice, though I found Henry Waterfield all, and more than all, that he had said. He was generously ready at all times to help and teach me; and when illness overtook him, the whole burden fell on my shoulders. It was lucky that I acted as I did, for this gave me an opening which good fortune and good health widened. I was brought into contact with the extraordinarily brilliant staff of the India Office, and many of the great rulers of India; and I had the opportunity of writing a history of Sir Charles Wood's administration of India, which, though never read by anyone in England, was very favourably received by the press, and was, as Lord Northbrook, when Governor-General, told me, adopted as the text-book for examination in some of the Indian colleges.

But what for me was greater than this was

that it led hereafter to my being chosen as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone in 1868.

T. G. Baring was Under-Secretary at the India Office, and I was glad again to come into close official contact with him; but he was soon succeeded by Mr. James Stansfeld, Lord Wodehouse, Lord Dufferin, and Lord de Grey, who followed each other in rapid succession.

Early in the year 1861 we took a little cottage near Lady Adelaide Cadogan's, and called it 'Wembley Orchard,' close to Sudbury Station, on the North-Western Railway, and here we spent many very happy days with our children, and my dear father, who took great interest in it. My dear mother also used to come and see us, and help us to lay out our little garden. Here, on July 18, our second son, Reginald Jervoise, was born, and christened at Sudbury Church on August 18 by my brother Richard. My father and mother and Harry Keppel were there; Lord Bury and Jervoise Smith stood as godfathers, and Lady Adelaide Cadogan and Mrs. Dawson Damer were his godmothers.

My appointment as private secretary afforded

me unmixed pleasure, giving me plenty of hard work, and bringing me into close relations with one of the brightest, sharpest, and most versatile of men. Quick and somewhat intolerant as Sir Charles Wood was of lengthy narrations of purely personal interest often placed before him, no man ever bestowed a more willing or patient hearing on those whose experience or knowledge entitled them to attention. Many were those who, on leaving his room, expressed their astonishment to me at the perfect intimacy he displayed on matters supposed by them to be technical, or only to be attained after a long residence in India and years of application.

He gave me, as all wise men do, or should give to their private secretaries, his entire confidence, not only in matters relating to India, but in all the political and Court movements of the day. Besides this, I was brought into intimate communication with most of the distinguished Anglo-Indians. The greatest of them was, of course, Sir John Lawrence, who, if somewhat rough and brusque in manner, was always most kind to me, and would come into my room and talk to me of all his experiences.

Another was Sir Robert Montgomery, the successful Governor of the Punjab, whose kind manner and good-natured face gave little indication of the man of iron nerve, whose foresight and cool courage when first the news of the capture of Delhi reached Lahore had disarmed an overwhelming force of native troops, and prevented the revolt getting any hold on the Punjab. It was at a ball at Lahore, as important in the annals of India as the famous ball at Brussels was in the annals of Europe, that, amid the dancing and the music, he conceived the idea of disarming the sepoys and saving the Punjab.

Sir Charles Mills, Mr. John Abel Smith, Mr. Sam. Gurney, and Mr. George Glyn, during the panic of 1841, had waited on Sir Charles Wood, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, on a matter in dispute, relating, I think, to the stamp laws. Sir Charles Mills said: 'We really cannot understand your action.' 'You will understand it better to-morrow morning,' said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'for I have desired the Solicitor to the Treasury to take proceedings against you.' But now all had been forgotten,

and Sir Charles Mills, who was on the Council, acted as intermediary between the City and the West End, and was most useful in keeping Sir Charles Wood and the Council on good terms. Sir Charles's nature seemed to have undergone a great change since his Chancellorship of the Exchequer days; then he was brusque and impatient. At the India Office he was the very personification of patience. He would spend hours in talking and listening to all his councillors on every subject about which there was likely to be a discussion at their weekly meeting. He was, however, an odd mixture of sharpness and familiarity. 'D——n your eyes, my dear Perry, can't you see?' I heard him say quite good-humouredly one day, walking into the Council Chamber.

But the days of habitual swearing had passed away, days when the Archbishop of Canterbury, calling on Lord Melbourne to discuss some business, said, 'Now, my lord, it will save time if before we begin we assume that everybody and everything is damned.'

Evelyn Ashley once told me that on his father

becoming Lord Shaftesbury, Lady Caroline Neeld, his sister, said to him quite seriously, 'Now that you have come into the title you must learn to swear. Your father always did, and gained great respect by it in the county.'

Old Sir James Hogg was also one of the Council of India. One day he announced his intention of resigning his directorship of the Sun Fire Office, for he said he did not think it right any longer to hold it as a councillor. This was, indeed, a bombshell among them, as they most of them were directors of three or four companies, and they earnestly tried to dissuade him; but he was inflexible—he thought it was right. 'And besides,' he said, 'they have promised on my retirement to put my son in my place!'

I well recollect being struck at the pain endured by that great hero, Sir James Outram, in coming up to my room before seeing Sir Charles Wood; for at that time we were located high up in the Westminster Palace Hotel, during the building of the new India Office in Downing Street, and lifts were not then in use. Perhaps it is not generally known that a word, now familiar to us, derived its origin from him. He

had originated rails on roads for carriages, which were called 'Outram ways,' and now have come to be called shortly 'tramways.'

In 1842 Sir Charles Napier had proposed his health as the Bayard of India, 'Sans peur et sans reproche,' and that was before his splendid work in Persia, and his services through the Indian Mutiny, where he so nobly sacrificed his rank and command to Sir Henry Havelock, to whom he gave all the credit and praise for the relief of Lucknow. It was said in Bombay 'that a fox is a fool, and a lion a coward compared with famous Outram.' He, with Sir John Lawrence, was one of the first to receive the knighthood of the new Star of India; but his health was broken, and I soon attended his public funeral in Westminster Abbey, where the inscription now can be seen written over his tomb:

THE BAYARD OF INDIA.

The new Indian Order was now instituted, and the correspondence as to the motto, the colour of the riband, and how it was to be designated, was tremendous. Everybody had a

suggestion; however, at last it was agreed that the colour should be light blue, the motto 'Heaven's light our guide,' and the designation, the Star of India.

In the winter of the year 1861 the Prince Consort died, and I was awakened in the early morning to hear the sad news. He had never secured for himself any degree of personal popularity, and not until after his untimely death did the country ever appreciate his worth, the difficulties under which he laboured, nor how entirely faithful and unselfish his life had been:

> So kindly modest, all accomplished, wise.

The great body of Peelites was rapidly passing away. Sidney Herbert, who had left the House of Commons, of which he was a distinguished ornament, died peacefully in his beautiful garden at Wilton in the August of this year. Sir James Graham followed him within three months (October 25, 1861). Lord Elgin, Lord Dalhousie, and Lord Canning had fallen victims to the climate and the responsibilities of our Indian Empire; they had been swept away, as Mr. Gladstone said, 'in the full maturity of

their faculties, and in the early stages of middle life.' Some one has said that 'forty is the old age of youth, and fifty the youth of old age;' and they before they reached that age had all sought their rest.

One morning in 1861 the telegram announcing Lady Canning's death came to me, and I had to communicate it to the Sydneys and her other friends. She had been a great friend of my wife's, whose admiration of her from Windsor days had ripened and grown through the dark days of the Indian Mutiny, when amidst the panic and the fear and the reproaches of Anglo-Indian Society in Calcutta she maintained her courage and her dignity. Here is Lord Sydney's reply:

'My dear West,—We are quite overwhelmed by this fatal news, and I am rather afraid poor Lady Canning was absent from him, as she was to take a tour when he went up the country to invest, and join him at Allahabad about the 1st November.

'It was only yesterday Lady Sydney drove over to see their house in Greenwich Park, and

made a plan to send out to her. This extra year is always fatal—no European can stand it.

'Yours truly,

'SYDNEY.'

In 1862 Lord Canning came home a broken man, only to die. When first I saw him it was easy to see how the 'iron had entered into his soul;' but history has done justice to him and his wife, who never faltered through all the horrors and anxieties of the Indian Mutiny, but through all the raging of the frantic press and the timid Anglo-Indians, held high their courage and their faith, and earned for him what was meant for a sneer and a reproach, the finest Christian title of 'Clemency Canning.'

Lord Elgin was chosen as his successor, and I never was so little impressed with anybody selected for so high a post. His reign, however, was short and uneventful, and I received the telegram of his death, which after I had deciphered I at once took to Sir Charles Wood, who said his successor must be either Stanley, Lawrence, or himself.

Sir Charles was very fond of consulting Lord

Stanley on Indian affairs, and I was warned that such confidences were not always well placed; years afterwards General Grey told me that Disraeli had said that 'whenever we wanted to know what was going on, we sent Stanley to find out from Wood.'

It was soon decided that Sir John Lawrence was to be the new Governor-General, and Sir Charles Wood told me that he was going to Windsor to get the Queen's approval, and that, without revealing the secret, I was to keep Sir John Lawrence at the office till his return. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Sir John Lawrence wanted to go into the country. He discussed with me for a long time who would be the new Viceroy, and his inherent modesty never for a moment put himself in that position. The hours passed, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping him, and at last I had to come to a compromise, and arranged that he should go to Paddington to meet Sir Charles, who I was sure wanted to see him on his return from Windsor; and it was on the platform there that he received the appointment of Governor-General of India!

This incident was not mentioned in Mr. Bosworth Smith's 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' and I wrote to Captain Eastwick on the subject, and got the following answer:

12 Leinster Gardens, Hyde Park, W.:
11 April, 1883.

'My dear West,—I delayed replying to your note until I could show it to Lord Halifax. I saw him this morning. He does not recollect the exact circumstances of the case, but has no doubt your version is the correct one. You did not mention your opinion of "The Life." I have been greatly pleased with it. I should have made it a little shorter, and I would have dispensed with some strong passages; but on the whole I think it a great work, a worthy record of one of England's worthiest sons, written with great vigour and ability. It will add much to Bosworth Smith's literary reputation. Having never been in India, it is extraordinary how few mistakes he has made; of course there will always be differences of opinion both regarding events and persons, but his object has been the truth, and nothing but the truth. He feels, as they said of Dr. Arnold,

any cruelty or injustice as a blow, and therefore in some cases he might have modified expressions; but his whole heart has been in the subject, and he must have gone through immense labour to have brought out such a satisfactory record. I have been glad to find Lord Halifax is well, and energetic and keen as ever about public questions. I have been very much broken in health lately, and miss not being able to go to my clubs.

'Very sincerely yours,

'Wm. I. Eastwick.'

In the beginning of 1863 the Princess Alexandra of Denmark came to London, and we saw her entry from Lord Cadogan's house in Piccadilly. Horace, who was four years old, went to St. James's Palace to see her pass. Her beauty delighted the English people, before they knew that this was the least of those charms which year by year have endeared her more and more to the land of her adoption, and made us all say what Tennyson wrote:

> Come to us, love us and make us your own:
> For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
> Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
> We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
> Alexandra!

It was a lovely sight. An exceptionally early spring, which Tennyson in his Marriage Ode alluded to, had made Windsor more than usually beautiful, and the brilliant uniforms and dresses in the chapel were very impressive. The sun shone out in great brilliancy in the middle of the service, and lit up all the colours of the banners and plaques over the Knights' heads. The Queen was in her galleried pew over the altar. Later on I was one day doubting the account of Lord Palmerston's tears, which in the 'Prince Consort's Life' flowed so easily, when Lord Granville said it was quite true. 'At the Prince of Wales's marriage I recollect showing him the Queen in her gallery, when he quite broke down and shed tears.'

In November of 1863 our third son was born, Gilbert Richard, Lord Richard Cavendish being his godfather. He became, to our joy and pride, a distinguished officer in the navy; served in the Cape during the African campaign—for which he obtained the medal—and in China, North America, and Egypt, for which he got the English medal and the Khedive's star. He was very early made a First Lieutenant of the 'Cocka-

trice,' on which ship he contracted a heart complaint; but he bravely concealed his certain death—which he knew, as we learnt afterwards—came home to die, and after crowning a brave life with a fair death in May 1892, was buried at Wanborough, carried to his grave by sailors.

On the last day of the year died the Nestor of English politics, Lord Lansdowne, at a great age. He had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Lord Henry Petty, in the short-lived Ministry of All the Talents; as was said in some fine lines that appeared in 'Punch:'

> He fought with Pitt, and served with Fox,
> He shared the struggles of a fiercer time than ours.

On that day Thackeray was buried, and I went to his funeral with Mrs. John Leslie[1] at Kensal Green. He was a great friend of hers, and spent many hours in her company. His death was very sudden, as he was engaged to dine with her on the Sunday before his death; his letter saying Fate and the Doctor prevented him from keeping his engagement was the last he ever wrote.

[1] Now Lady Constance Leslie.

Standing by his open grave was Charles Dickens, looking bowed down with sorrow; and John Leech and Millais wept as the coffin was lowered to its last resting-place.

How curious it is to find, on looking back, that, just as at present, we English people seem to be incapable of ever thinking of more than one thing at a time! Each year, or probably each month, has its well-defined subjects.

In 1864 it was Garibaldi and nothing else that possessed us during his short visit. We went to see him at Mr. Seeley's; he took up Horace in his arms and kissed him. He was a splendid figure, and quite embodied all our ideas of a hero.

We spent a great deal of time very happily at Latimer, a charming place in Bucks, belonging to Lord Chesham; used to fish in the Chess, and hunt with the old Berkeley hounds, and drink a great deal of claret, which was always good. Indeed, this was the last house in which I have seen a horseshoe mahogany table drawn round the fire, and bottle after bottle of claret disappear. Sir Archibald Macdonald told us of a friend, who desired him always to say if a

bottle was not in good order; once he did so. 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' said the friend, 'do ring the bell;' but when the butler appeared he was told to bring coffee instead of another bottle.

The beauty and the charm of the Danish Princess had made Danes of us all, and everybody was full of sympathy for the gallant little nation at bay with Germany over the Schleswig-Holstein question.

It is said that Lord John Russell, as well as Lord Palmerston, was for redeeming the encouragement given by the latter, and throwing in our lot with Denmark; but it was understood that, on finding that they could not reckon on any support from France, the rest of the Cabinet had outvoted them.

In July Mr. Disraeli moved a resolution condemning the Government. I was in the House of Commons when Lord Palmerston rose to defend his Government, and I was much surprised to hear him, after devoting a short time to the justification of his foreign policy, taking credit for all the financial triumphs of Mr. Gladstone, though those who were behind the

scenes knew that he had not given them much support during their discussion in the Cabinet. The vote of Want of Confidence was lost by eighteen votes.

In the autumn of 1864 we paid a visit to Rushmore, Lord Rivers' place in Dorsetshire, which we enjoyed immensely. We settled to pay another visit the following September; but never went there again, for within a short time the only remaining son had died, the prettiest daughter had been killed by lightning on her wedding tour, the father had been ruined, and he and Lady Rivers had both died.

In 1865 we sold our cottage at Wembley, and were persuaded by Mr. George Glyn to take possession of an old farm called Hill House, on the borders of his park at Stanmore. Close to us was a little church where it was said Handel, while listening to the hammer strokes on the anvil of an adjoining forge, composed on the organ his 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' The frescoed ceiling is still there, where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre, and within a mile of it is the scene of Boadicea's great victory.

I never missed a possible opportunity of

attending the debates in the House of Commons, and was there when it was announced that Cobden had died—the great Free-trader and opponent of the Corn Laws. Disraeli made a pretty allusion to his spirit still being present at their debates as one of the members who 'are independent of the caprices of constituencies, of dissolutions, and even the course of time.'

Bright told me that during the Corn Law struggle the secretary of the League came to see him in London, and went with him into the Reform Club; Mr. Rawson, overcome with the magnificence of that splendid Italian building, put his hand on Bright's arm and said: 'John, John, how can we keep honest if we live in such palaces as this?'

I was present at the end of the session, when charges were made against Lord Westbury, famous for his talents, his acrid tongue, and for jobs committed as Lord Chancellor, which forced him to resign office. He was succeeded by my father's old friend of New Street days, Lord Cranworth. Many stories are told of Lord Westbury's wit and sharp sayings. On his becoming Solicitor-General in Lord Palmerston's

Government, he was called upon by the committee of the Conservative Club to resign his membership. Before obeying, he presented himself and addressed them. He had a small and, if I may use the expression, a mincing or finicking voice. Someone at the end of the room called out: 'Speak up!' 'I should have thought,' he said, 'that the ears of anyone in this committee were long enough to have heard me.'

A deputation came to see him as Attorney-General, and, having heard his advice, their spokesman said they would like to retire to make up their minds. He replied: 'Certainly, retire from this room, and when you have made up what you are pleased to call your minds you will return, but you will not find me here.'

When the horses in his carriage bolted, he shouted out to his coachman: 'Drive into something cheap!'

There is a touching story of him which Sir William Gull told me, and, though I think it has been mentioned in his Life, it is good enough to be repeated.

He was dying of a painful disease, and said

to Sir William and Sir James Paget: 'Surely this is, if ever there was, a case for Euthanasia, or the happy despatch.'

They argued with him that their duty was to preserve life, and on the following day he said: 'I suppose you were right. I have been thinking over the story of what the Roundhead said when he met the Royalist in Heaven. He was surprised at his presence, and asked him how it had come about. The Royalist answered:

> Between the saddle and the ground
> I mercy sought and mercy found.

I suppose you think that might be my case.'

In reading his Life I was struck by an error into which biographers often fall. Instead of enlarging on the cleverness which brought the son of an obscure village apothecary to the highest office of the State, his biographer labours to trace his descent from some ancient Welsh king.

When George IV. was descanting at a Mansion House dinner on the merits of the English Constitution, in which all could distinguish themselves, he said, turning to Lord Chancellor Eldon, whose father had been a

porter: 'My noble friend, sprung from the very dregs of the people, now fills the highest office in the State;' and Lord Eldon did not like it.

In October 1865, after a very short illness, died Lord Palmerston, who as Foreign Minister had filled and brightened so many pages of English history, who had so well understood the English character, and who had achieved a position in its way unrivalled. His 'Civis Romanus sum' was the embodiment of a feeling truly British, before it had degenerated into the vulgar phase of Jingoism. He was a great loss to his country and a greater loss to the Government, of which he was the head. I attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey, and as his body was being lowered in the grave a brilliant ray of sunshine fell on his coffin. It was a public funeral of a man who had died as Prime Minister, and, curiously enough, neither Lord Derby nor Mr. Disraeli attended it, nor, as far as I could hear, any leading members of the Opposition except Lord Salisbury. Coming away, Sir Charles Wood said to me: 'Our quiet days are over; no more peace for us;' and his words

were soon to be verified. Lord John Russell became Prime Minister; but somehow things in the Session of 1866 went wrong; a terrible scourge of plague had fallen on our cattle; there had been an outbreak in Jamaica, cruelly repressed by Governor Eyre; a financial crisis had occurred: Overend & Gurney put up their shutters on a day which is still well remembered in the City as 'Black Monday;' Ireland was restless; and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, as usual.

In November, when working at the India Office, I received the news of Sir Charles Wood's bad fall while hunting at Hickleton. He was riding a horse which was very nervous, and unfortunately, before starting, he had asked Lady Mary's maid for a piece of cord for his hat; she had given him a bit of elastic, and by some chance his hat came off and banged up and down on his horse's quarters, which drove him nearly mad. Sir Charles was a fine rider, and managed to keep his seat, but, coming to a field at the end of which was a quarry, he foresaw his danger, and tried to drop on his arm on a low stone wall, instead of which he fell on his head

and sustained a concussion of the brain. The next day I received the following letter from his son, giving me his account of the accident:

'My father is going on as well as possible, and the doctor says all will be well if he will only be quiet for the next few days. This he says to himself is all nonsense, and that he is quite well; but, nonsense or not, quiet he shall be. He will not come to London before Monday week.

'The accident happened from his hat, which was fastened by a string, blowing off and frightening his horse, who plunged and reared and darted off in a way that was awful to see.

'My father contrived to turn him once, but at last fell backwards against a wall.

'He was quite unconscious for some minutes, and I can hardly bear to think of him, as I saw him, motionless and covered with blood.

'The whole thing happened close to Mr. Armytage's, so that we got him into a cottage, whence, after a little, he contrived to walk home. I am most thankful that my mother did

not see him till she saw him walk into the room, and still more thankful that it is no worse; it might have been most serious.

'I shall be in London on Monday, and perhaps you can manage not to send his bag for a day or two; after that I hope he may be about again, but the doctor is anxious he should be very quiet.

'Yours affectionately,

'C. L. W.'

As he was now recovering, I thought it was a good opportunity to have a day's hunting with the Old Berkeley, and in the middle of the run I got a tremendous fall over a stiff wattled fence; I pitched full on my head and heard a crash which I thought was my skull, but fortunately it turned out to be my hat, which was completely telescoped. The rapidity of my ideas struck me as curious, for in that instant of time it occurred to me it was a strange coincidence that the same thing should have happened to me so soon after the accident to my chief.

Though Sir Charles's recovery was complete, he thought it wiser to retire from the cares and

responsibilities of office. There was great sorrow and consternation in the India Office, where he was much loved, and Lady Mary wrote me the following letter:

Belgrave Square: Monday Evening.

'My dear Algie,—I thank you very much for your very kind note—it is pleasant to me to hear that my husband's services are appreciated by those who know most of him, for I do not think he has always met with justice from others. The only part in the business that really grieves me is the change it may make to you and Mary. The India Office does not afford much means of doing anything for anybody in this country. I do hope Lord de Grey (I assume that it will be Lord de Grey) may be able to keep you on—I am sure for his own sake he ought to do so—for your knowledge and experience in the office could not but be most useful to him. If he does, it may in the end be better for you to be employed by a person who is likely to take an active part in politics for years to come.

'*I* look forward with more pleasure than I can well express to having my husband so much more with me. He is very tired to-night, but he

has had two harassing days, and the letter to the Queen was a difficult one to write. I cannot help being pleased at her regretting him so much—and I have a very pretty note from Sir Erskine Perry describing what took place in the Council.

'Ever affectionately yours,

'Mary Wood.'

To me it was a great blow, as I had thoroughly enjoyed my work and association with him.

The 'Times' well described what that work had been:

'As a monument of his industry, ability, and judgment, Sir Charles Wood may fairly point to his six years' administration of India, during a period of unexampled difficulty at home and abroad; he found everything in disorder and had everything to reconstruct.

'He had to recast the whole judicial system of India; to create for her a paper currency; to superintend the remodelling of her taxation and the reorganisation of her finances; he had to develop a railway system, and last, and most

difficult of all, to carry through the Herculean labour of amalgamating the Queen's armies.

'Where is the man possessed of that extent and variety of knowledge, that quickness, industry, and versatility, that acquaintance with matters financial, military, naval, judicial, and political, which will enable him to deal with a firm and unfaltering hand with the mighty destinies of 150,000,000 of the human race?'

He became Viscount Halifax, and was succeeded at the India Office by Lord de Grey, who made me his private secretary, an appointment I did not hold for very long, as I was made Deputy-Director of the Indian Military Funds, the management of which, after the abolition of the East India Company, had devolved on the Crown. The work was uninteresting, and the chief advantage to me was that I served under Mr. Seccombe, the Financial Secretary to the Council, one of the ablest, and certainly the kindest of the East India Company's servants, few of whom remained in office under the Crown.

It was in 1865 that I first became personally acquainted with Sir Charles Trevelyan.

He had been Secretary of the Treasury from 1840 to 1859; Governor of Madras till 1860, when he returned to this country till 1865, when Sir Charles Wood, overlooking the breach of discipline of which he had been guilty at Madras, appointed him as the Financial Member of the Governor-General's Council. He was extraordinarily hard-working, and just before he started for India he asked me if I could supply him with Blue Books to entertain him on his journey, saying that he devoured them all with avidity, and that I could not provide him with too many.

Sir John Kaye, the brilliant author of 'The Sepoy War,' who on the transfer of the Government of India to the Crown had succeeded John Stuart Mill as Secretary of the Secret and Political Department in the India Office, showed his kindness to me by writing an article in the Anglo-Indian newspaper on my appointment as Deputy-Director of Indian Military Funds, in which he said that the only criticism that could be made on it was that I was too young, but that was a fault which time would cure. He gave me valuable help in

editing my work on Indian History, for I had some spare time which I devoted to writing an account of Sir Charles Wood's Administration of India. My book was a great success in every other than a financial point of view.

Many were the stories I heard of Charles Lamb, who in the preface of his 'Essays of Elia' said that they were only the production of his idle hours; his serious work lay in the archives of the India House.

An American came over to study these documents, which Kaye told me could nowhere be found. The story of Lamb's answer to the East India Directors, who blamed him for coming too late to his office, when he said: 'It is true that I come late, but I always leave early,' is too old a friend to omit; but some lines he wrote on his duties are perhaps not so well known. It was the custom of the India House always to give tea to any clerk coming before ten o'clock in the morning, and Charles Lamb wrote:

From ten to eleven
Eat breakfast for seven.
From eleven to noon
Think I've come too soon.
From noon to one
Think what's to be done.

From one to two
Find nothing to do.
From two to three
Think it will be
A very great bore
To stay till four.

In 1866 Mr. Goschen, who had distinguished himself at college and was a member for the City, having written a work on Foreign Exchanges, was *per saltum* put into the Cabinet by Lord John Russell. I was told by one of his colleagues that this was done without anybody's knowledge, and therefore without any consultation whatever.

Lord Russell's Reform Bill, which was introduced in 1866, provoked serious opposition; and a number of weak-kneed Liberals deserted their party and found their way into what John Bright humorously described as the Cave of Adullam, 'in which everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves together.' Not the splendid oratorical eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, eclipsing even that of John Bright, could save the Bill from ever-decreasing majorities. The debates on that occasion rose

to the highest pitch, and Mr. Gladstone's excelled, in my opinion, any speech he had made before or since. His peroration on Lord Dunkellin's amendment was far away the finest I ever heard. 'The banner,' he said, 'which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps at some moment of the struggle it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again and catch the eye of Heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of a triumphant people, not to an easy but to a certain and not far distant victory.'

The excitement in the House was tremendous. Disraeli, who had preceded him, had been in his happiest vein; and the result of the division was awaited with breathless anxiety. When the numbers were announced, the Reform Bill was dead, and with it the fate of the Government was decided.

Lowe, who had been the life and soul of the Adullamite party which he had formed, had a complete triumph. Through the whole of the protracted debates he had attacked the Government with all the skill of a guerilla chief.

He had entered late into English political life; a scholar of high culture; a strange com-

bination of a Tory and a Radical, scarcely knowing which he despised most; a terrible parliamentary critic; and he attained a high reputation as a speaker. In opposition he was as effective as he proved himself later to be ineffective in statement and defence; and this, I think, was to be explained from his being a nervous and epigrammatic speaker, requiring all the cheers which he freely got from the Tory benches to fill up the gaps between each incisive sentence; these, in later days, when he was in office, not being forthcoming, his speeches became halting and almost painful to hear. I was in the House during the sad scene of his final breakdown.

Those who remember, or who have read, the Reform debates of 1866 will be struck by the constant Latin quotations made use of, which since that time have almost entirely been discontinued.

I recollect on an earlier occasion how Bernal Osborne, drawing into his service some hackneyed and well-worn Latin quotation, paused and said, 'Which, for the benefit of the moneyed classes sitting around me, I will translate.'

Thus ended for the time the Reform Bill and the Government, and with it the long political life of Lord Russell. The opening of his career had been illumined by the passing of Lord Grey's Reform Bill of 1832; the ending of his career was clouded by the failure of his own Reform Bill of 1866.

Born in the Whig purple as a Reformer, he remained a Reformer till his old age and his death. He had never been an admirer of Peel, and once when staying at Minto with my brother, and when the party were playing in the evening at the game of *bouts-rimés*, he wrote:

> I ne'er was a soldier of Peel,
> Nor e'er did I sit at his back;
> For while he wriggled about like an eel,
> I swam straight on like a jack.

To Lord Derby was now given the unpleasant task of forming a Government which must of necessity be in a minority. No sooner had he assumed the reins of Government than the country became alive with agitation in favour of Reform. A great demonstration was to be held in Hyde Park, and Mr. Walpole, who was Home Secretary, attempted to prohibit it; but

the people pushed down the rails of the Park and held their meeting. The Foot Guards were called out and were cheered by the populace, who were perfectly good-natured; but the Government was alarmed, and Spencer Walpole resigned the Home Office and was succeeded by Mr. Gathorne-Hardy.

In the autumn of this year the submarine telegraph was successfully laid between this country and America, and messages passed between the Queen and the President.

Our youngest son, Augustus William, was born at Hill House, Harrow Weald, where we were then living, in August 1866. Princess Christian was his godmother, and Lord Barrington and Colonel Sotheby his godfathers.

My father had been ill with gout, and I went with him to Wiesbaden, where we met and saw much of Lord Clarendon. The place certainly did not suit me, though it did my father good, and I came back as quickly as I could.

In 1866 Father Prout died in Paris. He had been French correspondent of the 'Globe,' and was very witty. Writing about the financial smash of Felix Solar, he said how all

his many friends had fallen away from him—that the popular 'Felix' was now 'Monsieur Solar,' and quoted these appropriate lines:

> Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos:
> Nubila cum veniunt plurima *Solar* eris.

On December 30 I walked down with my son Horace to see Lady de Grey, who lived in the house where Pitt died, on Wimbledon Common. On reaching the top of Putney Hill, we saw in the distance the fire which was raging at the Crystal Palace, destroying, as we afterwards learnt, the whole of the north wing of the building.

In February 1867 Parliament met, and we were not surprised to hear that Disraeli was at once going to deal with Reform. Needless to say, the Tories were trying their old, old game of outbidding their Liberal opponents. He attempted to deal with the question by resolutions, but had soon to abandon this course of procedure and promised a Reform Bill. Then followed the resignations of Lords Cranborne and Carnarvon and General Peel; and I remember the merriment that was caused by a speech delivered by

Sir John Pakington to his constituents on the situation. It appeared that Disraeli, with a clear view to eventualities, had prepared two bills, one more comprehensive than the other; the more moderate of the two was explained to the Cabinet, but, seeing it was coldly received, he produced the more comprehensive one to his remaining colleagues, only ten minutes before he had to explain it in the House of Commons, and hence it was called the 'Ten Minutes Bill.'

The clause giving the franchise to householders was added in Committee. The Bill was remodelled by the Opposition, and its character was practically summed up as follows by John Stuart Mill in a speech to a large meeting in St. James's Hall: 'Mr. Disraeli offers his Reform Bill to the householders of the towns, and they say "Thank you, Mr. Gladstone."'

In this month Lord Barrington died, and I went to his funeral at Becket. Amongst the mourners was William Ashley, who had recently gone into the wine trade, and I was much pleased to see how in his grief, which was genuine and sincere, he did not neglect his business.

'Poor dear William,' he said, in a voice

breaking with emotion, 'how often I have enjoyed his hospitality, and what good claret he had! By-the-by,' turning to his neighbours, 'I have got some of it on hand now which I could let you have at a price;' and before the train came up he had obtained two orders!

We were then living in a little house in James Street, Buckingham Gate, which, being near to the House of Commons, gave us many opportunities of having pleasant dinners, consisting of men who escaped for an hour or two and brought us the last news; George Glyn, Bo Grosvenor, Alfred Seymour, Stansfeld, and others, were constant guests on those occasions.

In the spring I had a slight attack of ophthalmia, and my eyes were so bad that I was shut up in a dark room. On the Derby Day we went down to Hill House in a terrific snowstorm! It is commonly said that the race for the Derby was run in it, but really it cleared just as the race came off.

We stayed several times at Hazelwood, Lady Rokeby's, who had there made a most lovely garden, to which she was devoted. Lord Rokeby was an old Waterloo officer, and had lived to

command the Guards in the Crimea. He was always ready to talk and to tell long stories in execrable French; but he was hospitable and kind, and much beloved by his family and friends.

In the autumn we paid a short visit to Westbrook, a place near Boxmoor belonging to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who had played a great part in Eastern politics, where we met Lord Lyons and listened attentively to all their talk on the Eastern Question. Motley described Lord Stratford de Redcliffe as 'charming, interesting, straightforward, a fine specimen of a manly, incorruptible, prejudiced, choleric, handsome, sympathetic, diplomatic, thoughtful, wrong-thinking octogenarian of the elder epoch.'

This year there was a magnificent ball at the India Office, given to the Sultan, paid for by the Indian Government—an unjustifiable proceeding in my opinion; the ball was very lovely, though a shocking tragedy occurred in the death of Madame Musurus, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador, who was taken suddenly ill and died on the spot.

On a dark and gloomy night in the winter we

were startled by the account of a great explosion at the House of Detention at Clerkenwell, where some Fenian prisoners were in custody, and I went to see the many houses that were wrecked; and a short time after I gained admission to Bow Street to see the committal of those implicated in this outrage. It was a curious sight, for I passed through a line of policemen armed with cutlasses and revolvers, and looking up to the skylight I saw there more police equally armed.

Sybil, the beautiful daughter of General and Mrs. Grey, and my wife's first cousin, was married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on June 20, 1867, to the Duke of St. Albans. The chapel itself is as gloomy and unpretentious a building as can well be imagined, and yet it was a pretty sight to see the little procession come across the colour yard in the bright summer day and bring the sunshine in with them.

CHAPTER IX

1868–1869

Kirkman Hodgson: his Mother's Reminiscence of Robespierre—Moor Park and Cassiobury—John Stuart Mill's Candidature for Westminster—Death of Lord Brougham: his Wit and Egotism—Mr. Gladstone's Return to Power—I am Appointed his Private Secretary—William Bramston Gurdon: his Quixotic Conscientiousness—Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone—Bobsy Meade—Mr. Arthur Helps—Mr. Reeve—Mr. Arthur Arnold—Residence in Downing Street—Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Church Disestablishment—His Great Speech on March 1, 1869—Mr. Gladstone at the Derby—Holidays at Walmer Castle—Walks with Mr. Gladstone—Irish Church Bill Carried—End of the Session—At Highgate with George Glyn: his Three Ambitions—Holidays at Fincastle—De Grey's Rifle-shooting—Henry Austin Bruce: his Unselfish Character.

When living at Hill House we saw a great deal of our neighbour Kirkman Hodgson, a very distinguished Governor of the Bank of England. His mother—who was then alive, and lived until 1886—recollected, as a little girl in Paris, being lifted on her father's shoulders to avoid the pressure of the crowd, and seeing the executioner hold up the head of Robespierre,

with a bandage fastened below his jaw. Hodgson was excellent company, and told us that when he was standing for Bristol a bigoted clergyman, speaking on the Tory side, asked with regard to him: 'Do you suppose that that jovial millionaire ever devotes a moment's consideration to the state of his own soul?'

Amongst our other neighbours were Lord and Lady Essex at Cassiobury, and Lord and Lady Ebury at Moor Park.

I always thought, and still think, Moor Park a beautiful specimen of a huge Italian villa, with its great hall decorated by Amiconi, and its splendid trees pollarded, it was said, by the Duchess of Monmouth in sorrowful remembrance of Monmouth's execution, or, as others said, to prevent them being used for the Royal Navy. Horace Walpole sneered most unjustly at it, saying: 'All Capability Brown had done to it was to undulate the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, fully as unnatural as if drawn with a rule and compass.'

Cassiobury was of a different type, and very picturesque, with a lovely trout stream running through the park.

Previous to the general election of 1868 I attended a meeting at St. James's Hall to hear John Stuart Mill and Bo Grosvenor, who were standing for Westminster. A ducal magnate, who had been at Eton and Oxford, had written a very foolish letter to a country clergyman, to the effect that he would withdraw his subscription from his schools if he did not vote for a Tory. This was hooted at from the body of the hall. John Stuart Mill said: 'This, my friends, should teach us a lesson of deep humiliation. If you or I had received such an education as this unhappy duke, who knows but what you and I might not have written an equally foolish letter!'

Early in the session Mr. Gladstone had declared that in his opinion the time had come when the Irish Church, as a State institution, must cease to exist; and those who believed in him knew that the shame and disgrace of an alien Church in Ireland would shortly disappear.

Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were carried by large majorities, after debates of a very high order on both sides of the House.

About this time Lord Brougham, who had

long left public life, quietly died at Cannes. I had never known him except by sight. He was more talked about and caricatured than any man of his time. Thackeray, meeting him at Miss Berry's, said he was enormously good fun, boiling over with humorous mischief, and the best and wickedest old fellow he had ever met. His motto was 'Pro rege, lege, grege,' and in Reform times he had the 'lege' written in italics, making it—instead of as originally meant, 'For king, law, and people'—'For king read people.'

He was a fine speaker, and was aware of it; for on being asked by a lady who was the first orator in the House of Lords, he answered: 'I consider Stanley the second.'

Alfred Montgomery, an old friend of his, one day received a letter purporting to come from a Mr. Shafto, telling him that Lord Brougham had been thrown from his carriage and killed. Sorry as he was for the loss of a great friend, he was unable to resist the strange fascination of being the first to tell of his death. He rushed off with the sad news to Lady Blessington at Kensington Gore, and then posted off

to Lord Wellesley, who at that time was living near Windsor, dropping the news as he passed at the Castle. Obituary notices filled all the morning papers the next day, and then it turned out that Brougham was not dead at all, but had perpetrated the hoax to see what would be said of him. Whether he was pleased with the result or not, I cannot say.

When the autumn came, the long-expected election was to take place and the results of Lord Derby's leap in the dark were to become known. What happened is now a matter of history. Mr. Gladstone was returned by a triumphant majority; and the fiat against the existence of the Irish Church as an establishment had been ratified by the enlarged constituencies of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

In November 1868 Lady Caroline Barrington enclosed to me a kind letter from the Queen to her, saying she had appointed me a Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, an office involving no arduous duties, but pleasant, in that it gave me every opportunity of making many agreeable acquaintances, and of seeing in an easy manner all the State pageants of the

day; it also gave us the *entrée*, which was a privilege very acceptable to my wife.

The formation of Mr. Gladstone's first Government was the most rapidly constituted Administration on record, except Lord Grey's, in 1830. On that occasion the Duke of Wellington resigned on November 16, and Lord Grey's Ministry was installed on the 22nd of the month. We were dining on December 23 at Lady Adelaide Cadogan's in South Audley Street, when the butler brought in a letter for me, saying in a pompous voice: 'The messenger has brought it from Mr. Gladstone,' which caused a dead pause; it was marked '*Immediate and Private.*' On opening it, I found it was to ask me to call on him as early as I could. As I read it to myself, I felt conscious that *whatever* I did would look foolish; to say nothing would be mysterious, to look important would be silly; so I said what had occurred, and asked my host what I should do, prefacing it by the remark that it was probably only on some small subject connected with the India Office on which Mr. Gladstone wanted information. However, as dinner was just over—we

had dined early on our way to a theatre—it was decided that I should go at once to 11 Carlton House Terrace, which I did, but found that Mr. Gladstone had gone out to dinner. I saw his son Stephen, and arranged to call at eleven o'clock the following morning. The next day I was kindly received in the hall by Mrs. Gladstone, who at once ushered me into Mr. Gladstone's library, and I then had my first interview with him. He was sitting, as I see him now, at his writing table, wearing a dark frock-coat, with a flower in his buttonhole; a pair of brown trousers with a dark stripe down them, after the fashion of twenty years earlier; a somewhat disordered neckcloth and large collar, the never-ending subject of so much merriment in contemporaneous caricature; and I noticed the black finger-stall which he invariably adjusted over the amputated finger on his left hand before he began to write. An upward and almost annoyed look at the interruption caused by my entrance melted into a kindly smile as Mrs. Gladstone told him who I was.

He was surrounded with a mass of accumulated correspondence, which added to my

involuntary awe in approaching him; but he at once in a flattering way asked me to be his private secretary. I cannot describe the delight with which I accepted his offer. My admiration of him as a public man was very great, and I had never so keenly cared for any political question as for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

In a few minutes Mr. Gladstone had put into my hands a huge despatch-box full of correspondence in connection with the formation of his Government. It was then that I understood why Sir Robert Peel described it as the hardest task that could fall upon a Minister.

The modesty of a few and the pretensions of many—who reminded me of the Persian proverb, 'They came to shoe the Pasha's horses, and the beetle stretched out his leg'—the overweening selfishness of some, and the qualifications and aspirations of those eager for office, and a particular office; the vested-interest claim, which held that a man once included in a Government should ever after have a right to a higher office in each succeeding Administration—all this lay open before me.

How few of these aspirants but are beyond their hopes and their disappointments now!

I soon left, promising to make arrangements with the Duke of Argyll to enable me temporarily to leave the office I held under the Duke as Director of Indian Military Funds.

I proposed to give 100*l.* a year to my second in command during my absence, and 120*l.* to a new clerk, so my pecuniary gain by my private secretaryship was 80*l.* per annum. Herman Merivale, who was the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India, was most kind in helping me out with these arrangements, and before the day was over all was settled, and I was installed in the beautiful big drawing-room of Downing Street, with William Bramston Gurdon from the Treasury as my colleague.

Gurdon was possessed of tremendous industry and strong opinions, and had a conscientiousness in regard to public money and its expenditure which even in these pure days was almost Quixotic.

He was Secretary to the Monetary Commission which sat in Paris, and on him devolved the duty of checking the accounts. On one occasion

he deducted 2*s.* 6*d.* from the hotel bill and charged it to a distinguished member of the Commission, who had casually asked his son, who was on his way through Paris, to the luncheon provided for the commissioners. At the same time he refused to pass any bills for washing, as that, he said, would have been as necessary at home as abroad; but he made one exception in favour of a member who he ascertained had a laundry of his own at home and would therefore be exposed to extra cost by having his linen washed in Paris.

When he was on a mission with which he was entrusted in Africa, he put some private letters in an official envelope to secure their safety, but was careful to explain that he had purchased and destroyed a sufficient number of colonial stamps so that the colonial exchequer should not suffer.

The division of work was, as far as possible, soon arranged; he was to deal with Treasury matters and the administration of the Civil List and Royal Bounty, while I was to act in matters unofficial but political, and especially in all questions affecting patronage. This happily

brought me into close and confidential relations with the leader of the House of Lords—Lord Granville—and I rarely missed a day without seeing him. Those of his friends who remain will know and appreciate the value of what I then thought a privilege, and now hold amongst the happiest of my recollections.

His tact and soothing qualities in the Cabinet and in the House of Lords worked wonders; and to all in any difficulties, social or political, he was ever ready to listen and to advise; but the charm of his manners and his conversation were not reserved for society, as is so often the case, but shone forth in his home and with his family, where I was so often admitted.

Few things are more curious than the devoted and unbroken friendship that existed between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville; curious, because the two men were so distinct in their separate individualities—Mr. Gladstone immersed in literature or theology when not occupied in controversial polemics, the other a keen lover of sport and amusements, naturally indolent, devoted to the lighter and social side of life; and yet I can say without fear of

contradiction that no breath of jealousy and suspicion ever ruffled even the surface of their friendship, notwithstanding the difficulties that arose after the election of 1885.

By some inexplicable and unfortunate blunder, the fact that the seals of the Foreign Office were not again to be in his hands was not communicated to him by Mr. Gladstone. The next day I told him that Lord Granville was not unnaturally grieved. 'If that is the case,' said he, 'I will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and he shall be Prime Minister, and you have my authority to tell him so.'

Lord Granville's charm was only equalled by that of his private secretary, who was always familiarly known as Bobsy Meade. He was the son of Lord Clanwilliam, and inherited some of his social qualities and much of his aristocratic indifference. It was said of his father when a young man, that he was so sought after and overwhelmed with notes that he gave up answering them; and when he was dressing for dinner he used to ask his valet what were his invitations for the day, and he would then choose that which he might consider the most agreeable.

This, I am sure, was not true, for it would have been a rudeness of which he was utterly incapable; but Bobsy, who had that charm of manner and delightful voice which are denied to most of us, was quite capable of saying to a friend who asked him to dinner: 'No, thank you; I think I shall be more comfortable at home.' Nothing he ever said or did could offend.

Naturally indolent, he was, *malgré lui*, the most industrious and capable of officials; and he ruled the Colonial Office, to which he was subsequently appointed, with a kindly but determined persuasiveness.

He told me once that one of his official subordinates called on him, asking if he might take a holiday. The Parliamentary work was in full swing, and he demurred, until he heard that the applicant was suffering from insomnia.

'Oh,' said Bobsy Meade, who was most sympathetic, 'by all means go. How terrible it must be, going to bed and tossing sleeplessly about!'

'No, it is not that,' said the sufferer, 'for I

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always go to sleep the moment I put my head on the pillow at eleven o'clock.'

'Ah, then you wake at three or four o'clock, I suppose, and cannot go to sleep again?'

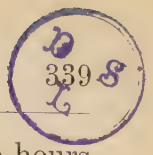
'No, I cannot say that, but recently I have found that I have taken to waking at six o'clock and never closing my eyes again, and I am getting rather alarmed.'

Another time Bobsy Meade was horrified at the inhuman way in which executions in Malta were conducted, and thought he could not do better than consult Marwood, the executioner, who at his invitation came to see him at the Colonial Office.

He found him an earnest advocate of what he professionally called 'the long drop,' which he maintained was the most rapid way of putting a man out of existence. Mr. Marwood was not a highly educated man, but he illustrated his process by saying:

'There was Mr. Peace, a small man; I gave him a six-foot drop, and I hassure you, sir, he passed hoff like a summer heve.'

It was not long before I made acquaintance with Mr. Arthur Helps, who was at that time



Clerk of the Council, and many were the hours in which we talked together on a thousand questions, of which he always took a pessimistic view; but this, oddly enough, did not detract from the charm of his conversation.

I told him that the book of his which I liked far the best was 'Essays Written in the Intervals of Business,' which he declared he had entirely forgotten.

I sometimes also saw Mr. Reeve, the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review' and of Charles Greville's 'Memoirs,' whose somewhat pompous solemnity made me think how witty Sydney Smith was when he was told Mr. Reeve had the gout. 'Gout!' he said. 'I should have thought rheumatism was good enough for him.'

Mr. Arthur Arnold was at this time editor of the 'Echo,' which was a most successful newspaper. He told me that Mr. Charles Villiers was in the habit of writing to him on matters of personal gossip, and part of this he, as an editor, could not resist inserting in his newspaper. Mr. Gladstone disapproved of what he thought was copying an evil habit imported from America, and asked me to convey a hint to the editor,

which I did; and had I not known him better in later days, I should have been more astonished at the kind and generous way he took the hint and abandoned the practice.

We soon found that in the press of business it became necessary that a private secretary should always be in Downing Street, and, as Mr. Gladstone was living in his house in Carlton House Terrace, he allowed me to take possession of his official residence.

Downing Street, I may add, is curiously connected with our family history. On May 26, 1833, during her grandfather's administration, my wife was born there, as I have said. After Lord Grey's resignation, I cannot find that anybody occupied the house officially until her brother, Charles Barrington, who was private secretary to Lord Palmerston when he was Prime Minister in 1855, took up his residence there; and later on, in 1869, during Mr. Gladstone's first administration, we lived in it. But the coincidence does not end here, for the house had been originally given to my great-great-grandfather, Sir Robert Walpole, who refused to accept it as a private gift, but made it an official

residence for successive First Lords of the Treasury.

My life now became stereotyped. I moved into the little room looking to the west, and into this room I went every morning to open letters, which poured in at every hour of the day.

At half-past nine breakfast was brought to me there, and by eleven o'clock I had succeeded in analysing the correspondence. Mr. Gladstone's mode of dealing with it has been so fully described in Sir Edward Hamilton's charming monograph that it need not be repeated here.

The late Government had not handed over foreign affairs in a very satisfactory state. Greece and Turkey were flying at each other's throats, and yet within a few days of Christmas Mr. Gladstone, to my astonishment, gave me the whole framework of the plan of his Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. If it be compared with the law as it passed the House of Commons, it will be found that, after all the discussions and amendments, the original plan was adhered to in every point of principle if not of detail.

There was no Christmas holiday for us, and

the new year only made our work more constant and engrossing up to the meeting of Parliament, when it did not diminish, but rather assumed a different aspect.

Mr. Gladstone was daily occupied in correspondence and important interviews on the subject of the Irish Church, which entirely absorbed every hour of his day; but each interview elucidated some knotty point or silenced some objections; while through it all remained his original scheme.

In the spring of 1869 I sent Mr. Gladstone an article written in the 'Spectator.' He at once answered:

May 17, 1869.

'My dear West,—How kind of you to send me the "Spectator!" But it is far too flattering; and I always say that men in my life (with a *few* exceptions, such as Sir James Graham), if they sometimes get undeserved blame, get a great deal more of praise which is in excess of their just claims. Of none is this more true than of me.

'Yours sincerely,

'W. E. Gladstone.'

The afternoon of March 1, 1869, on which Mr. Gladstone made his great speech on the Disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, I was with him at his house at 3.45, and he had not then finally arranged the order of it, and was sitting in his armchair reading Shakespeare—no doubt refreshing his mind with the words of King Lear, which he afterwards quoted, when Edgar endeavours to persuade Gloucester that he has fallen over the cliffs of Dover:

> Ten masts at each make not the altitude
> Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
> Thy life 's a miracle.

He calculated that his speech would occupy three hours in delivery, and it lasted for three hours and ten minutes, practically without a check, being only interrupted once by Seymour Damer, who asked a very silly question about glebes. 'Had I wished,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'entirely to obscure the question I have in hand, I should have, as the honourable member suggests, included glebe lands, etc.'

During the Irish Church debate I always attended the House and kept a corrected bill of

all amendments proposed and carried, for Mr. Gladstone's use next day.

The Derby preceded Whitsuntide, and Lords Granville and Wolverton, then George Glyn, persuaded Mr. Gladstone to go with them and see it. I confess I did not much approve, thinking it out of his line and not altogether a dignified thing for him to do; however, they went, and joining us in the evening at a station on the line, we all went for our holidays to Walmer Castle on a visit to Lord Granville, then the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. To me it was more than ordinarily pleasant, because I was able to show my wife all the scenes of my childhood and early boyhood—my father's house; the bathing-machines where I had been nearly drowned; the hill which I had raced down with the old Duke of Wellington, and the very spot where I had missed hitting him with a stone; and the downs where I had learnt to ride and follow the West Street Harriers. We had a lovely time basking in the sunshine and enjoying a real week's holiday after six months' severe strain, so soon to be recommenced.

Lord Granville had spent great sums in

enlarging the Castle, and had called into his assistance Mr. Devey, who had conceived the happy idea of bringing the old stones of Sandown Castle, which was rapidly falling into the sea, and with them building the new tower. So successful had he been, that a friend staying there at the time mistook the new for the old, and pointed out its superiority. But beyond these additions Lord Granville had built new stables, for he kept the West Street Harriers, and had purchased a farm on which he had erected a lovely building overhanging the sea, which he christened after his daughter 'Villa Vita,' and here in the hot afternoons we used to have tea.

After Whitsuntide the weather was very warm, and on our return we often had our dinner in the garden of Downing Street. Mr. Gladstone enjoyed the cool air in the evenings, which refreshed him for his return to the House of Commons. He and I used frequently to walk home together from the House in the early morning—he bright and talking on every subject but the one on which he had been debating all night. He once said after a heated discussion

in which he had, of course, borne the brunt: 'Do you know, I could not get the debate out of my head all night?' 'I am not surprised,' said I in my innocence. 'Not surprised!' he exclaimed. 'Why, if I was to allow myself to think over the debates after I had left the House, I should go mad in a very short time.'

Mr. Gladstone was an appreciative rather than considerate master. At a concert one evening Harry Grey tried to persuade me to go down to fish at Christchurch on the following day. I told him it was impossible, for I was far too busy, though I should have liked it of all things; and on turning round I saw Mr. Gladstone, who had heard the conversation, smiling. Most men would have said, 'Oh, pray go.' He did not, which showed me that he appreciated my work.

The long discussions on the Irish Church Bill, which was eventually carried through the House of Commons, were beginning to tell on Mr. Gladstone. Then came a terrible crisis of anxiety when the chances of the bill being thrown out in the House of Lords were great, and were only overcome by the tact of Lord

Granville and Lord Cairns, who arrived at a compromise. The day that this was effected Mr. Gladstone was fairly laid up, and I had to communicate the result to the Queen from him; but I was unable to get the cipher, which I believe Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, had composed himself in the copy of a dictionary, and carried about in his pocket all day, and put under his pillow at night. It was found at last, and the message was sent to her Majesty, saying that all was now arranged and that the measure was passed. Mr. Gladstone was not well; but the great work of the session was accomplished, and he was experiencing what William Watson describes as

> The joy of most glorious striving
> Which dieth in Victory.

He was lying down on his sofa, very happy and very calm, when I went up to his house. He presented me, as a recollection of the day, with a copy of his 'Juventus Mundi,' which had just been published; I valued it as coming from him, but I confess I have never read it. He went down to Lord Granville's, and wrote to me from there the following letter:

Walmer Castle, Deal: August 28, 1869.

'My dear West,—I have been rather unhappy for some time at your being tied to the desk so long, and I rejoice that the period of your holiday is at hand. Do not shorten it on my account. I think it will be October before any thickening of the work will come on; and Gurdon is efficient and rapid.

'Thank God I am pretty sound again.

'I must not conclude without thanking you warmly for the exceeding kindness of your note, as well as for every other kindness.

'Ever yours sincerely,

'W. E. Gladstone.'

In after years Mr. Gladstone averred that the Irish Church Bill was the cleanest political business he had ever known. There was no pressure brought to bear on anybody.

On the prorogation, I went with George Glyn to Highgate, where he had rented a villa belonging to Lady Dufferin. I well remember, as we drove away from Downing Street, how both of us, almost worn out with the unceasing work of the session, regretted its conclusion,

and thought how sadly we should miss the constant interest and absorbing excitement that each day brought.

George Glyn, an old friend of mine, was what was called Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, a name which had lost its meaning, and chief Whip; with him of course I was brought into daily communication. When he was a boy at Oxford he had set his heart on three things—to marry his beautiful wife, to be Whip to the Liberal party, and to be Master of Hounds. All three wishes were fulfilled. His was a strange character; and he possessed in almost equal proportions the qualifications which a Whip should have and the disqualifications a Whip should not have. Among the former were his energy, his fidelity, and not only his fidelity but his blind admiration of and devotion to his master, his entire absorption in his work, and his sharpness and ability. On the other hand, his devotion made him blind and obstinate, and he was overbearing to those who even ventured to differ from anything Mr. Gladstone thought right. He was perhaps tactless and apt to be tyrannical, very fidgety, and possessing none of that

calm which enables a man to weather the political storm. But, take him all in all, he was a joyous companion and a sincere friend, and his wife's beauty and reposeful yet enthusiastic temperament compensated for many of his faults.

We took advantage of our holiday and went to Fincastle, in the island of Harris, which Lord Ripon had hired from Lord Dunmore. The castle was not finished, and we lived in the offices that were to be, and enjoyed ourselves immensely in a life and a country quite new to us. We got good fishing and my first experience of stalking, and were amused at seeing De Grey's wonderful precision with a rifle. One evening, coming home through the forest in the dusk, we caught sight of a stag's antlers just appearing within 150 yards of us; we stopped, and just as the top of the stag's head, above his eyes, came over the near horizon, De Grey shot him through the brain. Another day he and Clare Vyner got among a quantity of stags, which somehow became confused, and they shot eleven between them.

The river tumbled into the bay just by the house, and often on our return from fishing we

used to throw our flies over the salmon which were crowding to get up the fall, without any success; but on one occasion Douglas, who had been fishing near home, threw a fly and hooked a salmon, and then another with every cast he threw, till fifteen, in addition to three he had caught in the loch, were lying on the grass to astonish and exasperate, on their return, those who had been stalking or fishing elsewhere. After that, need I say that we used all to stand by the sea wall, like boys by the Serpentine, casting ineffectual flies into the bay?

Here I met and learned to appreciate Henry Austin Bruce; a more delightful companion it was impossible to know. He was a man of splendid physique and an enthusiastic fisherman. As we strode over the bare moors of the Hebrides to the lochs, he would delight me with his conversation and classical quotations. He was then Home Secretary, but he was not lucky in the choice of his private secretary, a brilliant scholar no doubt, but singularly devoid of that tact which is necessary in dealing with men.

The unpopularity of the secretary, unfortunately, was visited on his chief, who was himself

the most lovable of men. His dearest friend, in writing to me about him, says: 'Bruce's character was in some respects one of the finest with which I have ever been acquainted in public life. I could see no self-seeking in him anywhere. He was not without ambition, and he liked office; but he accepted his exclusion when it came without a murmur, and without a disloyal thought towards the party or the chief who set him aside. I know no greater test of character than this. The fact that he was omitted from the Cabinet of 1880, and that his official life was closed, seemed to make no difference to him at all. He was ready ever afterwards to take any public work that came to him, and to do it with all his old earnestness and zeal. And when the testing time came in 1886, and so many took the opportunity of venting their spite for what they considered past want of appreciation or neglect, he went on his way as calmly and as faithfully as if he had never been a member of a Cabinet, or had any claim to high office; and this is all the more remarkable because the Bill whose failure damaged his reputation and probably led to his exclusion

would now, I suppose, be admitted by everyone to have been a wise measure, which would have placed the Licensing question on a sound footing, that would have lasted our time at all events.'

CHAPTER X

1870

Our Thursday Dinners at Downing Street—Anecdote of Mr. Gladstone—Massacre of Englishmen by Greek Brigands—Death of General Grey—Instances of Mr. Gladstone's Absorption—Cockburn and Bethell—Death of Lord Clarendon: Mr. Hammond's Forecast—The Education Bill: Forster's Speech—Mr. Gladstone's Thoughts of Retirement—His Criticism of Veterans—Death of My Father: Mr. Gladstone's Letter—Holidays at Walmer: Lord Granville's *Chef*—Mr. Gladstone at the Play: his Dislike of Scriptural Allusions—Practical Jokes at Walmer—Mr. Gladstone and Tobacco—His Tricks of Gesture: the Dean of Windsor's Remonstrance—Sir William Gull—Loss of the 'Captain'—Death of My Mother—Anecdote of Appleton, the Office-Keeper—Visits to Ranston—Whyte Melville and Bob Grimston.

After a few visits I returned early to my work in Downing Street, which became every day more absorbing; and when the Session began we instituted Thursday dinners, to which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone always came. John Bright, Panizzi, then Head of the British Museum, Lord and Lady Granville, Wolverton, Frederick

Leveson-Gower, Sir Reginald Welby, Bobsy Meade, and others, often dined with us, and Mr. Gladstone was always at his best, talking with an animation and fluency peculiar to him, on all that was going on in the House of Commons, and his old recollections. He once told us that in 1849 he was crossing the Campagna on his way to Rome, when the diligence in which he was travelling came to a broad and shallow stream. The driver made all the passengers alight, saying the vehicle could not be taken across unless they got down, and, having deposited his human freight, the horses were whipped up and the diligence taken to the other side.

Now it happened that, although there was a full complement of passengers, Mr. Gladstone was the only man among them, the other travellers being the wives of French officers belonging to the Army of Occupation on their way to join their husbands.

The task of taking them across the stream thus fell entirely on Mr. Gladstone, who, equal to the emergency, carried them to the other side one by one, an act courteously acknowledged by

the husbands on the following day, who all called to thank him for the assistance rendered.

Lord Charles Russell, who was then Serjeant-at-Arms, had given my wife a seat of her own in his gallery, and we constantly returned after dinner to the House and sat out the debates.

In April 1870, when staying at Latimer, I got a telegram telling me of the Greek massacre, by brigands, of poor Freddy Vyner, Lady Ripon's brother. The party had been taken by surprise, and it was arranged that one of them should return and procure the ransom. The lot had fallen on him, but he had generously waived it in favour of Lord Muncaster, who was a married man. The brigands had made it a condition that he was to return alone, but the Greek Government sent soldiers with him, at sight of whom the brigands fled, first murdering Freddy Vyner and his companion, George Herbert.

I received a sad letter from Mr. Gladstone deploring the disaster, and immediately returned to town.

Soon after, to our great grief, died General Grey. During Lady Caroline Barrington's long absence at Court my wife had lived in

his house before her marriage, and he had been not only an uncle, but the kindest friend to us both. When private secretary to Sir Charles Wood at the India Office, I had always found him most trusting and open in all matters, and they were many in which I had been brought into contact with him. He had been to the Queen the frankest and ablest adviser, and had worked with a never-flagging energy in her service. Somebody at his deathbed said, 'Killed by overwork.' 'No,' said Dr. Gull; 'that is very commonly thought and said, but for one man that dies from too much work ten will die from too little.'

Last year Mr. Gladstone had gone with Lord Granville and George Glyn to the Derby, and this year we were all to have gone again, and Lord Granville was to drive us to meet his horses somewhere on the route and ride to Epsom; but at the last moment Mr. Gladstone was detained, and I, of course, did not go. He showed his thought and consideration for me by writing me a letter imploring me to go without him, but I did not obey him in this instance.

One evening Mr. Gladstone was dining with

us, very indignant at the proposal that Government should pay the costs of the Overend & Gurney trial; he rehearsed almost the words he should utter on the subject. I did not go back with him to the House, but was told his speech, later on in the evening, was one of the most brilliant he had ever delivered.

It was on one of his hardest-worked days in Downing Street, during the discussion on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill in 1870, that he was anxious to see Lord Dufferin on the subject, but the day passed without his having the opportunity. I suggested that he should dine with us, and that I should get Dufferin to meet him; he readily agreed, and I warned my wife that we should have a really agreeable dinner, and that she should recollect all she heard on what was the most interesting question of the moment. Mr. Gladstone was the first to arrive, and then Dufferin, who had just come from Dublin, told us of the horrid crossing he had had, and how everybody was sea-sick, and on this subject the conversation was continued throughout the whole of the dinner, while the Land Bill was never mentioned.

As another instance of Mr. Gladstone's absorption in the topic of the moment, I may mention that he wrote to the solicitor to the Newcastle estates, of which he was trustee, appointing an hour for their meeting—fixing on eleven o'clock as his only spare hour. One of the trustees arrived a little before the time, and when the solicitor arrived they were discussing whether the myth of Helen of Troy could be connected in any way with the history of the Virgin Mary. The discussion was continued till twelve o'clock, when Mr. Gladstone had to go to another appointment, and the business of the Newcastle Trust had to be postponed.

This reminds me of a story I heard of Sir Alexander Cockburn and Bethell.

Sir Alexander had a Bill on which it was necessary to obtain Bethell's opinion—he could never get it. At last Bethell asked him down to the country to discuss it: the evening passed and no allusion was made to the Bill. On the following morning they went out shooting, and Bethell shot his keeper. In the evening Cockburn returned to town, never having alluded to his Bill. When taken to task at an interview

with Mr. Gladstone and the Attorney- and Solicitor-General, Cockburn stated that he had never had an opportunity of discussing the subject with the Attorney-General.

'My dear Cockburn,' said Bethell, in his softest voice, 'do you not recollect our thorough discussion of it after that unfortunate occasion when you shot my gamekeeper?'

On June 27 of this year died Lord Clarendon, who had been always most kind to me. He was a man of exquisite wit, unbounded sympathy, and a remarkable geniality, and wonderfully agreeable in conversation. He had the art, above all men I ever knew, of talking as it were confidentially, telling you everything and yet saying very little; his enemies, who were ignorant of this, would call him indiscreet.

Lord Granville succeeded him as Foreign Secretary, and was told by Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary, a man of long and vast experience, that the world had never been so profoundly at peace or the atmosphere so clear, in short that there was not a cloud on the horizon. Within a fortnight the Franco-Prussian war had

broken out, and in less than a month the battles of Saarbrück, Weissenburg, Wörth, and Spicheren had been fought, and the French army was in full retreat.

So much for the value of experience.

The Session was much occupied by the Education Bill; and I recollect being in the House of Commons when Mr. Forster made his speech, which was not oratorical, but in the middle of it he mentioned cases of poor people, ignorant and in want, caring nothing for their theological disputes, and yet wishing for some education for their children, in so touching a way, that it almost, for the moment, upset me.

At the close of the Session I attended a committee consisting of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Bessborough, and Lord Granville, to consider the bestowal of honours. Among those given was a peerage to Mr. G. C. Glyn, the head of the firm of Glyn Mills and the chairman of the North-Western Railway Company. It was during his chairmanship that Mr. Smith, a small stationer in the Strand, proposed to start stalls for the sale of books and newspapers at the stations on his line. Mr. Glyn acquiesced, and

the result was that the great firm of W. H. Smith was established from this small beginning.

In the autumn the Fenian troubles were great, and O'Donovan Rossa was returned to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone thought there was a favourable side to his election—'the Fenians thinking it worth while to lay hold on the forms of the Constitution is a step forwards, not backwards; whether it can be allowed to stand is quite another question.'

All through this hot year Mr. Gladstone had toiled unremittingly, always looking forward to his coming retirement. One morning, at the close of a peculiarly harassing debate, we walked home together in the dawning day, and on parting at the foot of the Duke of York's steps, weary as he was, he said: 'Well, my work is now nearly over. If I can pass Irish Education and find a fitting place for you in the Civil Service, I shall have done all I wish to do and be able to retire.'

It is curious that Mr. Gladstone, who, from the force of circumstances, began his fourth Administration when he was over eighty years of age, should, so far back as 1870, have

expressed to me, in language almost violent, his aversion to old men lingering on the stage when the activity of their youthful energies had begun to decline.

In that year it was my duty to bring under his notice the name of a very distinguished soldier in connection with some honour.

'I suppose,' he said, turning to me with that look, which we learnt so well to know, of indignant surprise, 'seniority is his claim: simply because he is old. In ancient days old men were put aside to make room for the young.'

I haltingly ventured to suggest as a reminiscence of an imperfect and wasted Eton education the name of 'Nestor.'

'Nestor,' he answered, 'took no part in the active warfare of life, he merely came on the scene as an adviser when he was wanted.'

That these were his real sentiments at the time, there can be no manner of doubt.

In August of this year my father, whose faculties had lately become dimmed, literally 'fell asleep' with his hand holding my dear mother's.

He was buried in Chiswick Churchyard on

the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage—buried where, as a boy at school, he had first met my mother, then a girl, staying with her relations, the Misses Walpole, in Chiswick. I make no excuse for reproducing the letter of condolence which I received from Mr. Gladstone:

'My dear West,—Such a combination of the course of life and its ending as you describe seems to disarm the last Enemy of his sting, or rather to testify how he has been disarmed on our behalf by One greater than ourselves. I sincerely hope that you may never stand by a deathbed with less of consolation.

'Work seems to slacken in Downing Street, and I am sure there will be no difficulty, from what Gurdon says, in your giving yourself *now* some of the rest you have so well earned.

'Ever sincerely yours,

'W. E. Gladstone.'

In the later autumn we spent a delightful long holiday with our boys at Walmer—riding, playing croquet, and doing some work. On my telling them that Mr. Meade was coming one evening, they said, 'Oh, we know all about

him; he is the man that drives the watercarts on the Horse Guards Parade!'

One day Mr. Gladstone and I were walking on the beach when we saw a shoal of mackerel, and we helped to drag in the net, which soon surrounded them, in gratitude for which the fishermen gave Mr. Gladstone three mackerel.

Our host, Lord Granville, had a famous cook, whom he asked during the siege of Paris whether he would not like to return to his country. 'No,' he wittily answered; 'I would sooner make *entrées* here than *sorties* in Paris.'

But even the best of cooks cannot prevail against fashion. Everybody gave credit to Lord Granville for an excellent *cuisine*, and rather depreciated that of Mr. Gladstone. After a dinner there, someone came to Lord Granville's, saying: 'How different from yours, which was excellent, and this so bad!' 'I am sorry,' said Lord Granville, 'for this one was cooked by my *chef*!'

Late in the autumn of 1870 events connected with the Franco-German war kept Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville almost constantly in London.

Mr. Gladstone's establishment in Carlton

House Terrace was of the simplest, and on my asking the boy, who represented the butler, whether Mr. Gladstone was alone, he said he was, but that there was a gentleman, who had given the name of Burnstorff, sitting in the hall. Now Count Bernstorff was at that time the German Ambassador.

Mr. Gladstone used constantly in those days to dine with Mr. James Stuart-Wortley, meeting there Count Strcletzky, Sir Francis Doyle, and Sir David Dundas, and he often would dine with us, Lord Granville and his secretary, Bobsy Meade ; and we went together to the play.

Irving was acting in the 'Two Roses,' in which some Scriptural allusions occurred which very much disturbed Mr. Gladstone, so much so that he wrote to me the next morning with a suggestion that I should get the Press to discountenance such allusions on the stage ; and adding that, as he was in a 'grumbling vein,' he wished something could be done to mitigate the noise and vulgarity of a Lord Mayor's dinner.

He accompanied me to have tea with my brother Richard at St. Mary Magdalene's in Paddington one Sunday evening, and afterwards

attended the service, where he was deeply impressed with the mighty work my brother had accomplished there, all in one short, vigorous lifetime. To few men has it been given to have begun and completed so gigantic a task before the night came!

Directly we could get away we returned to Walmer, and on one lovely day Lord Granville was summoned to the Foreign Office, leaving with me the cipher in case anything of importance should arrive.

We were playing croquet in the afternoon, when a long telegram in cipher was put in my hands, and when Lady Granville and I began to translate it, we soon found it was full of chaff and nonsense, so we answered it in the same vein. Lord Granville arrived in time for dinner, not having received our reply. I was in terror lest our telegram should fall into the hands of Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary, who would consider any unauthorised use of the sacred cipher not less serious than the violation of the Ark. I set myself, however, to write a letter to Lord Granville, purporting to be Hammond's indignant remonstrance on opening the telegram,

which he read out to Lady Granville; and so in those happy days we amused ourselves by jokes which pass in the hour.

As we were walking on the ramparts one evening after dinner we persuaded Mr. Gladstone to smoke a cigarette, but it was a terrible failure. Tobacco to him was an abomination.

Only once again did he attempt it, and this was an instance of his courtesy: for when the Prince of Wales was dining with him and wished to smoke, he placed the Prince at his ease by, at any rate, lighting a cigarette.

From the time when a boy at Eton he persuaded a friend to throw away the accursed weed; to the last days of his life he had a horror of it. In later years he accused me of smelling strongly of tobacco. 'I don't wonder,' I said, 'for I have been sitting for half an hour in Sir William Harcourt's room.' 'Does Harcourt smoke?' he asked, in a voice of horror; 'if so, he must be very careful always to change his clothes before he comes to me!'

If I recollect right, 'Vanity Fair' had recently appeared, with a caricature of Lord Granville standing at the table of the House of

Lords with his hands joined as in prayer—a very common attitude of his, of which he said he was unaware. We then found that Mr. Cardwell, who was there, was equally unaware that in speaking he had a constant habit of walking one step up to the box on the table and then walking one step back; and that Mr. Gladstone did not know of his constant habit, in impassioned moments, of scratching the back of his head with the back of his right thumb before bringing his hand down with a thump on the papers on the table before him. He got so much into the practice of thumping the table that I was asked to speak to him of it. To speak to a man of a trick he has acquired is a task one gladly shuffles off on to somebody else's shoulders; so, on the occasion of a Sunday visit, I spoke to the Dean of Windsor on the subject—as one of his oldest and best friends. He at once undertook the thankless office, and Mr. Gladstone abandoned the habit. A few Sundays after, I was again at the Windsor Deanery, and thanked the Dean for the hint which had borne such good fruit. He threw his hands up and said, 'I entirely forgot all about it!'

Coming away from Walmer with Frederick Leveson-Gower, we found in the train at Deal Sir William Gull, with whom we conversed. He told me what in my ignorance I had never known before: that all animals that chew the cud rise on their hind-legs first, while all other animals rise first on their fore-legs. We then talked of the Siamese twins, and I wondered why they had not been allowed to die at their birth; from that I asked why people's lives which are only made up of suffering should be prolonged. Sir William said the line of medical men could never be drawn anywhere if it were not laid down that their absolute duty was always to save life.

Sir William Gull told me Lord Beaconsfield complained of always feeling ill at Hughenden after the Session, and explained how it was the penalty of all hard-working men to be unwell when the strain of work abated—it was not peculiar to Lord Beaconsfield.

In September, Lord Northbrook was paying us a visit at Hill House, and amused our boys by drawing for them little pencil sketches of the turrets in the new ship, the 'Captain,' in which

his second boy was a middy. On the following morning we went up to London together, and to my sorrow, just after I had parted from him, I heard the terrible news of her total loss in the Bay of Biscay. I went to verify it at the Admiralty, and there heard that the news was true, and had already been communicated to poor Northbrook.

In December of this year, on returning from dinner at the Somertons, we found my mother's servant had come to tell me how ill she was; but, thank God, she did not suffer, but died, as she had wished, a very sudden death, against which she never would pray. Thank God, too, that I had been to see her that morning; it was pouring with rain, and she stood at the window, as she always did, and said: 'How good of you to come on such a day!'

She had borne my father's loss quietly, but felt it deeply. She said once to me: 'You cannot think what a blank it is having no one to tell everything to.' I was so often reminded of the touching, quaint old epitaph:

> He first deceased, she for a little tried
> To live without him, liked it not, and died.

She was buried also at Chiswick—the best woman and the dearest mother that ever lived. I hope my children may recollect her, and her and my father's love for and kindness to them all.

My visit to Hawarden was put off, and Mr. Gladstone wrote:

Hawarden Castle, Chester:
December 8, 1870.

'My dear West,—There is something most touching, but also most soothing in your mother's early departure to reunite a severed existence. I understand your grief, but I feel that the stroke has been made light and gentle.

'Gurdon would like to save you from any necessity of seeing people by going up: but pray do as you think best. I am sure his wish to join you is on this ground alone.

'We are very sorry that your visit here should drop. Pray consider whether you would let it come somewhat later.

'Glyn's uncertain health is also a subject of great regret.

'Yours sincerely,

'W. E. Gladstone.'

A clerkship at the table of the House of Commons falling vacant at this time, and Sir Erskine May having said he would like to have me there, the Speaker consulted Mr. Gladstone, who wrote the following letter:

10 Downing Street, Whitehall:
December 16, 1870.

'My dear Mr. Speaker,—What I wished to say last night, had time permitted, involves no disparagement to Mr. —— and will cause you no difficulty, nor should I have said it at all, had not your note given me so much invitation as almost to make it my duty not to withhold from your knowledge the name of any one whom I might consider to be *eminently* fit. Such a person, I am inclined to think, you would find in Mr. Algernon West, one of my private secretaries. That I have no very selfish motive in naming him, you will readily believe. To take him from me would be like cutting off a hand. He entered the public service in 1851; and he has since had a large and varied experience in important private secretaryships. Halifax would tell you much about him. You will

judge of the advantage possessed by Mr. —— in Parliamentary knowledge. I do not know him; and it is not invidious if I say of West that, apart from position and direct experience within the establishment, I think his qualifications in all respects to be of a very high order. Especially I think he would excel almost all men in making the table acceptable by tact and by unwearied kindness. You will, however, I hope, consider this note not as a request, but as testimony. At least, if it be a request at all, it is only a request that, should you still be free, you will make West's qualifications a matter of inquiry.

'W. E. Gladstone.

'P.S. — You may wonder that I did not name Mr. West at once, but I was under the impression that Mr. —— had more of a vested right from standing than appeared, when I looked to the list, to be the case.'

To my recollections of these times I may add an anecdote of an office-keeper in Down-

ing Street — by name, Appleton — who had served I do not know how many Prime Ministers, and always used the old expression — meaning constantly—'times and frequent.'

He was very careful of us; and one day Sir George Campbell, who, as many members of the House of Commons recollect, had a very strident, loud, rasping voice, called on me to talk over the Land question, on which he was a great authority. After he had been in conversation about three minutes, Appleton appeared producing a card of an M.P. who, he said, was very anxious to see me. I said I was sorry to be engaged. In another minute he appeared with a card of a well-known peer, who was most anxious to have a word with me. Again I said I was too busy to see him just then. In another minute he again came in with a huge card saying the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London wanted to speak to me very urgently in the next room. I apologised to Sir George, and went out to such great dignitaries. When I got out of the room, Appleton said to me: 'There ain't nobody here, sir; but I was afraid a madman had been shown

in to you by mistake, and I wanted to warn you!'

Ranston in Dorsetshire was rented by Wolverton, and there we had many a happy visit, hunting occasionally with the Blackmoor Vale Hounds, and oftener with Lord Portman's in a far easier country. Willie Portman hunted them from Durweston, and mounted my wife, who delighted in these happy days. Whyte Melville was constantly there, and charmed us with his cheery talk. He was one of those delightful men who always studied to make people happy and self-satisfied. Many a time, both there and when he met me with Baron Rothschild and Selby Lowndes' hounds, would he say a kind word about my riding and my hands and seat, which, though undeserved, yet coming from him gave infinite satisfaction.

One evening he devoted himself to the curate's wife to such an extent that Wolverton remonstrated: 'What have I done?' said he. 'It amused her, and kept my hand in.'

Discussing his books, he told us how his publishers had hinted to him that in each of them he was saying the same thing over again

in different language; but that he now had reached the time when he had got to telling the same thing in the same words.

He had a curious habit of always lighting a strong cigar, which he called a 'roofer,' directly he heard hounds giving tongue in covert. I asked him why.

'Partly,' he said, 'because I really like it, and partly because it looks as if I was not in a funk, which I really am.'

I often met with him his great friend, Bob Grimston, in his broad-brimmed hat, with rosettes tied round his ears to keep them warm. He was a rabid Tory. Hunting one day with the Baron, when he was chairman of W. H. Smith's committee in the Westminster election, he said if he was beaten he would blow his brains out. And who knows whether that dogged old Tory would not have been as good as his word?

About this time I used occasionally to meet that famous horsewoman Mrs. Jack Villiers, who so fearlessly followed Jem Mason over the strongly fenced pastures of the Aylesbury Vale.

Before the year was over, Mr. Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, offered me the post of 'Treasury Remembrancer' in Dublin, which I refused, though I was flattered by his thought of me.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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